

MACEDONIAN
FOLKLORE

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MACEDONIAN FOLKLORE

BY

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DEDICATED
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TO THE AUTHOR
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PREFACE.

THE present volume contains the results of some researches into the folklore of the Greek-speaking parts of Macedonia, carried on in 1900-1 by the author under the auspices of the Electors to the Prendergast Studentship and of the Governing Body of Emmanuel College. The materials thus derived from oral tradition have, in some cases, been supplemented from local publications. Among the latter, special mention must be made of the two excellent booklets on the antiquities and folklore of Liakkovikia, by A. D. Gousios, a native schoolmaster, frequently quoted in the following pages. The peasant almanacks have also yielded a few additional sayings concerning the months.

The writer has not been content with a bare record of

Dreams, magic terrors, spells of mighty power,
Witches, and ghosts who rove at midnight hour,

but, induced by the example of his betters, has undertaken some tentative flights to Zululand, Yungnulgra, Zamboanga, the Seranglao and Gorong archipelagoes, and other resorts now fashionable among folklorists. Ancient History and modern, the Old World and the New have been laid under contribution, to the limited extent of the author's reading, with the result that many a nursery rhyme, shorn of all its familiar simplicity, has been

Started at home and hunted in the dark
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark.

For these spiritual excursions into the vast unknown, the author is chiefly indebted to the guidance of Mr Tylor's and Mr Frazer's monumental works, to some of Mr Andrew Lang's essays, and to various other authorities mentioned in the footnotes. His thanks are also due to his forerunners in the pursuit of Modern Greek folklore, and more particularly to Mr Tozer, Herr Bernhard Schmidt, MM. Georgeakis et Pineau, Sir Rennell Rodd and others whose labours it has been his modest ambition to supplement. In conclusion, it is the author's pleasant duty to acknowledge his obligations to the readers of the Cambridge University Press, whose conscientious and intelligent revision of the proofs has saved him from many a slip.

G. F. A.

EMMANUEL COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

March 25, 1903.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	The Folklorist in Macedonia	1
II.	The Folk-Calendar and the Seasons	11
III.	January, February and March	13
IV.	Eastertide	25
V.	April, May and June	43
VI.	July to December	59
VII.	Winter Festivities	73
VIII.	Divination	95
IX.	Symbolism	118
✓ X.	Birth	123
✓ XI.	Marriage	147
✓ XII.	Funeral Rites	192
XIII.	Spirits and Spells	223
XIV.	Macedonian Mythology	260
XV.	Alexander and Philip in Folk-Tradition	279
XVI.	Bird Legends	290
✓ XVII.	Miscellaneous Notes	295
XVIII.	Riddles	302
XIX.	<i>Λειανοτράγουδα</i>	334
APPENDIX	I.	347
„	II.	351
„	III.	358
„	IV.	362
„	V.	365
„	VI.	367
INDEX	369

CHAPTER I.



THE FOLKLORIST IN MACEDONIA.

14 IN the Near East, as elsewhere, Western civilization is doing its wonted work of reducing all racial and individual characteristics to a level of dull uniformity. The process, however, is much slower in Macedonia than it is in countries like Egypt, Greece, or Roumania. The mountainous character of the province, the backward state of commerce, lack of security, and the conspicuous absence of means of communication obstruct the progress of foreign influence. The same causes keep the various districts, and their inhabitants, separated from each other. To these impediments are further added the barriers of language, creed, and race, all tending to foster that luxuriant wealth of superstitious growth, which makes glad the heart of the folklorist.

These features, naturally, are less prominent in the cosmopolitan cities on the coast than in the interior of the country, and in the interior, again, they are less prominent now than they were some years ago. The materials which I collected at Salonica and Cavalla were mostly gleaned from the peasants, who resort to those centres from the environs for commercial or religious purposes, and only in very few cases from native citizens. The *Khans*, or inns, in which these villagers stop, may be said to constitute the sole parts of the cities worth exploring, and the exploration is neither an easy nor a pleasant task. My real harvest was gathered in the thoroughly provincial towns of Serres and Melenik, the townships of Demir Hissar and Nigrita, and the villages adjacent thereto; as well as in places of lesser note, such as Vassilika and Sochos in the

Chalcidic Trident, the settlements in its three prongs, Provista in the valley of the Struma, Pravi in the neighbourhood of Philippi, and some of the country around, and to the south of, Drama. In all and sundry of these districts I found abundance of the things of which I was in quest, and more than I could possibly gather within the time allowed by circumstances.

At Serres I was chiefly beholden for my materials to an aged and half-blind nurse, whose acquaintance I made through the kind offices of certain Greek ladies, the old woman's quondam charges. Kyra Tassio was a rich mine of fairy-lore, and though she would insist on going at a rate more in keeping with the pace of a motor-car than with the speed of an ordinary human hand, I succeeded in filling several note-books from her dictation, only to find on examination that a great many of her tales had already been substantially reproduced by Hahn, while some of the rest were not worth reproducing at all. Still, out of the heap of dross, several nuggets of pure gold were secured: enough to satisfy the ambition of a moderately sanguine explorer.

M. Tzikopoulos, a learned professor of that town, was good enough to assist me in the elucidation of the stories obtained from Kyra Tassio and other ancient sources, and to him I am also indebted for much valuable information on the dialect of the district, as well as for a number of notes on the language and customs of South-Western Macedonia, the part of the country from which he hailed.¹ I am all the more grateful to M. Tzikopoulos because he made no secret of his hearty contempt for my pursuits. Philology was his particular hobby, and, in proportion as he loved his own hobby, he scorned the hobbies of other men. Old wives' tales had no charm for M. Tzikopoulos. "It is all nonsense and sheer waste of time," he assured me solemnly on more occasions than one, and yet he never refused to be questioned.

M. Zographides of Melenik was another genial old teacher

¹ For my introduction to this gentleman I am indebted to the courtesy of M. P. N. Papageorgiou, the well-known scholar and archaeologist, whose sympathetic interest in my work will always remain as one of the most pleasant reminiscences of my tour.

to whose lessons and friendly guidance I owe much. Unlike M. Tzikopoulos, this authority was conveniently eclectic in his tastes, and his heart was impartially open to all kinds of knowledge, from Anthropology to Demonology, and from Philology to Phrenology, provided the subject ended in -ology. It is true that he also professed the learned man's contempt for popular superstition; but, being of a more tolerant disposition, he waived his prejudice, and saw no objection to cross-examining his wife and all the old ladies of the neighbourhood on my behalf. His exertions and those of other local gentlemen were crowned with success, as the results amply prove.

At Melenik I was doomed to a second disappointment at the hands of an aged story-teller. Fame described her as a walking *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* in a complete and unexpurgated edition. But, when weighed in the balance, she was found sadly wanting, and the few things which I lured out of her reluctant mouth had to be expurgated to a point of total annihilation. A third female—a renowned witch—on whom I had been led to build high hopes, showed her diabolical wickedness by dying a short time before my arrival.

These failures shook my faith in old women—of the fair sex, at all events. But the fortune that favours the folklorist enabled me, before leaving Melenik, to fall in with an old woman of the opposite sex. Kyr Liatsos, though a mere bearded man, was, from the student's point of view, worth at least a dozen ordinary old dames rolled into one.

I found him in his workshop, sitting cross-legged on a rush mat, with his baggy breeches well-tucked between the knees. Though the owner of broad acres in the vicinity of the town, he was compelled, by the memory of past experiences at the hands of Bulgarian brigands, and by the fear of similar treatment in the future, to ply the needle and ell for a livelihood. In short, Kyr Liatsos was a tailor. But, like the Great Mel—his colleague of *Evan Harrington* fame—he was an individual far above his station. This became patent from the manner in which he received and entertained me. Nothing could be more generous, kindly, philosophical, eccentric, and unsartorial than his behaviour towards the strange collector of nonsense.

A glance through a pair of brass-rimmed spectacles, unstably poised on an honestly red nose, satisfied Kyr Liatsos that his visitor had not called for so commonplace an object as a pair of trousers. With remarkable mental agility he adjusted himself to these new circumstances. The fur-coat, on which he was engaged at the moment of my entrance, flew to the other end of the shop, one of the apprentices was despatched for a bottle of arrack and tobacco, and in two minutes Kyr Liatsos was a tailor transformed.

There being no chairs in the establishment we reclined, my guide and I, *à la Grecque* on the rush mats which covered the floor. I produced my note-books, and my host, after a short and somewhat irrelevant preface concerning the political state of Europe, the bloodthirsty cruelty of the Macedonian Committee, and the insatiable rapacity of the tax-gatherers, plunged into the serious business of the day. It is true that his discourse was often interrupted by allusions to matters foreign to the subject in hand, and still more often by imprecations and shoes addressed to the apprentices, who preferred to listen to their master's tales rather than do his work. Yet, in spite of these digressions, Kyr Liatsos never missed or tangled the threads of his narrative.

Meanwhile his wife arrived, and after having given vent to some natural astonishment at her lord's novel occupation, she collapsed into a corner. Her protests, at first muttered in an audible aside, grew fainter and fainter, and at last I thought she had fallen asleep. On looking up, however, I discovered that she merely stood spell-bound by her gifted husband's eloquence. It was only when the latter got up and began to romp about the room, that she felt it her duty to express her strong disapprobation of the proceedings. This she did in the following terms:

"Art thou not ashamed of thyself, O my husband? Thou dancest and makest merry, and thy poor brother has been dead scarcely a month."

Thereupon I perceived that Kyr Liatsos actually wore round his fez a black crape band which had not yet had time to turn green. I sympathized with the lady for an instant.

But the next moment I was completely reassured by her husband's retort:

"Mind thy own business, O woman!" he answered, gravely, but without interrupting his waltz, "and I know how to mind mine. It is not for unseemly joy that I dance; but in order to show this gentleman the steps of our country dance. My motive is scientific. But women cannot comprehend such things."

Having delivered this severe rebuke Kyr Liatsos resumed his seat, his pipe and his story.

Soon after happened something which illustrated even more vividly the close resemblance between Kyr Liatsos and the Great Mel. A customer was announced: a big Turk, who wanted to see Master on business.

"Business and Turks be damned!" was the emphatic and highly uncommercial answer, accompanied by a well-aimed shoe at the head of a truant apprentice.

I insisted that Kyr Liatsos should not neglect his interests on my account, and said that I should be extremely sorry if he lost any money through his hospitality.

"Nonsense, sir!" he thundered back, "What is money, when compared with the satisfaction of conversing with a man like you?"

I attempted to bow my thanks for the compliment as gracefully as my attitude on the floor permitted.

It was dark ere I left Kyr Liatsos's cobweb-festooned establishment. On my way out I nearly fell over a crowd of small Melenikiotes, who, having been apprised of the fact that there were glorious doings in the shop, had gathered outside the door and were eagerly, though timidly, listening through its numerous interstices.

All my subsequent experiences at Melenik pale beside this ever-memorable interview with her Great Tailor.

My visit to Petritz, though exceedingly fruitful in other respects, proved comparatively barren of results so far as my special object of research was concerned. I found the district in an unsettled condition, and the Turkish authorities, partly from genuine fear lest I should come to grief and partly from

an equally lively apprehension that I might spy the nakedness of the land and the wretchedness thereof, allowed me little liberty for folklore. To interview people would have meant getting them into trouble, and to be seen taking notes would have resulted in getting into trouble myself. All my enquiries had, therefore, to be conducted with the utmost secrecy and all my writing to be done with curtains drawn closely.

For this unsuccess I was richly compensated at Nigrita. In that township I had the privilege of being the guest of a wealthy weaver, whose looms furnished employment to a considerable number of hands. His workmen were easily induced to dictate to me scores of the songs with which they beguiled the tedium of their daylong toil, while many others were likewise pressed into the service of Ethnology. So that when I departed I had several note-books filled with multifarious information on men and things. In this place I also had an opportunity of assisting at a local dance in the 'middle-space' (*μεσοχώρι*) of the village. But my readers will be spared the description of a function which is infinitely more interesting in real life than on paper.

The thing which impressed me most deeply throughout my tour was the astonishing facility with which the people entered into the spirit of the enterprise. That I was the first person who had ever explored the country with the avowed purpose of picking up old wives' tales and superstitions was evident from the surprise and incredulity with which my first questions were everywhere received by the peasants. Yet no sooner were their fears of being the victims of a practical joke dispelled than they evinced the shrewdest comprehension of the nature and value of the work. In this I could not help thinking that the Macedonian folk presented a most flattering contrast to the rural population of western lands. Like the latter they are naturally shy of divulging their cherished beliefs to a stranger; but it is not difficult to overcome their shyness. A little tact in most cases and a little silver in some are sufficient to loosen their tongues.

Another and more formidable obstacle was the suspicion that my curiosity was prompted by sinister motives. The

Christians in Turkey are so frequently harassed by the authorities on account of their national aspirations and political sympathies that a new-comer is always an object of mistrust. Every stranger is a detective until he has proved himself to be an honest man. For all these reasons it is imperative to approach the humble folk through their betters; those who are free from superstition themselves, and at the same time are enlightened enough to appreciate the importance of the study of superstition and courteous enough to exert their influence on the student's behalf. To people of this class I seldom appealed in vain. Their native urbanity, quickened by the Greek's love for the Englishman, made them always ready to place their services at my disposal.¹ On one occasion alone I failed, and my failure deserves to be recorded as a warning to others. It shows how the work is not to be done.

It happened in a small village on the eastern coast of the Chalcidic Peninsula. I had been informed that two old women, who dwelt in a certain cottage, were considered the greatest living authorities on funeral laments. Confident in my own powers of persuasion, I neglected to secure the support of a local magnate; but I forthwith proceeded to the abode of the Muses, note-book in hand, and explained to them the object of my visit. As soon as the meaning of my errand broke on their intelligence, their kindly faces assumed the aspect of the Eumenides in pursuit of a matricide:

"What!" they exclaimed both in one voice, "You good-for-nothing! You vagabond! You want to hold us up to ridicule all over the world? Is that what you mean, eh?"

I assured them that nothing was further from my thoughts. But my words had no other effect than to intensify the old dames' choler, and I found it advisable to beat a hasty and undignified retreat. As I fled, my ears continued ringing with the shrill accents and angry expletives of the enraged menads.

¹ Want of space renders it impossible to give a complete list of all the individuals who have obliged me with their aid. But I should be wanting in common gratitude if I forbore to mention M. Athenaeos, an official of the Ottoman Regie at Cavalla, who spared no pains in persuading the peasants, who worked in the tobacco-stores, to disclose their treasures to me.

I did not repeat the experiment.

Great part of my material was collected during late summer and early autumn, in the open fields and vineyards, whenever the relative absence of brigandage and agitation rendered that possible, and on the roads while travelling from one place to another. On the latter occasions my fellow-travellers, and more especially my muleteers, were made to supply me with information. Very often the songs with which they cheered the way were at the conclusion of the journey dictated to me.

But my best work was done by the cottage fireside. During the long evenings of winter it is the custom for families to meet and spend the time in social companionship (*νυχτέρι*). The women in these reunions generally keep their hands busy knitting, and, of course, their tongues gossiping. The men smoke and discuss politics. Now and again the work is laid aside, the debate is adjourned, and they all listen attentively to the tale which some ancient dame is telling for the benefit of the youngsters. On special occasions, such as the eves of saints' days, these gatherings assume an entirely festive character. No work is done, but the time is devoted to stories, riddles and songs, hence known as 'Sitting-up Songs' (*καθιστικά*).

The old Klephtic ballads are also still sung not only on the mountains but in the fields and plains, and in all places where the ear of the police cannot reach. Nay, at feasts and fairs, and wherever Greeks are gathered together, a round or two of the "bell-mouthed glass" is enough to make them cast fear to the winds and give musical expression to their patriotic feelings. Even in the towns on the coast, where serenades and love-ditties are so much in vogue and the Turkish commissaries of police so much in evidence, the epic is not forgotten. At Cavalla I met one evening an Epirot highlander, who invited me to a tavern and promised to regale me with "such songs as had never been heard before." He fulfilled his promise to the letter. When all the habitués were gone, the shutters were put up, and the lights, for the fear of the Turks, were turned down, my friend cleared his throat and commenced one of the wildest and most thrilling melodies that has ever assailed my

ear. By little and little his enthusiasm got the better of his discretion; his voice rose and swelled until the grimy apartment was peopled with the shades of heroes, the dark corners were illuminated with the splendour of heroic deeds, and the dirty tavern was transformed into a romantic battle-field on which Freedom met and overcame Tyranny. It was a pathetic scene, notwithstanding its grotesqueness. The tavern-keeper and his servant were the only hearers besides myself. Through the dim light of the apartment I could see their eyes glittering with the sort of fire which has ere now kindled revolutions and changed the map of South-Eastern Europe. A deep sigh was the only applause which greeted the end of the song; but the bard felt richly rewarded. He had relieved his own overburdened heart and had also succeeded in stirring the hearts of his audience. He emptied his glass and departed with a brief "Good night."

Of the blind minstrels who once were so popular throughout the Greek world I found few remnants in Macedonia. The tribe has fallen on evil days. Civilization and barbarism have proved alike fatal to its existence, and its few representatives eke out a precarious livelihood by singing the products of their rustic muse at village fairs and weddings. Barba Sterios, whom I described elsewhere,¹ seems to have been in very truth the last of the Macedonian minstrels.

From such sources are drawn most of the materials out of which the present work has been compiled.² Even where the information is not quite new, I venture to hope that it may be found useful as a corroboration or correction at first hand of the experiences already recorded by others. It is not to be presumed that this volume exhausts the wealth of Macedonian folklore. It only represents the harvest gathered by one individual of limited means within a limited space of time.

¹ *Songs of Modern Greece*, pp. 5 foll.

² A great many of the tales and songs collected had to be excluded either because they were too well known or because they lay beyond the scope of the present volume. At some future date I may have an opportunity of publishing a selection from them.

Another student with greater resources at his command might find an aftermath well worth the trouble of gleaning.

Such a student, however, must be one not unwilling to face hardship and danger. He must also be one prepared to look upon brigands chiefly in the light of auxiliaries to the excitement of rough travel, and upon Turkish Government officials as interesting psychological phenomena. These qualifications, a Colt revolver, a Turkish fez, a small medicine chest, a moderate stock of humour, and a plentiful stock of insect-killing powder are among the absolutely indispensable items of the complete Macedonian traveller's outfit. A kodak may or may not prove useful; but in either case it will have to be smuggled into the country or imported on the clear understanding that it is not an infernal machine—a point on which the Custom House authorities are slow to be convinced, unless argument is reinforced by bakshish. Note-books and maps are to be used only in the dark, figuratively speaking; for a sight of those suspicious articles may earn the traveller the reputation of a secret political agent,—one dealing in “treasons, stratagems, and spoils”—and lead to the awkward consequences which such a reputation usually entails, including a rapid march under escort to the nearest sea-port. The escort will indeed be described in official parlance as a guard of honour, and the expulsion as a signal proof of the Sultan's solicitude for the traveller's safety; but these polite euphemisms will not alter the situation to any appreciable extent.

CHAPTER II.

THE FOLK-CALENDAR AND THE SEASONS.

TIME among the peasantry of Macedonia is measured not so much by the conventional calendar as by the labours and festivals which are proper to the various seasons of the year. Seed-time, harvest, and vintage ; the Feast of St George, or the bonfires of St John—these are some of the landmarks in the peasant's life. In most cases the Roman designations of the months, meaningless to Greek ears, have been corrupted into forms to which popular ingenuity has readily assigned a plausible derivation ; in others they have been replaced by names descriptive of the occupations which form the principal feature of every month ; while a third class of months is known by the name of the greatest saint whose feast occurs during each one of them. These characteristic appellations lend to the folk-calendar a variety and freshness of colour such as one would vainly seek in the artificial almanacks of more highly cultured communities ; a possible exception to this rule being offered only by the picturesque nomenclature of the Dutch months, and by the short-lived, because artificial, return to Nature initiated by the French during their Revolution.

There are wise saws attached to each month ; some containing the fruit of past experience, others a shrewd forecast of the future. Many of these products of rustic lore are from time to time inserted in the cheap publications—*Kazamias*—of Constantinople and Athens, which in some respects correspond to our own *Old Moore's Almanack*. Many more are to be

culled in the country districts directly from the peasants themselves. But, whether they are embodied in halfpenny pamphlets or flourish freely in the open fields, these sayings have their roots deep in the soil of popular conviction. The weather is, of course, the theme upon which the village sage mostly loves to exercise his wisdom; for it is upon the weather that the well-being of both herdsman and husbandman chiefly depends. Several specimens of Macedonian weather-lore will be found in the following pages. As a general rule they are in verse, terse and concise as behoves the utterances of a popular oracle. On the other hand, it must be confessed, these compositions sometimes exhibit all the insensibility to rhyme from which suffer the illiterate everywhere. Most of these adages are as widely known in Southern Greece as in the Greek-speaking parts of Macedonia.

The Four Seasons.

The traditional division of the year into four seasons is recognized by the popular muse in the following distich:

Τρεῖς μῆνες εἶν' ἡ "Ανοιξι καὶ τρεῖς τὸ Καλοκαῖρι.
Τρεῖς εἶναι τὸ Χινόπωρο¹ καὶ τρεῖς βαρὺς Χειμῶνας.

"Three months are Spring, and three Summer;
Three are Autumn, and three keen Winter."

¹ *i.q.* φθινόπωρον.

CHAPTER III.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY AND MARCH.

THE first month of the year is known as the 'Breeder' (Γεννάρης), the corruption of the name (from 'Ιανουάριος) having suggested a meaning according well with the main characteristic of the month; for it is at this time of year that cattle are wont to breed (γεννοῦν). It is also called the 'Great' or 'Long Month' (Μεγάλος or Τρανὸς μῆνας), in contradistinction to February; and the 'Pruner' (Κλαδευτής). It is good to prune and trim trees and vines in this month, regardless of all other considerations:

Γεννάρη μῆνα κλάδευε, φεγγάρι μὲν ξετάζης.

"In January look thy plants to prune,
And heed thou not the progress of the moon."

The force of the injunction will be fully appreciated by those who know how deep and universal is the importance attributed to the moon by the popular mind.

An omen is drawn from the observation of the weather on the Epiphany:

Χαρὰ 'ς τὰ Φῶτα τὰ στεγνὰ καὶ τὴ Λαμπρὴ βρεμένη.

"A dry Epiphany and dripping Easter-tide
Betoken joy and plenty through the country-side."

This is the reverse of our English adages "A green Yule makes a fat churchyard," "January fair, the Lord have mercy!" and other pessimistic proverbs well known to weather-lore.¹

¹ See R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, pp. 10 foll.; *The Book of Days*, ed. by R. Chambers, vol. i. p. 22.

A piece of culinary advice is conveyed by these rhymes :

Πῆττα, κόττα τὸν Γεννάρη,
Κόκκορα τὸν Ἀλωνάρη.

"In January make of hen thy pie,
And leave the cock to fat until July."

February.

February (Φεβρουάριος) has had its name turned into Φλεβάρης, which, according to the folk-etymologist, means the 'Vein-sweller,' because during this month the veins (φλέβες) of the earth are swollen with water—an idea also expressed by our own folk appellation of the month : February fill-dyke. The same idea is embodied in the ominous saw :

ἽΟ Φλεβάρης φλέβες ἀνοίγει καὶ πόρταις σφαλνάει.

"February opens many a vein and closes many a door,"
that is, it is the cause of many a death.

But, notwithstanding his ferocity, February still is the forerunner of the blissful time in store for us :

Φλεβάρης κῆ ἂν φλεβίζει,
Καλοκαιριαῖς μυρίζει.
Μὰ ἂν δώσῃ καὶ κακιώσῃ,
Μέσ' ᾽ς τὸ χιόνι θά μας χώσῃ.

"February, though the veins he swell,
Still of spring and summer will he smell ;
But if perchance he wrathful grows,
He'll bury us beneath the snows."

February is likewise called Μικρὸς μῆνας or Κουτσο-φλέβαρος, that is, 'Little Month' or 'Lame February.'¹

On Feb. 2nd is celebrated the feast of the Purification of the Virgin (τῆς Ὑπαπαντῆς), our Candlemas Day. The weather which prevails on that day is expected to last forty days—a period which occurs constantly in modern Greek

¹ The word κουτσός 'lame' is by some identified with the Albanian Koutzi 'little,' as in the word Koutzo-Vlach, where it is said to mean Little Wallach, in contradistinction to the Great Wallachs of the mediaeval Μεγαλοβλαχία (Thessaly). The usual translation is 'lame' or 'lisper,' an epithet referring to the pronunciation of the Wallachs. These derivations are given under all possible reservations and should not be taken for more than they are worth.

prognostications concerning the weather and is also familiar in the folklore of most European countries. The superstition attached to this day is also common. Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, quotes a Latin distich expressive of a parallel belief:

Si sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante;

which is well reproduced in the homely Scottish rhyme:

If Candlemass day be dry and fair,
The half o' winter's to come and mair.
If Candlemass day be wet and foul,
The half o' winter's gane at Yule.¹

Another Scotch proverb refers distinctly to the "forty days."

Saint Swithin's day, gin ye do rain,
For forty days it will remain;
Saint Swithin's day, an ye be fair,
For forty days 't will rain nae mair.²

Gay also alludes to the superstition in his *Trivia*:

How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lowers,
And ev'ry penthouse streams with hasty showers,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavement with incessant rain.³

Similar beliefs are still entertained by our own folk with regard to other days about this time of year, such as the 12th of January; the 13th (St Hilary's); the 22nd (St Vincent's); and the 25th (St Paul's) of the same month⁴; while the idea of the *quarantaine* (in the old sense of the word) occurs in some French rhymes concerning St Médard's Day (July 8) and the Day of Saints Gervais and Protais (June 19).⁵

¹ R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, p. 20; *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 214.

² R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, pp. 37, 38; *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 672.

³ Bk i. 183-6.

⁴ On the last mentioned day the learned writer in *The Book of Days* (vol. i. p. 157) as well as R. Inwards (*Weather Lore*, pp. 15 foll.) should be consulted by those interested in the subject.

⁵ S'il pleut le jour de Saint Médard,
Il pleut quarante jours plus tard;
S'il pleut le jour de Saint Gervais et de Saint Protais,
Il pleut quarante jours après.

The Book of Days, vol. ii. p. 63.

March.

Ἐπὶ Μάρτη καλοκαίρι κὴ ἀπ' Αὐγούστο χειμῶνας.

"Summer sets in with March and Winter with August,"

emphatically declares the popular proverb. In accordance with this observation omens are especially looked for at this season of the awakening of Nature. The sight of a lamb, for instance, is a sign that he who has seen one first will be excessively fond of sleep during the summer, the animal being regarded as a symbol of sloth. The opposite conclusion is drawn from the sight of a sprightly and restless kid.

During the first three days of the month the peasants, and more particularly their wives and daughters, rise early in the morning and hurry to the fields, vying with each other which of them will be the first to hear "the herald melodies of spring." The call of the cuckoo is anxiously expected, and lucky is he or she who hears it first. Parties are formed and repair to the fields on purpose and, as soon as it is heard, they gather wild berries and bring them home. The voice of the bird is accepted as an assurance that gloomy winter with its frosts and snows has departed, and with it has disappeared the necessity of keeping indoors—a necessity peculiarly distasteful to the southern temperament. Spring with its congenial freedom is close at hand. The trees begin to blossom and to burst into bud, impelled thereto by the soft south-easterly breeze hence known as the 'tree-sweller' (ὁ φουσκοδεντρίτης). This is the glad message which the cuckoo brings to the Macedonian. The ancients regarded the appearance of the bird with similar feelings, as is shown by Hesiod's words: "When the cuckoo begins to cry *cuckoo*! amidst the foliage of the oak and fills the hearts of men over the boundless earth with joy....."¹ However, the modern sage warns us not to be premature in our rejoicings; for ἕνας κοῦκκος δὲ κάνει τὴν ἀνοιξί "One cuckoo does not make a spring," another sentiment which finds its prototype in antiquity.²

¹ *W. and D.* 486-7.

² Cp. the ancient proverb μία χελιδὼν ἔαρ οὐ ποιεῖ. *Arist. Eth. N.* i. 7, 15.

The very anticipations which make the farmer and the shepherd rejoice are, nevertheless, a source of grief to those whose livelihood depends on the duration of "keen winter." Charcoal-burners hate the cuckoo whose notes announce the approach of fine weather. Mischievous urchins turn this circumstance to account and delight in teasing the unfortunate charcoal-burners by shouting *cuckoo! cuckoo!* after them.

The bird is also credited with a malicious sense of humour, and in order to escape from its ridicule some of the peasants avoid partaking of too sumptuous a breakfast during the spring.

The cuckoo, viewed from another standpoint, is considered an emblem of dreary desolation, a sentiment which finds expression in the popular saying *ἔμεινε κοῦκκος*, "lonely as a cuckoo." It is further said of one who has wasted much money on a profitless enterprise that "he has paid for a cuckoo the price of a nightingale"—*τὸν κόστισεν ὁ κοῦκκος ἀηδόνι*. Such is the penalty which the cuckoo has to pay for its popularity.¹

The Russians also regard the cuckoo as "a type of the orphan state." But nevertheless they, in common with most Slavonic races, look upon it with much respect.² Our own country-folk are not indifferent to the appearance of the cuckoo, as the following rhymes, heard in Lancashire, testify:

"The cuckoo struts in April,
Sings in May,
Flies away
First cock of hay."³

The mournful notes of the bird known as gyon are likewise heard with pleasure and for a similar reason. But of all the

¹ The game of Hide and Seek (*τὸ κρυφτό*) is also known by the name *cuck* (*παίζουμε τὸ κοῦκ*), from the cry used by the hiding children. This may be worth noting by students of cuckoo-customs. It has already been conjectured that the game in question is perhaps related to a custom of hunting the cuckoo. See *Animal Superstitions and Totemism*, by N. W. Thomas, in *Folklore*, vol. xi. p. 260, n. 1.

² Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 214 foll.

³ For other English rhymes and the omens drawn from the call of the bird when first heard, etc. see R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, pp. 30, 164; *The Book of Days*, vol. i. pp. 529 foll.

forerunners of the vernal season none is greeted with greater joy than the swallow. In Macedonia, as in Southern Greece, the return of the bird is hailed with hearty enthusiasm. Its building under the eaves, or on the rafters of a house is welcomed as an omen of wealth, and it is believed that he who destroys its nest will be punished with freckles on his face and hands. On the first of March the boys are in the habit of constructing a wooden image of the bird, revolving on a pivot, which they adorn with flowers, and with it in their hands they go round the houses in groups a-gooding, that is singing a song of congratulations in return for which they receive various gifts. The following is a specimen of the Swallow-song in use among the inhabitants of Liakkovikia, a village in south-eastern Macedonia :

The Swallow-Song.

The swallow is coming from across the black sea.
It has crossed the sea for us and founded a fortress.
It has sat and sung in the middle of March's court.

"O March, my goodly March, and thou dreadful February,
How far hast thou travelled to learn thy letters?
Letters royal, such as children learn?

"The schoolmaster has sent us that thou mayest give us five eggs,
And if thou hast not five eggs, give us the clucking hen,
To lay eggs and brood over them and draw her chickens after her."

March is come : he is welcome ;
The blossoms burst forth, the land is filled with scent.
Out with fleas and bugs, in with health and joy!¹

The allusion to fleas and bugs, irrelevant as it may seem, is of considerable interest to the folklorist. Both insects appear again and again in the Macedonian spring and summer ceremonies, and we shall have an opportunity of returning to them more than once in the sequel.

The custom of going about with the swallow existed among

¹ The original is given in Α. Δ. Γουστόν, 'Η κατὰ τὸ Πάργαιον Χώρα,' p. 43. For variants see *Songs of Modern Greece*, p. 174; Passow, Nos. 305-308.

the ancient Greeks (χελιδονίζειν: ἀγείρειν τῇ χελιδόνι), and one of the swallow-songs popular in antiquity has fortunately come down to us.¹ But the Romans also received the "harbinger of spring" with cordial hospitality,² and so did the Teutons and the old Slavonians. The latter looked upon the bird's early arrival as a promise of an abundant harvest, and upon its presence among them as a safeguard against fire and lightning, and they supposed the robbing of its nest to bring down "terrible evils on the head of the robber."³ Indeed the springtime customs of the modern Russians are very much like those prevalent in Macedonia. The first of March is by tradition set apart for the reception of the Spring. Morning excursions into the fields are in great vogue. The wooden image of the swallow finds a parallel in their clay image of the lark, and the swallow-song in similar compositions sung in honour of Vesna, the vernal season, or of Lada, the vernal goddess of love and fertility.⁴

On the same day the Macedonian mothers tie round their children's wrists a skein consisting of red and white yarn, twisted together and called after the month (ὁ μάρτης, or ἡ μάρτα). The children at the sight of a swallow throw this thread to the bird, as an offering, or place it under a stone. A few days after they lift the stone and, if they find beneath it a swarm of ants, they anticipate a healthy and prosperous year; the reverse, should the thread lie deserted. The explanation of this custom must perhaps be sought in some forgotten notion of a sympathetic relation between the skein and the child which wore it. A parallel is offered by the practice of some of the natives of New South Wales who placed the tooth extracted from the gums of a lad under the bark of a tree, and "if the ants ran over it, the natives believed that the boy would suffer from a disease of the mouth."⁵ The presence of the ants is in

¹ Athen. viii. 360 B.

² Fallimur? an *veris praenuntia venit hirundo*? Ovid, *Fast.* ii. 853.

^{3, 4} Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 211-214. Cp. the Suffolk sayings about the robin, "You must not take robin's eggs; if you do, you will get your legs broken," "It is unlucky to kill a robin," etc., *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 678.

⁵ F. Bonney, quoted by J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. i. p. 50.

Macedonia interpreted symbolically as indicating "health and abundance"; but the custom bears a strong general analogy to the one cited above. Our explanation derives additional support from another custom which seems to be based on a similar idea.

The first drawn tooth is kept by the child for a while carefully and then is thrown on the roof, accompanied with this invocation of the crow:

Νά, κουρούνα μ', κόκκαλο
 Καὶ δός μου σιδερένιο,
 Νὰ ῥοκανίζω τὰ κουκκιά,
 Νὰ τρώγω παξιμάδι.

"O dear crow, here is a tooth of bone,
 Take it and give me a tooth of iron instead,
 That I may be able to chew beans
 And to crunch dry biscuits."

Now, the practice of disposing of a child's first tooth in a more or less mysterious way is well-nigh universal, and so is the formula which accompanies the action. The closest parallel to the Macedonian custom is, strangely enough, presented by the natives of the Seranglao and Gorong archipelagoes, where the tooth is thrown on the roof. The South Slavonians teach their children to throw the tooth into a dark corner and say, "Mouse, mouse, there is a bone tooth; give me an iron tooth instead." The words, it will be seen, are almost identical with those used by the Macedonian children, but the animal appealed to is, as in the majority of such cases, a mouse or rat, owing to the firmness and excellence by which the teeth of these rodents are distinguished. The practice in these cases is explained on the doctrine of the sympathy which continues to subsist between the extracted tooth and its former owner.¹ This idea connects the Macedonian custom with the swallow custom already discussed, and the appeal to the crow is probably due to an adaptation of the tooth-ceremony to some child's crow-song corresponding to the swallow-song, a hypothesis which becomes more than

¹ J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. I. pp. 52, 53.

probable when we consider that such a song (*κορώνισμα*) was actually known in antiquity and is mentioned by Athenaeus¹ in connection with the swallow-song (*χελιδόνισμα*). In both cases we find the bird appealed to as a bringer of good luck generally, and in both cases something connected with the child is thrown to it: a skein to the swallow, a tooth to the crow. The motive in both seems to be to draw upon the child a blessing through the sympathetic agency of things which belonged to it.

The first three days of March are known by the name of *Drymiai* (*Δρύμιαις*). During those days the peasants refrain from washing clothes and from bathing. They do not prune their trees nor do they plant; for they believe that the trees will at once wither. The same belief holds with regard to the last three days and all Wednesdays and Fridays of the month. As a proof that those days are unlucky, especially for gardening purposes, they advise you to try the following experiment: Take seven twigs, strip them of their leaves, mark them each with the name of a day of the week, and then put them in a jug filled with water. If you examine them a few days later, you will find that they have all put forth new leaves, except those marked with the names of the fatal days.²

In some parts of Macedonia the superstition prevails that a priest should not divulge to his parishioners on which day of the week will be the first of March, or he will lose his wife. The origin of this belief is enveloped in obscurity, the usual attribute of folk-beliefs. It may possibly have arisen in an effort on the part of the Church to prevent the people from continuing the pagan rites customary on this day. In any case, it is not devoid of interest as a historic survival from times when village communes were so ignorant as to depend entirely on their pastors for information regarding days and seasons.

The Macedonian peasants, partial as they are to March, are not blind to his defects. The bitterness of March winds has earned the month the nickname of the 'Flayer' (*Γδάρτης*).

¹ Athen. viii. 359.

² We shall speak on this subject at greater length in dealing with the same superstition in the chapter on August.

His mutability of mood and addiction to sudden changes are emphasized by numerous sayings:

‘Ο Μάρτης ὡς τὸ γιῶμα τὸ ψοφάει,
ὡς τὸ βράδυ τὸ βρομάει.

“Sir March before midday
With frost the lamb will slay;
But, ere the sun doth sink,
With heat he makes it stink.”

Again,

Μάρτης ἐνὶ καὶ χάϊδια κάνει·
Πότε κλαίει, πότε γελάει.

“March, like a baby spoilt, is full of whims:
At times he cries, at times with fun he brims.”

Our own peasants, *à propos* of the inconstancy of March weather, observe: “March comes in like a lamb, and goes out like a lion.”¹ The reverse is also supposed to be true.

His apparently unaccountable transitions from a fine to a foul temper are explained by the Macedonians on the hypothesis that March has two wives, one of whom is young and fair, gay and laughter-loving; the other old and ugly, morose and peevish. When he looks at the former, he smiles with pleasure; when at the latter, he frowns in anger.

The appetizing effect of March’s chilly blasts is described as the month’s excessive greediness:

Μάρτης πεντεγιώματος
Καὶ πάλι πεινασμένος.

“March never, never has his fill;
Meals five a day: he’s hungry still.”

The sun of March is supposed to be fatal to a girl’s complexion:

‘Οπῶχει κόρην ἀκριβή,
Τοῦ Μάρτη ἥλιος μὴν τη διῇ.

“Who has a daughter fair
Of March’s sun beware.”

¹ R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, p. 24. Cp. “If the old year goes out like a lion, the new year will come in like a lamb,” *ib.* p. 5.

A red and white thread worn round the wrist is supposed to act as a charm and to preserve a damsel from the rays of March's sun.

To revert from the ornamental to the useful, the folk-sage counsels his friends in didactic fifteen-syllable verse :

Τὸν Μάρτη ξύλα φύλαγε· μὴν κάψῃς τὰ παλούκια.

"In the month of March save thy firewood, and do not burn up thy stakes."

The same idea is implied in another saw, rather too Hogarthian for translation :

Μάρτης ὀρθοχέστης καὶ παλουκοκαύτης.

It would not be amiss to conclude the delinquencies of this eccentric month with the Macedonian version of a legend familiar to students of our own North-country weather-lore. It is said that there was once a poor old woman, and she had an only goat, which she had preserved most anxiously through a long and severe winter. At the end of March, deceived by an exceptionally fine day, she ventured to let her goat out to graze, and, in the exuberance of her joy, she defied March by snapping her fingers at him and exclaiming in derision, "pritz March, I fear thee no longer!" But alas! her self-congratulation was premature. March, exasperated by the insult, determined to punish the old lady and to this end he borrowed three days from his neighbour April. During this new lease of life he brought about so keen a frost, that the poor old woman's goat was starved to death. Another form of the same story, prevalent at Liakkovikia, allots to the old woman three kids, and adds that not only the kids but their mistress also were frozen to death on a spot outside the village, to this day called *The old woman's leap* (Τῆς γρηᾶς τὸ πήδημα).¹

¹ A. Δ. Γουσίου, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,' p. 44.

This story will bring to most readers' minds the old Scotch rhyme of

The Borrowing Days.

March borrowed from Aperill
Three days and they were ill.
The first began wi' wind and weet,
The next come in with snaw and sleet,
The third was sic a bitter freeze,
It froze the birds' claws to the trees.

A variant of this rhyme alludes to "three hoggs upon a hill." March for the purpose of "garring them dee," borrowed three days "from Aperill," and tried the "wind and weet" etc. However the sheep, one is glad to hear, survived the ordeal, for it is related that

When the three were past and gane,
The three silly hoggs came hirpling hame.¹

¹ The first version I had from the lips of an old Scotchman, and it differs slightly from the text of the *Newcastle Leader*, reproduced in *St James's Gazette*, April 2, 1901, whence comes the latter variant given above. For other versions see R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, pp. 27 foll.

Several interesting details concerning this mysterious loan and the kindred superstition of the *Faoilteach*, or the first days of February, borrowed by that month from January, are to be found in *The Book of Days*, vol. 1. p. 448.

CHAPTER IV.

EASTERTIDE.

It is perhaps more than a coincidence, and at all events quite appropriate, that the great Christian feast of the Resurrection—redemption and universal renovation—should fall at that time of year when Nature herself awakening hears

The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free.¹

This coincidence reveals itself in many curious customs connected with the festival, and enables us to interpret several popular practices which otherwise would be unintelligible. In fact, we most probably have here one of the numerous instances of old pagan observances surviving beneath the tolerant cloak of Christianity—the past peeping through the mask of the present. It is a thesis no longer in need of demonstration that the new religion, wherever it has penetrated, from the shores of Crete to those of Iceland, has everywhere displayed a far-seeing eagerness to enlist in its service what might assist its own propagation in existing belief and practice. Macedonia forms no exception to this general rule.

The heathen festival on which Easter was grafted in Greek-speaking countries most likely was the Lesser Eleusinia, the return of Persephone, which symbolised the resurrection of Nature and which the ancient Hellenes celebrated about this

¹ Thomson's *Seasons*.

time of year. The modern Macedonians are, of course, utterly unconscious of any incongruity between the creed which they profess and the customs which they observe. To the peasant, Easter is simply a season of rejoicing. If he were pressed for the reason of his joy, he would probably be unable to give a clear answer, or, if he gave one, red eggs and roasted lambs would be found to play as important a part in his conception of the festival as the religious ceremonies which accompany and sanctify the proceedings. His view is vividly expressed in the children's rhymes which are often heard in Macedonia at this season :

Πότε νᾶρθ' ἡ Πασχαλιά,
Μὲ τὰ κόκκινα τ' αὐγά,
Μὲ τ' ἀρνοῦδι 'ς τὸν ταβά, etc.

"Oh, when will Easter come, bringing with her red eggs, a lamb in a tray, etc."

The Easter festivities are ushered in by a long period of strict abstinence known as the Great Forty-Day Fast (ἡ Μεγάλη Σαρακοστή—Lent). The two Sundays before Lent are respectively called Meat-Sunday (Ἀποκρεά) and Cheese-Sunday (Τυρινή). The week between them answers to the Carnival of Western Christendom, and during it, in the big towns on the coast the usual merriment is heightened by masquerades (καρναβάλια or μασκαράδες), a custom which, as the name implies, has been borrowed from Italy and is not to be confused with similar observances prevalent in the interior of the country at other times of the year. It also corresponds with the Russian *Máslyanitsa*, or Butter-Week. Cheese-Sunday is made the occasion of many interesting observances. Before proceeding to a description of these, however, it may be well to note some points of resemblance between the new and the old celebrations.

The modern Western Carnival has been traced to the ancient Roman Saturnalia, and this parallelism has led folklorists to conjecture that Lent also may be the descendant "under a thin disguise, of a period of temperance which was annually observed, from superstitious motives, by Italian

farmers long before the Christian era.”¹ Should this hypothesis be established, then the Eastern Meat-Week might likewise be ascribed to the old Cronia, which was the Greek counterpart of the Saturnalia. The Eastern Lent might further be compared with the fast which preceded the celebration of the mysteries of Eleusis, in commemoration of Demeter’s long abstinence from food during her search for her lost daughter. But precise identification is hardly possible owing to the slightness of the evidence at our command. What is absolutely certain is the fact that abstinence from food and from the gratification of all other appetites was and still is practised by various races at seed-time “for the purpose of thereby promoting the growth of the crops,”² a kind of charm, acting through the sympathetic connection which is supposed to exist between the sower and the seed.

Cheese-Sunday (Κυριακὴ τῆς Τυρινῆς).

The boys of each village rise early in the morning and, divided into several parties, go forth collecting bundles of fire-wood, which they pile up on the tops of the heights and hills in the neighbourhood. These preparations completed, they amuse themselves during the rest of the day by throwing stones with a sling, each shot accompanied with these mysterious words: “Whithersoever this arrow hies, may the flea follow in its track” (ὅπ’ πάῃ ἢ σαγίτα κῆ ὁ ψύλλος καταπόδι).³ In some districts of Macedonia these slings are replaced by actual cross-bows generally constructed of a fragment of a barrel-hoop, which is passed through a hole at the end of a stock. The missile,—a long nail as a rule—laid in the groove of the stock, is propelled by a string drawn tight across the bow and held fast by a catch, which is nailed to the stock, acting as a sort of trigger. At nightfall the bonfires built up in the morning are kindled, and the boys jump over them.

¹ J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. III. p. 146.

² *Ib.* vol. II. pp. 209 foll.

³ A. Δ. Γουστου, ‘Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,’ p. 41.

Identical customs are observed in several Slavonic countries. "In some parts of Russia," says Ralston, "the end or death of winter is celebrated on the last day of the Butter-Week, by the burning of 'the straw Mujik'—a heap of straw, to which each of the participators in the ceremony contributes his portion." In Bulgaria "during the whole week, the children amuse themselves by shooting with bows and arrows, a custom which...is supposed, by some imaginative writers, to have referred in olden times to the victory obtained by the sunbeams—the arrows of the far-darting Apollo—over the forces of cold and darkness."¹

The custom of kindling bonfires on the first Sunday in Lent and of throwing missiles into the air prevails in many parts of Western Europe. In Swabia the arrows and stones are replaced by thin round pieces of wood. In all these cases of pagan survival² the bonfires are built by boys on the crests of mountains and hills as in Macedonia. Whether the Greeks of this province have borrowed the pastime of stone and arrow shooting from their Slav neighbours or have inherited it from their own remote ancestors,³ it would be difficult to say. But in any case it is an interesting relic of bygone times. Apart from any symbolical or ritual significance which may or may not lurk in the practice, the use of the sling and the bow by the Macedonian boys at play is instructive as a conspicuous instance of a custom outliving in the form of a game the serious business of which it originally was only an imitation. Toy bows and slings are extremely popular among boys all over Europe at certain times of the year, and keeping up, as they do, the memory of a warlike art now extinct, are regarded by ethnologists as sportive survivals of ancient culture, if not of ancient cult.⁴ The bonfires and the flea will reappear in connection with the Midsummer festivities.

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 210.

² J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. III. pp. 238 foll.

³ In ancient times the Kaunians in Asia Minor, who regarded themselves as being of Cretan origin, used to turn out armed, "hitting the air with their spears and saying that they were expelling the foreign gods." Hdt. I. 172.

⁴ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. I. p. 73.

In the evening of Cheese-Sunday it is the custom for the younger members of the community to call on their elder relatives, godfathers and godmothers, in order to beg forgiveness for their trespasses and beseech their blessing. Women, for some reason or other, take with them a cake, an orange or a lemon as a propitiatory offering to those on whom they call. The symbolic meaning of these gifts, if they ever had one, has long since gone the way of all tradition. It may be worth while, however, to recall that this amiable act of duty was once in vogue among our own folk also. On the mid Sunday of Lent it was the custom to go *a-mothering*, that is to pay a formal visit to one's parents, especially the female one, and to take to them some slight gift, such as a cake or a trinket. Whence the day itself was named Mothering Sunday.¹ The similarity between the old English and the modern Macedonian practice is well illustrated by Herrick's lines to Dianeme:

Ile to thee a simnell² bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a-mothering ;
So that, when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.³

The analogy extends to the festivity peculiar to the day. At supper-time a tripod is set near the hearth, or in the middle of the room, and upon it is placed a wooden or copper tray (*σινί*). Round the table thus extemporized sit the members of the family cross-legged, with the chief of the household at the head. The repast is as sumptuous as befits the eve of a long fast, and a cake forms one of the most conspicuous items on the menu. Before they commence eating the younger members of the family kneel to their elders (*κάνουν* or *βάζουν μετάνοια*) and obtain absolution, after which performance the banquet begins.

When the plates are removed there follows an amusing game called 'Gaping' (*χάσκα*) and corresponding to our Christmas game of Bob-cherry or Bobbing Apple. A long thread is tied

¹ *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 336.

² *i.g.* Lent-Cake.

³ *Hesperides* 685.

to the end of a stick, and from it is suspended a bit of confectionery (*χαλβάς*), or a boiled egg. The person that holds it bobs it towards the others who sit in a ring, with their mouths wide open, trying to catch the morsel by turns. Their struggles and failures naturally cause much jollity and the game soon gets exciting. This amusement is succeeded by songs sung round the table and sometimes by dancing.

A quaint superstition attached to the proceedings of this evening deserves mention. If anyone of those present happens to sneeze, it is imperative that he should tear a bit off the front of his shirt, in order to ward off evil influences.

Καθαρή 'βδομάδα.

The days that follow form a sharp contrast to this feast. With Monday begins Cleaning-Week (*Καθαρή 'βδομάδα*), a period of purification both of body and of soul. The cooking utensils are washed and polished with a vast deal of bustle and noise; the floors are scrubbed, all traces of the preceding rejoicings are scrupulously effaced, and the peasant household assumes an unwonted look of puritanical austerity. The gloom is deepened by the total abstention from meat and drink, which is attempted by many and accomplished by a few during the first three days of the week. This period of rigid and uncompromising fast, called *Τρίμερο*, is concluded on Wednesday evening. Then a truly lenten pie of boiled cabbages and pounded walnuts, called *Τριμερόπηττα*, is solemnly eaten and, undoubtedly, relished by those who succeeded in going through the three days' starvation.

In some places, however, the sanctimonious misery of this week is disturbed by certain feeble reflections of the festivities which went before. These spectral revivals of gaiety in various districts take various forms, and as a rule are confined to Monday. At Salonica, for instance, on the *Καθαρή Δευτέρα* a band of youths dressed in kilts, so as to represent brigands, but wearing their masks on the back of their heads, are allowed by the police to play at highwaymen. They parade the streets, with a roasted lamb, stuck on the top of a pole, at the head of

the procession, singing Klephtic songs, and when they have reached the open country, they seize a point of vantage, hold up all carriages that happen to pass by, and extort from the not unwilling passengers a tribute of money. Then they adjourn to a meadow where they eat, drink, sing, and make merry. The proceedings bear a close resemblance to the 'Montem' festivity once popular at Eton.¹

At Serres and Melenik the people repair to picnics in the country. In the latter place the usual resort is a hill crowned by an old monastery. The natives in describing the festival told me that "they went to pull out the serpent" (*να βγάλουν τὸ φεῖδι*)—now a mere and all but meaningless phrase, but possibly a survival of a belief akin to the Highland superstition that "a week previous to St Bridget's Day the serpents are obliged to leave their holes under ground."² The date of this Western feast (1st Feb. o.s.) corresponds roughly with the time in which Lent usually begins. The evidence which we possess does not warrant the assumption that the practice has any connection with ophiolatry. Yet it seems to point to some symbolic meaning of new life derived from the serpent's annual "renewal by casting its old slough."³

At Sochos, again, during this week they have masquerades. Youths dressed in *fustanellas* execute military dances with swords; others array themselves in goat-skins, covering head and face beneath a conical cap (*καλπάκι*) decorated with flowers and tassels, while strings of monstrous bells dangle from their waists. Thus formidably adorned they stop the damsels in the street, examining their head-gear for coins and abstracting as many as they can find. They also lie in wait round the corners and try to frighten the unwary passer-by into liberality. Finally they betake themselves to the open space in the middle of the village, reserved for dancing (*μεσοχωῶρι*), and there they make merry on the proceeds of their sportive robbery.

¹ For a very interesting account of this festival see *The Book of Days*, vol. II. p. 665.

² J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 225.

³ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. II. p. 241.

Τοῦ Λαζάρου.

The Feast of Lazarus is also in some districts made the occasion of song and rejoicing. At Nigrita, for example, on that day girls and boys go about the streets singing and dancing and collecting presents—a form of begging known to the ancients by the name of *ἀγερμός*, and to our own peasants as *going a-corning, gooding*, and so forth. The dancers are called *Λαζαρίναις*, and their songs *Λαζαριανὰ* or *Λαζαριώτικα* (sc. *τραγούδια*). Most of these compositions have been handed down from mother to daughter for ages, and unfortunately have suffered much in transmission. I give below some of the least mutilated fragments which I was enabled to pick up. As the reader will see, the subject of the song is for the most part adapted to the circumstances of the person to whom it is addressed.

I.

To a damsel betrothed.

Πῶς παίζ' ὁ Τοῦρκος τ' ἄλογο κῆ ὁ Φράγκος τὸ καράβι
 "Ἐστ' παίζει κ' ἓνας νειούτσικος μὲ τὴν καλλὴν ἀπῶχει.
 'Σ τὰ γόνατά την ἔπαιρνε, 'ς τὰ μάτια τὴν φιλοῦσε,
 'Σ τὰ μάτια, 'ς τὰ ματόφυλλα κῆ ἀνάμεσα 'ς τὰ φρύδια.

"As the Turk dallies with his steed and the Frank with his ship,
 Even so dallies a youth with his fair one.
 He will take her on his knees and kiss her on the eyes,
 On the eyes, on the eyelids, and between the eyebrows."

II.

To a love-lorn youth.

Κεῖ 'π' ἀγαπᾷς, λεβέντη μ', στείλε γύρεψε,
 Στείλε τὴν ἀδερφή σου προξενήτισσα.
 Κῆ ἂν δέ' σου δώσουν, πάλι σύρε μοναχός.
 'Ανέβα 'ς τὸ πηγάδι κῆ ἀργολάβησε,
 Νὰ μαζωχτοῦν κοπέλλαις ὅλο ἔμορφαις,
 Νὰρθῇ καὶ κείνη ποῦ θέ'ς, κείνη 'π' ἀγαπᾷς.

Κλέψ' την, λεβέντη μ', κλέψ' την, κλέψ' τὴν πέρδικα,
 Σύρ' την 'ς τὰ κορβουλόγια,¹ 'ς τὰ ψηλὰ βουνά,
 Κεῖ ποῦ λαλοῦν τ' ἀηδόνια καὶ τ' ἄγρια πουλιά.

"Where thy love dwells, my brave youth, thither send and ask.
 Send thy sister as a match-maker.
 And if they give her not to thee, go thyself.
 Go up to the fountain and set to wooing,
 That maidens passing fair may be gathered there,
 That amongst them may also come she whom thou lovest.
 Then carry her off, my brave youth, carry her off, carry off the pretty
 partridge,
 Take her to the hills, to the high mountain-peaks,
 Where the nightingales and the wild birds sing."

III.

To a newly-married woman.

Βουζοῦδά² μ', τί τρανεύεσαι καὶ σέρνεις τὸ καμάρι ;
 Τὸ πῶς νὰ μὴν τρανεύωμαι καὶ σέρνω τὸ καμάρι ;
 Ἐγὼ 'χω ἄντρα βασιλεᾶ καὶ πεθερὸν ἀφέντη,
 Καὶ πεθερὰ βασίλισσα καὶ 'γὼ βασιλοπούλα.

"My dear little bride, wherefore dost thou draw thyself up, and hold
 thy head high?"

'How can I but draw myself up and hold my head high?
 I have a king for a husband and a lord for a father-in-law,
 My mother-in-law is a queen, and a princess I.'

IV.

To a young mother.

Μάνα 'π' σὲ χάρ'σε ὁ θεὸς τὰ δυὸ περιστερούδια,
 Μάνα μ', νά τα περικαλῆς Κύριο μ' νά τον δοξάζης,
 Νὰ χαίρησαι 'ς τὸ γάμο της, ν' ἀλλάξης 'ς τὴ χαρά της.
 Νὰ διῆς κη' πὸ τὸν κόρφο της περδίκια νὰ γυρίζουν,
 Περδίκια, χρυσοπέρδικα, χρυσᾶ μαλαματένια.

¹ This word is new to me, but I take it to be a synonym of *κορφοβούνια*, 'hill-tops.'

² A synonym of the dim. *νυφούδα*, 'a dear little bride,' from the Bulgarian *bozia*, 'bride.'

"Mother to whom God has given this pair of tender dovelets,
 Mother dear, pray for them and praise the Lord for them.
 Mayest thou rejoice at her marriage, dress for her wedding;
 Mayest thou witness a flock of young partridges encircling her bosom,
 Young partridges, golden partridges, partridges of purest gold."

V.

The enterprising lover.

"Ένας λεβέντης καὶ ντελῆς καὶ νὰ ἔξιο παλληκάρι
 Μὲ ταῖς μαχαίραις περ'πατεῖ, τῇ χώρᾳ φοβερίζει.
 Τῇ χώρᾳ ἐφοβέριζε καὶ τοὺς Κοτζαμπασῆδες·

"Γιὰ δό μ' τε τῇ Καλοῦδά μου, γιὰ δό μ' τε τῇ καλῇ μου,
 Νὰ φκιάσω σπίτια πετρωτὰ καὶ σκάλαις μαρμαρένιαις.
 Νὰ φκιάσω καὶ τ' ἁλώνι μου ἔς τὴν ἄκρα τῇ θαλάσσᾳ.
 Νὰ κοσκινίζω μάλαμα νὰ πέφτ' μαργαριτάρι,
 Κῆ ἔπὸ τὰ κοσκινίσματα νὰ δίν' τῇς Λαζαρίναις."

"A brave youth, a noble gallant lad,
 Is strolling armed with knives and threatening the village;
 He threatened the village and its notables thus:
 "Come, give my fair love to me, come give up my fair one,
 That I may build a stone palace with marble stairs,
 That I may build my threshing-floor on the shore of the sea,
 To sift gold, and let pearls drop beneath,
 And of the siftings give a share to the Maids of Lazarus."

At Liakkovikia the same custom prevails on the morning of Palm Sunday (*Κυριακὴ τῶν Βαῖτων*). As the congregation streams out of church, the girls of the village form parties of threes and fours and, each holding a gold-embroidered handkerchief or two, go about singing outside each house songs appropriate to the age and condition of the occupants. The carol is accompanied by more or less elegant contortions of the body and vigorous wavings of the handkerchiefs. The songstresses are known as *Βαῖστραις* or 'Palm Maids' and their carols as *Βαῖτικα*.¹

¹ A. Δ. Γουσίλου, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,' p. 45.

Holy Week (Μεγάλη 'βδομάδα).

Holy Thursday (Μεγάλη Πέμπτη). In some districts on this day, as well as on Lady Day (March 25th), the people are in the habit of hanging from the balconies and the windows of their houses red kerchiefs or sashes. On this day also the Paschal eggs are dyed. The peasant mother takes the first coloured egg and with it crosses (διασταυρώνει) her child's face and neck, saying: Κόκκινο σὰν τ' αὐγό, καὶ γερό σὰν τῇ πέτρα, that is, "Mayest thou grow red as is this egg, and strong as a stone." This egg is then placed near the icon of the Panaghia and is left there until the following year, when a new one takes its place. The red colour of the Easter eggs and of the kerchiefs mentioned above is explained by folklorists as referring to the brightness of spring. On this day they also make a kind of cakes, called from their shape "turtle-doves" (δεκοχτούραις), with a clove or a grain of pepper doing duty as an eye.

Good Friday (Μεγάλη Παρασκευή). On this day the peasants eschew all kinds of food prepared with vinegar, because, they say, it was on this day that the Jews moistened our Lord's lips with vinegar.

Holy Saturday (Μεγάλο Σάββατο). They are careful not to wash their heads, lest their hair should turn grey.

Easter Sunday (Πάσχα, Πασχαλιά, or Λαμπρή, "Bright"). This last name corresponds to the Russian *Svyetlaya* and may be compared with our own Easter,¹ both of which appellations suggest brightness. The Resurrection is celebrated twice. First at a midnight mass on the eve (Πρώτη 'Ανάστασις), and again about mid-day on Easter Day (Δευτέρα 'Ανάστασις). The first is also called Καλὸς Λόγος, or the "Good Word." The gospel for the day is read out in the churchyard beneath the star-bespangled sky and is immediately followed by the hymn beginning with the words "Christ is risen" (Χριστὸς ἀνέστη), in which the whole congregation joins. The announcement

¹ A.-Sax. *Eástre*, O.H.G. *Ostarâ*, a goddess of light or spring, in honour of whom a festival was celebrated in April, whence this month was called *Easter-mônâth*. Dr Annandale's Dict. s.v.

of the "good word" is greeted with loud peals of fire-arms and with the sound of bells or the wood gongs (σήμαντρα) still in use in some parts of the country. In the midst of this uproar the priest holds up a lighted candle and calls on the congregation to "Come and receive light" (Δεῦτε λάβετε φῶς). The faithful obey the summons with great alacrity. There is an onrush at the priest, and those who get near him first kindle their candles at the very fountain-head of light; the less fortunate, or less muscular, ones have to be content with illumination at second hand.¹ But the result from a purely aesthetic point of view is the same. The dark night is suddenly lighted up with hundreds of small flickering flames, trembling in the hands of people anxious to escape from the fire-arms, squibs, and crackers, which boom and hiss in dangerous proximity all round them.

On the tapers secured at the cost of so much exertion, not unattended by some risk to life and limb, is set a proportionally high value. The miraculous powers attributed to these Easter tapers may be compared to those which were ascribed to the Candlemas candles in Catholic times in England.² The women, on their return from church, use these tapers for the purpose of burning the bugs, in the pious hope that they will thus get rid of them for ever—a custom which agrees well with the extermination of fleas: the avowed object of the Macedonian bonfires.

The ceremony of "receiving light" is, of course, symbolical, and true believers entertain no doubt that the light is the light of Christ. Sceptical students, however, have long since arrived at the conclusion that here again we are confronted by a survival of paganism: that the "new light" is only a cousin german to the "new fire" and to the bonfires, customary at this time of year in many widely severed lands, and that the real remote

¹ So far as my own experience goes, I am unable to confirm Mr Frazer's impious suspicion "that the matches which bear the name of Lucifer have some share in the sudden illumination" (*The Golden Bough*, vol. III. p. 247). The people are too unenlightened to venture on such illicit methods of illumination, and far too economical to waste a match, when there are so many candles burning close at hand.

² For some verses setting forth these wonderful virtues see *The Book of Days*, vol. I. p. 213.

meaning of all these kindlings is to procure heat and sunshine for the crops by means of magical ceremonies¹—the destruction of noxious vermin being a later development. The keeping of the fire alive throughout the Paschal Week, which is the practice in several parts of Macedonia, forms another proof of the underlying notion. To make the case stronger, in some districts of the country until quite recently the people indulged in the annual cremation of a straw 'Judas'—an effigy which finds its counterpart in many quarters and which is interpreted as a representative of the old tree-spirit or spirit of vegetation.² To return to the service.

The congregation having lighted their tapers turn towards the church and find the doors closed. They knock upon them chanting in chorus: "Lift the gates, O ye rulers of ours, and ye eternal gates be lifted; for there will enter Christ, the King of glory!" To this a voice from within answers: "Who is this King of glory?" Those without reply: "He is a Lord strong and powerful. He is a Lord mighty in war!"³ Thereupon the doors are thrown open, and the congregation troop into the building, where the service is resumed.

The words "Christ is risen" are the signal for breaking the long fast of Lent, and many take to church a red egg and a bun which, as soon as the words are uttered, they devour with pardonable eagerness. After service the peasant mothers secretly place under their children's pillows red eggs, and when the little ones wake in the morning, they are told that this is a present brought in the dead of night by *Paschalia*, a female personification of Easter, just as English children believe, or used to believe, that the stocking which

¹ J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. III, pp. 245 foll.

² *Ib.* p. 314. The custom still survives in a vigorous form at Therapia, the fashionable summer resort of Constantinople. The natives of that suburb are in the habit of burning on Good Friday a number of 'Jews' made of cast-off clothes stuffed with straw. The *Daily Chronicle* of May 2, 1902, contains a graphic description of the custom by its Constantinople correspondent.

³ "Ἀρατε πύλας οἱ ἄρχοντες ἡμῶν καὶ ἐπάρθητε πύλαι αἰώνιαι, εἰσελεύσεται γὰρ ὁ βασιλεὺς τῆς δόξης Χριστός." "Τίς οὗτος ὁ βασιλεὺς τῆς δόξης;" "Κύριος κραταῖος καὶ δυνατός, Κύριος ἰσχυρὸς ἐν πολέμῳ." Α. Δ. Γουσίου, "Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Σώρα," p. 45.

is hung from the bedpost on Christmas Eve is filled by Santa Claus.

To the second service, which takes place in the day-time, the people go with lighted tapers, and when it is over, the congregation embrace, forgiving and forgetting mutual offences, and salute each other with the formula: "Christ is risen," to which the answer is "He is risen indeed!" (Ἀληθῶς ἀνέστη), and this continues to be the regular form of greeting until Ascension Day. The Easter feast lasts three days, during which visits are exchanged, the visitors being presented with a red egg. The *pièce de résistance* of the Easter banquet is a lamb roasted whole (σφαχτάρι). Indeed so indispensable is this item, that it has given rise to a proverb, Πασχαλιὰ χωρὶς ἀρνὶ δὲ γένηται, "Easter without a lamb is a thing that cannot be," applied to those whose ambition exceeds their means.

On Easter Tuesday the people resort to the open country, where the girls dance and the youths amuse themselves by shooting at the mark (σημάδι), wrestling (πάλαιμα), jumping (πήδημα), running (τρέξιμο), the throwing of heavy stones (ρίχνουν τὴ πέτρα) and similar sports, all possible successors to the old Greek games.

† A favourite song at Easter is one beginning as follows:

Ἦρθε τὸ Μέγα Σάββατο, ἦρθ' ἡ Μεγάλη Πέφτη
 Ἦρθε κ' ἡ Λαμπροκυριακὴ μὲ τὸν καλὸ τὸν λόγο.
 Ἦ μάν' ἀλλάζει τὸν ὑγιοὶ κ' ἡ ἀδερφή του ζώνει,
 Τὸν ζών' τὸ χρυσοζούναρο, χρυσὸ μαλαματένιο.
 Καὶ κίνησαν καὶ πάνταν νὰ πὰν νὰ μεταλάβουν.

.

"Holy Saturday is come and Holy Thursday too,
 The Bright Sunday is also come with the Good Word.
 A mother dresses her son and his sister girds him,
 She girds him with a gold girdle, a girdle of pure gold.
 They set out to participate in the sacrament, etc."

The sequel is only a variant of the gruesome story published elsewhere.¹

¹ See *Songs of Modern Greece*, p. 184, "The Excommunicated."

In some places, as Serres, the fire is not allowed to go out through the Paschal Week (*Διακαινήσιμος ἑβδομάς*), which is considered as one day.

First Sunday after Easter, or St Thomas's Day (τοῦ Θωμᾶ).

This Sunday is also celebrated with great *éclat*. After morning service the villagers go out to an open space where the sports are to be held. At Nigrita the favourite spot is on the sloping banks of a watercourse (*λάκκος*). To that place may early in the forenoon be seen repairing a miscellaneous crowd of country folk in festive mood and attire. A group of some twenty or thirty maids, with snow-white kerchiefs over their heads, leads the procession, singing various songs, among which the following is perhaps the most popular :

Ἡ Μαρουδιὰ Ἰνιιώτισσα Δευτέρα μέρα κίνησε
 Νὰ πάη γιὰ ἰσημόχωμα, ἰσημόχωμα, πατόχωμα,
 Καὶ σκεπαρνιά δὲν ἔλαχε, μόν' ἔλαχε τ' ἀργυρὸ τσαπί,
 Καὶ κρούει μιὰ καὶ κρούει δυό, καὶ κρούει τρεῖς καὶ τέσσαρες,
 Καὶ πέσε τ' ἰσημόχωμα καὶ σκέπασε τὴ Μαρουδιά.
 Ψιλὴ λαλίτσαν ἔβγαζε, "λαλίτσα μ', σκίσε τὰ βουνά,
 Νὰ πᾶς ἑς τὴ μάνα μ' μήνυμα, νὰ φουκαλίση τῆς αὐλαῖς,
 Νὰ στρώσ' τὸν καμοχᾶ....."

"Maroudia, a maid of Achinos,¹ set out on a Monday
 To go for silver-earth, flooring-earth.²
 She took not a common spade, but took a silver spade.
 She strikes once, she strikes twice, she strikes three and four times,
 And there fell the silver-earth and covered up Maroudia.
 She sent forth a shrill cry: 'My voice, rend the mountains
 And carry to my mother a message to sweep the courts clean,
 To spread the carpet.....'"

The song is not of a very high order as poetry, yet it is interesting as referring to an everyday occupation of the women of the district.

¹ A village close to the lake of the same name not far from Nigrita.

² A kind of hard earth with which the inhabitants smear the floors of their cottages.

Having reached the rendezvous, the damsels disperse and pick from the stones in the torrent-bed a kind of moss locally known as *μαχό*, and with it they dye their finger-tips and palms. In this excursion they are usually escorted by a cavalcade of young men, and, while they are busy embellishing their hands, their cavaliers run races. In the meantime the sports are in full swing. The prizes given to the winners vary according to the different events. Thus, for instance, the winner at running gets a lamb or a kid. He slings it across his shoulders and, preceded by an ear-rending band of drums (*νταούλια*) and pipes (*ζουρνάδες*), leads the crowd away; the damsels follow dancing and singing. This event comes off in the morning. After lunch take place wrestling matches, the combatants being stripped to the waist. The prize for this event is likewise a lamb or kid, and the victor is greeted with loud rolling of drums, shrill screaming of pipes, firing of pistols and flint-locks, and promiscuous shouting and cheering from the crowd. These somewhat discordant noises gradually subside into song, and dancing ensues.

This is only a local festival, but on the 2nd of May, I was told, there are held international games in which join wrestlers from as far as Sirpa, a village fifteen minutes' walk from Nigrita. The prizes on that occasion are on a proportionally larger scale, a bull or an ox being awarded to the first winner, and a 'yearling goat' (*μηλιῶρι*) to the second best.

The Feast of Rousa.

On the feast of Mid-Pentecost (*Μεσοπεντηκοστή*), that is on the twenty-fifth day after Easter, occurs a ceremony which has for its object the warding off of scarlatina (*κοκκινίτσα*). At Melenik it is called Rousa or Rosa, a designation which some of the natives derive from the crimson colour of the eruption, accompanying the fever; but which may possibly be a remnant of the old Roman Rosalia or Feast of the Roses. Before entering upon a description of the rite as performed at the present day in Macedonia, it will be well to glance at the history of the festival in some other parts of the Greek

world. The name of the Roman festival (*Ῥουσάλια*) is preserved among the peasants of the Peloponnesus, though it is no longer applied to a feast of roses. It is the common designation of a Feast of the Dead held on the Saturday before Whit-Sunday. This transference of the name, according to some authorities,¹ points to a closer relation of the modern observance to the ancient Greek Feast of Flowers (*Ἀνθεςτήρια*)—a three days' festival of Dionysos, in the month of Anthesterion, that is about the end of February and beginning of March—which also was in a large measure a Feast of the Dead.

Colonel Leake, writing at the beginning of the nineteenth century, records some interesting details concerning the feast at Parga. "They (viz. the customs) were collected on the 1st of May, and the seven days following, when there was a festival (*πανηγύρι*) at the expense of Venice, which was called the Rosalia (*ἡ Ῥωσάλια*). On the eighth day, the *Ῥωσαλιῶται*, or keepers of the feast of Rosalia, had a sham fight (*πλαστὸν πόλεμον*), of two parties dressed, one as Italians, the other as Turks. The latter were made prisoners and carried before the Proveditore, who dismissed them with a present. It was customary for the Proveditore on this occasion to pardon an exile or criminal for whom the archons might intercede."²

The festival as performed at Melenik has nothing to do either with the dead or with customs and criminals. Its aim is purely sanitary, and it is exclusively confined to children of both sexes. The children rise betimes and assemble in a place fixed upon on the eve. Three girls are deputed to go round to three different houses and beg at each of them a small quantity of flour, which they bring to the meeting-place. This flour is handed to a girl who must bear a name unique in the neighbourhood. She sifts it with a sieve which she holds behind her back, then kneads it and forms it into

¹ See the views of Prof. Politis summarised in Mr Rennell Rodd's *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, p. 139.

² Leake, *Travels in Northern Greece*, vol. i. p. 524. Note II. to Ch. V. On Parga.

ring-shaped cakes (*κολούρια*), which are baked in a small toy-oven built for the nonce. While this is doing, the rest of the girls and boys of the party run round to other houses in the neighbourhood and collect flour, butter, honey, sesame-oil, etc. Out of these materials the eldest among them make a number of little rolls, which are baked in an ordinary public oven, and cook other viands. When all is ready, boys and girls sit down to a banquet, followed by songs and dancing. Towards evening the party breaks up, and the children disperse to their several homes.

The ring-shaped cakes, which were made by the girl of the unique name and baked in the specially built little oven, are divided among them and are hung up to dry behind a door. Whenever anyone of the children who participated in the *fête* is attacked by scarlatina, or any kindred disease, a piece of these cakes is pounded and sprinkled over the skin, which is previously smeared with molten sugar, honey, or sesame-oil. This is supposed to be an infallible cure.

In certain other districts the rite has been simplified. The children go round begging flour, oil, etc., and out of these ingredients a pie (*πουγάτσα*) is made in each house separately. The children partake of it singing.

Though I have noticed at some length the possible connection of the festival with the Rosalia, I am inclined to think that the Melenikiote interpretation is most likely correct. In that case the Scarlet Fever is by the Macedonians personified under the name of 'Ροῦσα, or the 'Red Woman'—a personification highly probable in itself,¹ and rendered especially so by the circumstance that the same disease is personified by the Persians in the shape of Al—a "blushing maid, with locks of flame and cheeks all rosy red."²

¹ Parallel personifications of diseases will be noticed in the sequel.

² Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 295.

CHAPTER V.

APRIL, MAY, AND JUNE.

THE First of April (Πρωταπριλιά) is in some parts of Macedonia, as in most parts of Europe, believed to authorize harmless fibs, and many practical jokes are played on that day by the Macedonian wags.

The sheep are shorn in this month, and for days together the air is filled with the plaintive voices of lambs unable to recognize their close-cropped dams, and by the impatient bleatings of ewes unable to understand why their offspring keep aloof. The shearing of sheep is especially associated with the feast of St George, of which more anon.

Weather-lore also has something to say about April: 'Απρίλης, Μάης κοντὰ τὸ θέρος, "April and May—harvest is drawing near," and 'Σ τῶν ἁμαρτωλῶν τῇ χώρᾳ τὸν Μαῖόπριλο χιονίζει, "In the land of sinners it snows through April and May."¹

April is also known among the peasants as 'St George's Month' (Ἀγιογεωργίτης), from the feast of that saint on the 23rd. St George is a very popular saint. Even the brigands regard him as their patron and, after a successful *coup*, they generally assign a share of their booty to him, in the form of offerings to his church or image. It is a somewhat strange manifestation of piety; yet the feelings by which it is dictated are no less sincere and genuine than were those which prompted the ancients to give a tenth of the enemy's spoil to the god who had helped them to win the victory, and perhaps it is quite as acceptable as any *Te Deum*. Besides, the St George of folk

¹ For English folk-sayings concerning April weather see *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 456; R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, p. 28.

imagination is hardly the St George of the Church. Tradition has invested his character with attributes and embellished his career with achievements which would have surprised the old gentleman considerably. Readers of Percy's *Reliques* will remember the romantic ballad¹ in which St George is described as the son of an English lord, borne away in infancy by "the weird Lady of the woods," and all the other incidents woven round his attractive personality. The Macedonian peasant also has many a quaint story to tell of his favourite saint.

The song given below was dictated to the writer by a peasant girl of Sochos. From this composition it appears that St George is regarded as a kind of mediaeval knight on horse-back, armed in the orthodox fashion, and as the bearer of gifts to those who are fortunate enough to win his favour.

Τοῦ "Αἱ Γεώργη τὸ τραγοῦδι.

"Αἱ Γεώργη καβαλλάρη
Μὲ σπαθὶ καὶ μὲ κοντάρι,
Δὸς με τὸ κλειδάκι σου
Ν' ἀνοίξω τὸ ματάκι σου [?]
Νὰ διῶ τί ἔχεις μέσα."
"Σιτάρι, κριθάρι,
Σπυρὶ μαργαριτάρι."
"Δὸς τῇ νύφῃ κάστανά
Καὶ τὸν γαμπρὸ καρύδια,
Καὶ τῇ καλῇ μας πεθερὰ
Ὅλοχρυσά μαντήλια,
Καὶ τὰ παιδιὰ κοντύλια."

I. *Ballad of St George.*

"St George, knight of the sword and spear,
Give me thy little key that I may open thy little eye, [?]
And see what thou carriest within."
"Wheat and barley, and grains of pearl."
"Give to the bride chestnuts and to the groom walnuts,
To our dear mother-in-law kerchiefs of pure gold,
And to the children pencils."

¹ *The Birth of St George.*

In another ballad sung, like the above, on the saint's feast, St George plays rather an unchivalrous rôle. I will give here only the translation, as the text, which I took down at Nigrita, is merely a variant of a song already published in Passow's collection (No. 587).¹

II. *Ballad of St George.*

"A young Turk, the king's own grandson, falls in love with a Christian maid and wishes to make her his. He desires her; but she desires him not. She runs away, placing hills and mountains between her pursuer and herself. In the way which she goes, she finds St George sitting at a deserted little chapel.

'My lord St George, great be thy name! I beseech thee hide me this instant. Oh save me from the hands of the Turk!'

The marble walls were rent asunder, and the maid entered.

At that very moment, lo! the Turk arrived before St George. 'My lord St George, great be thy name! The maid whom thou keepest here, I beseech thee give her to me. I will bring thee cartloads of candles, cartloads of frankincense,

¹ On comparing my version with Passow's again I find that the former, though by no means perfect, is not only fuller than Passow's but presents so many points of difference that it may be worth while to insert it:

Ἕνα μικρὸ Τουρκόπουλο, τοῦ βασιλεᾶ ἀγγόνι,
Μιὰ Ῥωμηοποῦλ' ἀγάπησε καὶ θέλει νά τη πάρῃ.
Τῇ θέλει, δέ' τον θέλει.
Παίρνει τὰ ὄρη ὀμπροστὰ καὶ τὰ βουνὰ 'πὸ πίσω.
'Σ τὸ δρόμο ὁποῦ πάαινε, 's τὸ δρόμο ποῦ πααίνει,
Βρίσκ' τὸν "Αἰ Γεώργη κάθουνταν σὲ μιὰ ῥημοκκλησοῦδα·
"Αἰ Γεώργ' ἀφέντη μ', μεγάλο τῶνομά σου,
Αὐτὴ τὴν ὥρα κρύψε με 'π' τὰ Τούρκικα τὰ χέρια."
Τὰ μάρμαρα ραῖστηκαν κ' ἡ κόρη μπαίνει μέσα.
Νὰ κῆ ὁ Τοῦρκος πρόφτασε μπροστὰ 's τὸν "Αἰ Γεώργη·
"Αἰ Γεώργ' ἀφέντη μ', μεγάλο τῶνομά σου,
Αὐτὴ τῇ κόρη 'πῶχεις δῶ, θέλω νά μέ τη δώσης.
Θὰ φέρ' ἀμάξι τὸ κερὶ, ἀμάξι τὸ θυμιάμα
Καὶ 's τὰ βουβαλοτόμαρα θὰ κουβαλῶ τὸ λάδι,
'Σ τὴ πίστι σου θὰ βαφτιστῶ καὶ Γεώργη τῶνομά μου."
Τὰ μάρμαρα ραῖστηκαν κ' ἡ κόρη βγήκε ὅξω.
Τῇ 'πῆρ' ὁ Τοῦρκος κ' ἔφυγε.

and oil will I bring thee in big buffalo-skins. I will also be christened into thy faith, and my name shall be George.'

The marble walls were rent asunder, and the maid came forth. The Turk seized her and sped away."

The poet does not say whether the young Turk fulfilled his vow; but one would not be sorry to hear that he did not.

May.

Sicker this morrow, no longer ago,
I saw a shoal of shepherds outgo
With singing, and shouting, and jolly cheer.

Shepherd's Calender.

The First of May (Πρωτομαΐα) is spent "in dance and song and game and jest." Parties are formed "to fetchen home May" (να πιάσουν τὸν Μάη) and go to picnic in the plains and meadows. The youths weave wreaths of wild flowers and of sprays of the fragrant tree called after the day *Protomaïa*, and hang them outside the doors of their sweethearts, according to the common European custom which is explained by folklorists as due to the belief in the fertilising power of the tree-spirit.¹ Similar garlands adorn the lintels, beams, and windows of each cottage and are allowed to remain there until they are quite dry, when they are burnt.²

One of the flowers gathered on this day is picked out by the girls for purposes of divination on the subject which is uppermost in maids' minds the world over. This privileged blossom is the humble daisy, in Macedonia called *pappas*. They pluck its white petals one by one, repeating the familiar "He loves me; he loves me not" (Μ' ἀγαπᾷ, δέ' μ' ἀγαπᾷ).³ Some of these blossoms are dried, to be used in winter as medicine against coughs.

¹ J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. i. p. 195.

² Cp. G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, p. 301.

³ Α. Δ. Γουσίου, 'Η κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,' p. 46. Cp. *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. pp. 44, 45.

Among the many songs sung on this occasion the following is a great favourite:

Τώρα 'ν ὁ Μάης κ' ἡ Ἀνοιξι,
 Τώρα τὸ καλοκαίρι,
 Τώρα κῆ ὁ ξένος βούλεται
 'Σ τὸν τόπο του νὰ πάη.

"Now is May and Spring,
 Now is the fine weather,
 Now the stranger bethinks himself
 To return to his native land."

To these simple verses the country girls will dance for hours, repeating them again and again.

Another song, which I heard at Melenik, impressed me with its simple sentimentality. An enthusiast might even venture to claim for it a place beside Anacreon's sweet ode, beginning with the words Σὺ μὲν φίλη χελιδόν.

Χελιδονάκι μου γλυκό,
 Βασανισμένος ποῦμαι 'γώ,
 'Ω γλυκό μου χελιδόνι,
 Τῆς γλυκειᾶς αὐγῆς ἀηδόνι,
 Περικαλῶ σε πέταξε,
 Σύρε κῆ ἀλλοῦ καὶ ξέταξε.
 "Ὡχ θάρθῃ καὶ τὸ πουλί μου,
 Νά μ' ἀκούσῃ τῇ φωνῇ μου;
 "Ποῦσαν, πουλί μ', τόσον καιρό,
 Σὲ καρτεροῦς' σὰν τὸν τρελλό;"
 "Ἦμαν 'ς τὰ ὄρη, 'ς τὰ βουνά,
 Μέσα 'ς τὰ κρούσταλλα νερά.
 "Ἦμαν μέσα 'ς τῆς δροσάδης,
 'Σ τοῦ Μαῖοῦ τῆς πρασινάδης."

"My sweet little swallow,
 See how wretched I am,
 O my dear swallow,
 Sweet Morn's nightingale,
 I pray thee fly,
 Go abroad and ask:
 Oh will my own bird ever come,
 Will she ever listen to my voice?"

‘Where wert thou, my own bird, this long while,
And I waiting for thee like one demented?’
‘I dwelt in the mountains and in the hills,
Amidst the crystal springs.
I dwelt amidst the cooling dews,
In May’s green plantations.’”

A third ballad, dealing with the balmy beauties of May, was dictated to me by a native of the isle of Thasos:

“Ένα πουλί θαλασσινὸ κ’ ἓνα πουλί βουνήσιο.
Φωνάζει τὸ θαλασσινὸ καὶ λέει τὸ βουνήσιο.
“Τί με φωνάζεις, βρ’ ἀδερφέ, καὶ τί με παραγγέλνεις;”
“Σύρε, πουλί μ’, ’ς τὸν τόπο μου, σύρε ’ς τὴ γυναικά μου.”
“Γὼ καρτερῶ τὴν Ἀνοιξι, τὸν Μάη, τὸ καλοκαῖρι,
Νὰ μπουμπουκιάσουν τὰ βουνά, νὰ σκιώσουν τὰ λαγκάδια,
Νὰ βγοῦν οἱ Βλάχοι¹ ’ς τὰ βουνά, κ’ ἡ Βλάχης ’ς τὰ λαγκάδια,
Νὰ πάρω τὸ τουφέκι μου νὰ βγῶ νὰ κυνηγήσω,
Καὶ ναῦρω τὴν ἀγάπη μου νὰ τη γλυκοφιλήσω.”

“There was a bird of the sea and a bird of the hills.
The bird of the sea calls, and the bird of the hills replies:
‘Wherefore dost thou call me, O brother, what is thy command?’
‘Go, my dear bird, to my native land, go to my wife.’
‘I am waiting for Spring, for May, for the fine weather,
For the mountains to burst into bud, for the forests to grow shady,
For the shepherds to come forth on the hills, and the shepherdesses
into the woods,
That I may take my musket and go forth a-hunting,
That I may find my beloved and give her a sweet kiss.”

It will be noticed that the conventional metaphor of the birds is dropped towards the end of the song, and the speaker resumes his human character and tastes.²

As an instance of the perfect *abandon*, which characterizes the May Day festivities of the modern Greeks, may be mentioned a custom which until quite recently prevailed in the island of

¹ Βλάχοι and Βλάχης, ‘shepherds’ and ‘shepherdesses.’ The name Wallach is commonly applied to all people leading a pastoral life, whether of Wallachian nationality or not, and points to the nomadic character of this mysterious tribe.

² For English May-Songs ancient and modern, see *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 546.

Syra in the Aegean. In the evening of that day the women used to go down to the shore *en masse* and wash their feet in the sea. Crowds of admiring males witnessed the performance, which was accompanied by much laughter and good-humoured horse-play. The custom may have originated in some solemn ceremony of propitiation of the sea-nymphs, if not of Aphrodite herself. The May festivities all over Europe are permeated with symbolical allusions to fertility, and such an appeal to the spirits of the water would harmonize well with the analogous appeals to the tree-spirits, exemplified by the wreaths already mentioned. The divinings by the flower petals are also obviously connected with a similar idea.

There are several saws expressing popular opinion on the character of this month: 'Ο Μάης ἔχει τ' ὄνομα κῆ' Ἀπρίλης τὰ λουλούδια, "May enjoys the fame, but April brings forth the flowers." Weather-lore pronounces: Μάης ἄβρεχος, χρονιὰ εὐτυχισμένη, "A rainless May portends a prosperous year."¹ The serenity of May is, however, occasionally disturbed by hailstorms. The folk muse turns this untoward circumstance to account:

Ἀντά 'πρεπε δὲν ἔβρεχε, τὸν Μάη χαλαζώνει.

"When it should it did not even rain; in May it hails,"

a proverb applied to those who display inopportune energy or liberality.

An equivalent to our saying:

Change not a clout
Till May be out,²

is offered by the Macedonian commandment: Μὴν ξαλαφρώνης τὸ κορμί σ' ὅσου ὁ Ἑλυμπος εἶναι ἀσπρισμένος, "Do not lighten your body so long as Mount Olympus is clad in white," an advice the prosaic import of which is redeemed by the poetic form of the expression.

¹ This especially applies to the vines, *v. infra* September.

² For a variety of saws concerning May see R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, pp. 31 foll.

June.

This month is known as the 'Harvester' (Θεριστής), because harvest begins during it. In fact, it is the beginning of the busiest time in the peasant's year, and the folk poet may well complain :

'Απ' τὸ θέρο ὡς τῆς ἐλθαῖς
Δὲν ἀπολείπουν ἡ δουλειαῖς.

"From harvest till the olive's press'd
In life there is but little rest."

Nevertheless, this month enjoys the distinction of including the very crown of Midsummer festivals. On the 24th of June is celebrated the feast of the Nativity of St John the Baptist or, as he is termed in the Calendar of the Greek Church, the Precursor (Ὁ Πρόδρομος), and popularly known as St John of the Divination ("Αἱ Γιάυνης τοῦ Κλήδονα), a name derived from one of the many methods of fortune-telling which constitutes the principal feature of the festival.

On the eve (ἀνήμερα) of the feast parties of village maidens are in the habit of gathering together in a purposely darkened room, with a mirror. Having thus "taken darkness for an ally," they all look into the magic mirror by turns. Those who are to marry within the year see, or fancy that they see, the future husband's face in the glass—peeping over their shoulders, as it were. The less fortunate, or less imaginative, ones are compelled to possess their souls in patience till next year.

Another form of the same practice is the following: each maid separately takes a looking-glass into her bedroom and after having undressed stands in front of it, uttering this formula:

Παίρνω τὸν καθρέφτη καὶ τὸν θεὸ περικαλῶ
"Ὅποιος εἶναι τῆς τύχης μου ἀπόψε νά τον διῶ.

"I take up this mirror and God I beseech,
Whosoever is to be my fate, may I see him this night."

She then puts the glass under her pillow and tries hard to dream. This ceremony closely corresponds with the Hallowe'en

practice of the North, mentioned in Burns's poem of that name (XIII). The custom for the Scotch maiden was to go alone to a looking-glass, holding a candle. According to some authorities she should eat an apple,¹ according to others she should comb her hair before the glass. Then the face of her predestined partner would appear in the depths of the mirror.

This superstition is related to another, not unknown to English school-girls of the present day. The first new moon in the year is made to declare to them the husband that is to be, and she is invoked in the following words, pronounced by the girl standing against a tree, with her foot on a stone :

New Moon, New Moon, I hail thee
By all the virtue in thy body,
Grant this night that I may see
Him who my true love is to be.²

It is curious that the English girl's invocation should be more pagan in tone than the Macedonian maiden's prayer.

The looking-glass form of divination is akin to the familiar, and now fashionable, crystal-gazing. It is only one of a number of superstitions belonging to an ancient and numerous family. Visions are seen on walls or in water, in mirror or the moon; but the object is ever the same. "Ancient and modern superstition...attributes the phantasms to spiritual agency," says Mr Andrew Lang.³

A third attempt at peering into futurity is made by means of water and molten lead—old spoons and forks often going to the pot for this purpose. A basin is filled with water and, while an incantation is being muttered, the molten lead is dropped into the vessel. The forms which the metal assumes in congealing are interpreted symbolically. If, for example, the lead spreads into an even surface, that is a sign that his or her wishes will be fulfilled without difficulty; should, on the contrary, the metal shape itself into a lump or 'mountain,'

¹ Cp. *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 38 ; pp. 55 foll.

² *School Superstitions*, by T. Parker Wilson, in the 'Royal Magazine' of Sept., 1901. For other versions of this appeal to the Moon see *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. pp. 117 foll.

³ *Cock-Lane and Common-Sense*, pp. 69 foll.

it signifies that great obstacles lie in the way of his or her happiness, and so forth.

An allusion to this form of divination is to be found in a popular love-couplet which I heard at Salonica:

“Ένα κομμάτι μάλαμα θὰ ρίξω 'ς τὸ πηγάδι,
Νὰ καθαρέψῃ τὸ νερό, νὰ διῶ ποιὸς θά με πάρη.

“A lump of gold shall I drop into the well,
That the water may grow clear, and I may see who my husband is to be.”

On the same evening takes place another ceremony with a similar end in view. Water is drawn from a well into a jug, in perfect silence (*βουβὸ* or *ἀμίλητο νερό*).¹ Into it is thrown the white of an egg, and then it is left out in the open air through the night. The shapes which the egg assumes are examined on the following morning and interpreted in the same way as those of the lead. In Russia a parallel custom prevails on Christmas Eve; but, instead of lead or egg, the material used is molten wax. The sinful professions of the ‘wax-melter’ (*κηροχύτης*) and the ‘lead-melter’ (*μολυβδοχύτης*) are not unknown to the islanders of the Aegean.²

Of like spells we find many traces both in England and in Scotland. The ‘Wake of Freya’ still survives as a memory, if not as an actual practice.³ Burns in a note to *Hallowe'en* gives an interesting description of the custom as it prevailed in Scotland in his day,⁴ while Keats has immortalized a kindred superstition in his beautiful poem, *The Eve of St Agnes*:

They told her how, upon St Agnes's Eve
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright.⁵

¹ This water is also called *ἄλαλον*, see Ducange, *Glossarium ad scriptores mediae et infimae Graecitatis*, s. v. *μαστραπά*.

² W. H. D. Rouse, ‘Folklore from the Southern Sporades’ in *Folk-Lore*, June, 1899, p. 152. Most of these methods of divination are common to many parts of the Greek East; see a few notes on *Δεισιδαιμονίαι καὶ Ὀρκοί* in the ‘*Ἑθνικὸν Ἡμερολόγιον*’ *Μαρίνου Π. Βρετοῦ*, Paris, 1866, pp. 219—220; G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, pp. 307—308.

³ G. Borrow, *Lavengro*, ch. xx.

⁴ N. 10.

⁵ VI. For a full description of this superstition see *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 140.

Likewise *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1770 tells us how

On St Mark's Eve, at twelve o'clock,
The fair maid will watch her smock,
To find her husband in the dark,
By praying unto Good St Mark.¹

But all the above modes of divination are in Macedonia eclipsed by the picturesque rite which lends to the feast of the Baptist its popular designation. This is the rite known throughout the Greek world as ὁ κλήδονας, and it well deserves a chapter to itself. It is perhaps the most interesting form of hydromancy which can be directly associated with the Midsummer ceremonies prevalent all over Europe and regarded by folklorists as having for their object the promotion of fertility. The step from a rite of propitiation to one of divination is but a short one. Even after the idea had been abandoned that the ceremonies in question operated to bring about the desired effect, the wish to obtain an omen as to the future of individuals, especially on matters matrimonial, might well have continued to be cherished. "It is thus that magic dwindles into divination."²

Ὁ Κλήδονας.³

In Macedonia the ceremony, or pastime—for, like most of these rites, it has long been shorn of its serious character⁴—is performed as follows.

On the eve of the day young people of both sexes,—for this is a social spell,—and not unfrequently married men and women also, fix upon a certain spot where the performance is to be held. Then a child is sent round to collect from the members of the party different 'tokens' (σημάδια), consisting

¹ Quoted in *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 550.

² J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. ii. p. 129.

³ The name is a modernized form of the ancient κληδών, an omen contained in a word, whence κληδονίζω, to give an omen, etc. The peasants, however, regard it as connected with the verb κλειδώνω, to lock, and this opinion has given rise to some of the terms employed above.

⁴ Indeed κλήδονας sometimes is used as a synonym for a frivolous sport, in which any nonsense is permissible. Hence the popular saying, "αὐτὰ 'ς τὸν κλήδονα νά τα πῆς (or νά τα πουλήσῃς)" conveying pretty nearly the same meaning as our "tell that to the marines."

of rings, beads, buttons, or anything that the participators in the ceremony are in the habit of wearing about their persons. To each of these tokens is attached a flower, or a sprig of basil, and then they are all cast into a jug or pitcher, which is also crowned with flowers, especially with basil and the blossom of a creeping plant, resembling the honeysuckle and from its association with the rite called *κλήδονας* or St John's Flower (Τοῦ Ἀἱ Γιάννη τοῦ λουλουδι).¹ In some districts a gigantic cucumber, or an onion, is cast in along with the tokens. The vessel is then carried to the fountain, the spout (*σουληνάρι*) of which is likewise decorated in a manner recalling the well-flowering and tap-dressing customs once popular in England.² The maid who bears the vessel must not utter a single word, and if spoken to she must not answer. Having filled the pitcher, she carries it back in silence. A red kerchief is spread over its mouth and fastened round the edges with a ribbon, or a string, and a padlock (*κλειδωνιά*). The last mentioned article seems to be due partly to the mistaken etymology of the name *κλήδονας* (unless, indeed, the etymology has been suggested by the article), and partly no doubt to the mystic significance attributed by popular superstition to a lock.³ This part of the ceremony is known as the 'locking' (*τὸ κλείδωμα*) and in some places, as Nigrita, for example, where the silence rule is not observed, the action is accompanied by the following song, sung by a chorus of maidens both on the way to the fountain and round it, while the pitcher is filling:

Τὸ Κλείδωμα.⁴

Μαζώνησθη, συνιάζησθη,
Γιὰ νὰ κλειδώσουμη τὸν κλείδουνα

¹ Cp. the plants used for purposes of divination on St John's Day in other countries, such as the *Ciuri di S. Giovanni* in Sicily and St John's wort in Prussia. J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. II. p. 129.

² *The Book of Days*, vol. I. p. 819.

³ On the use of locks and knots as impediments to sorcery, see J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. I. pp. 400 foll.

⁴ This song was taken down by a maid of Nigrita at my request. She could only just write and so she unconsciously reproduced in her spelling the local pronunciation, which I have endeavoured to retain in the above copy.

Μὲ τ' Ἀῖγιαννιοῦ τοῦν κλείδουνα.
 Ποιός ση φύτηψη, ποιός ση πότιση (*bis*)
 Κῆ μαράθκαν τὰ λουλούδια σ' ;
 Γρ'ά μη φύτηψη, γρ'ά μη πότιση
 Κῆ μαράθκαν τὰ λουλούδια μ'.
 Θουμαή μ', τῇ θυ—, τῇ θυγατέρα σ'
 Ἄλλουν νειὸ νὰ μὴν τη δώσης. (*bis*)
 Δούκηνα μ', ἡγὼ τὴν ἀρραβόνιασ' (*bis*)
 Μ' ἔναν Βούργαρου τζιλέπη (*bis*)
 Μὲ ἔναν πῶχ' τὰ χίλια πρόβατα,
 Τὰ τρ'ἀκόσια δαμαλίδια.

The locking of the vessel.

Come together, oh be ye gathered together,
 That we may lock the pitcher
 With St John's flower.
 "Who planted thee? Who watered thee,
 And thy blossoms are faded?"
 "An old woman planted me, an old woman watered me,
 Therefore my blossoms are faded."
 "O Thomaë, dear Thomaë, thy daughter
 Give her not to another youth."
 "O Doukena, dear Doukena, I have betrothed her
 To a Bulgarian gentleman,
 To the one who owns a thousand sheep,
 And three hundred heifers!"

The pitcher, thus prepared, is exposed "to the light of the stars" (ἴς τὴν ἀστροφεγγιά, or ἴς τὸ ξάστερο), or is placed under a rose-tree, where it remains during the night. Early next morning it is taken indoors and set in the corner of a room. In the afternoon of the festal day the young people assemble once more round the pitcher and proceed to 'unlock' it, accompanying the action with a variation of the same song:

Τὸ ξεκλείδωμα.

Μαζώνησθη, συνιάξησθη,
 Γιὰ νὰ ξεκλειδώσουμη τοῦν κλείδουνα, etc.

The unlocking of the vessel.

Come together, oh be ye gathered together,
That we may unlock the pitcher, etc.

A little boy, the most guileless-looking that can be found, is appointed to lift off the kerchief, which is then thrown over his face, and thus blindfolded (᾽ς τὰ τυφλά) he dips his right hand into the pitcher. While the boy is doing this, one of the bystanders cries out: "We open the vessel. May good luck issue forth!" (Ἀνοίγουμε τὸν κλήδονα, νὰ βγῇ τὸ καλορρίζικο!).¹ Then the boy draws out the first token, singing

Τινὸς σημάδι κῆ ἂν ἐβγῇ,
Νὰ πάη ᾽ς τὰ Σέρρας μ' ὅλαν τὰ καλά.

"Whose token comes forth,
May they go to Serres and enjoy all manner of happiness."

The owner of this first token is cheered by the others and congratulated on his or her good luck. Then each of the company by turns or some one, generally an old woman well versed in Luck-lore, recites or improvises a couplet as each token is being drawn. In some districts, in lieu of couplets, they propound riddles.² In either case the saying is considered as foreshadowing the future of the person to whom the token belongs. As may be imagined, all the predictions are not equally pleasing. Some of them are grotesque and sometimes even such as a more cultured audience would pronounce coarse. These give rise to many sallies of rustic wit at one another's expense.

The cucumber is drawn out last and eaten. Then the real broad farce begins. The tokens are flung back into the pitcher, and the company give free play to their sense of fun in the way of sayings which, when the circle is exclusively confined to married women, are neither meant nor meet for male ears. The festival generally ends with dancing and singing.

¹ For other formulae customary at the opening of the jug elsewhere, see Bernhard Schmidt, *Lieder verschiedenen Inhalts*, No. 63; Passow, *Disticha*, No. 85.

² A collection of both these kinds of folk literature will be found at the end of the volume.

A performance essentially similar to the Greek κλήδονας, though wanting in many of its picturesque details, is popular among the Russians. "At the Christmas festival a table is covered with a cloth, and on it is set a dish or bowl containing water. The young people drop rings or other trinkets into the dish, which is afterwards covered with a cloth, and then the *Podblyudnuiya Songs* commence. At the end of each song one of the trinkets is drawn at random, and its owner deduces an omen from the nature of the words which have just been sung."¹

Bonfires.

Another important feature of the feast are the bonfires (φωτιαῖς)² kindled on the eve. It is the custom for boys to leap through the flames. This is called 'leaping the fleas' (πηδοῦν τοὺς ψύλλους), that is leaping over the fire which is supposed to burn and exterminate these enemies to the peace of southerners. The same custom exists in some parts of Russia where "fires are lighted on St John's night and people jump through them themselves, and drive their cattle through them."³ St John's fires are also common throughout the Roman Catholic world both in Europe and in South America, and the belief prevails that the flames cannot hurt those who jump through them. They survived until very late days in Ireland. Ralston remarks that these festivals, bonfires, etc. connected with St John are "of thoroughly heathenish origin."⁴ The justice of this remark is proved by the antiquity of the custom, which certainly dates from pre-Christian times. We read in the Old Testament⁵ that King Manasseh "caused his children to pass through the fire in the valley of the son of Hinnom." We also possess Ovid's testimony that the practice was popular among the ancient Romans:

Certe ego transilui positas ter in ordine flammās.⁶

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 197.

² At Polygyros, in the Chalcidic Peninsula, these bonfires are known as παρακαμ'νοί.

³ *Ib.* p. 240.

⁴ *Ib.* p. 241.

⁵ 2 Chron. xxxiii. 6.

⁶ Ovid. *Fast.* iv. 655.

In fact leaping through the flames played a prominent part in the festival of Pales (*Palilia*), held on April 21st. "Similarly at the time of our Christmas, bonfires were kindled by the Norsemen in honour of Thor and Odin, and it was an old Scotch custom to light 'a Candlemas Bleeze' on February 2, possibly connected with the old Italian rites of Februatio."¹ Thus far the Eve.²

On the day itself in some parts of Macedonia the peasants are in the habit of festooning their cottages and girding their own waists with wreaths of the "St John's Flower" as a charm against various diseases. The village maidens boil the blossoms and wash their hair with the elixir extracted therefrom, in the same hope which prompts the use of *eaux toniques* to their sisters of the West.³

¹ G. H. Hallam's edition of *The Fasti of Ovid*, note on iv. 655.

² For descriptions of the St John's festivities in certain islands of the Aegean, see W. H. D. Rouse, 'Folklore from the Southern Sporades' in *Folk-Lore*, June 1899, pp. 178-9; G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, pp. 304 foll., and references to authorities for the custom in other parts of Greece.

In England also the St John's celebrations were very popular in olden times, the bonfire being made out of contributions collected for the purpose. On the superstitious notions about St John's Eve, prevalent in England and Ireland, and other interesting particulars, see *The Book of Days*, vol. i. pp. 814 foll. Frazer associates these midsummer rites with the ancient ceremonies the object of which was to foster the growth of vegetation, one of them being the Feast of Adonis, familiar to classical scholars through the Fifteenth Idyll of Theocritus: see *The Golden Bough*, vol. ii. pp. 115 foll.

³ On 'magic plants,' and more especially St John's wort, culled on this day, see J. G. Frazer, *ib.* vol. iii. pp. 328 foll.

CHAPTER VI.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

July.

THIS month is known to the peasant as the 'Thresher' ('Αλωνιστής, 'Αλωντής, or 'Αλωνάρης), as the threshing of corn begins in it:

'Αλωνάρης τ' ἀλωνίζει,
Κῆ Αὐγουστος τὸ ξεχωρίζει.

"July threshes it; but August winnows it."

Another popular proverb declares

Ἔτσι τῶχει τὸ λινάρι
Ν' ἀνθῇ τὸν 'Αλωνάρη.

"'Tis the wont of flax to blossom forth in July,"

the moral of which is that it is of no use fighting against the laws of Nature.

A third saying contains an allusion to the grasshopper:

Τζίτζηκας ἐλάλησε,
Μαύρη ρῶγα γυάλισε.

"The grasshopper has chirped; the black grape has begun to gleam."

The song of the grasshopper and the joys of the juice of the grape are here coupled together in a manner which Anacreon would have appreciated keenly. The Greek's attitude towards this "melodious insect" has undergone less change than the name by which it is known. To the modern Hellene the grasshopper's chirping is still a "sweet prophetic strain," and, had

he not ceased to believe in the Tuneful Nine and their divine leader, he might still exclaim with the old poet:

"The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own."¹

The farmers of Macedonia out of the newly ground corn make a large thin cake, which they take to the village fountain or well. They sprinkle it with water and then distribute it among the bystanders, who in return wish them 'a happy year.' This cake is called 'Grasshopper-Cake' (τζιτζηρόκλικο), and is supposed to be a kind of offering to their favourite insect. The following rhymes express the insect's satisfaction at the sacrifice:

'Λωνίζετε, θερίζετε κὴ 'μένα κλίκι κάνετε,
Καὶ ρίξτε το 'ς τὴ βρύσι νὰ πάω νὰ το πάρω,
Νὰ κάτσω νὰ το φάω μαζὺ μὲ τὰ παιδιά μου,
Νὰ πέσω νὰ πεθάνω.²

"Thresh and mow and make a cake for me.
Throw it into the fount that I may go and fetch it,
And sit and eat it with my children,
And then lay me down and die."

August.

Fasting and feasting are the two scales in which the modern Greek's existence seems alternately to balance itself. August begins with the Feast of the Progress of the Precious and Vivifying Cross (Ἡ πρόοδος τοῦ τιμίου καὶ ζωοποιοῦ Σταυροῦ, popularly known as Τοῦ Σταυροῦ). Bonfires are the order of the evening. The boys jump over them shouting in vigorous,

¹ Anacreon's ode, or rather the ode which passes under Anacreon's name, to the Τέττιξ, translated by Thomas Moore. Cp. "This noise was so pleasing to the ear of the Ancients, that their Poets are always using it as a simile for sweet sounds." Liddell and Scott s.v. and references.

² Α. Δ. Γουστός, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγκαλον Χώρα,' p. 47. In America also, though in some parts the chirping of a cricket foretells sorrow, yet it is generally deemed unlucky to kill one. *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vii. p. 41. In England "when crickets chirp unusually, wet is expected." R. Inwards, *Weather-Lore*, p. 183.

but sadly unenlightening, terms: 'Ανάχωστε! παράχωστε! "Dig up! bury!" whom or what, they know not.¹ This exclamation supplies the name by which the custom is known at Melenik. At Shatista, in Western Macedonia, the same fires are called *Κλαδαριά* or 'bush-fires,' and at Berat, in Albania, *Trikka*. The evening is a Meat-Feast ('Αποκρεά), a preparation for, and a fortification against, a fortnight's fast, which again in its turn is a prelude to the Feast of the Repose of the Virgin ('Η κοίμησις τῆς Θεοτόκου, popularly Τῆς Παναγίας). Nor do these exhaust the list of August celebrations. On the 23rd is held the Feast of the Return of the Feast of the Virgin ('Απόδοσις τῆς ἐορτῆς τῆς Θεοτόκου) or of The Holy Merciful (Τῆς Ἀγίας Ἐλεούσης). This day is solemnized by much dancing and singing of the mournful kind common in the East. The mournfulness among the Bulgarians of Macedonia is further deepened by the dismal droning of the bag-pipe—an instrument whereof the strains appear to delight the Bulgarian as much as the Highlander, in proportion as they distress all other mortals. Again, on the 29th, the Cutting-off of the Precious head of St John the Forerunner ('Η ἀποτομή τῆς τιμίας κεφαλῆς Ἰωάννου τοῦ Προδρόμου) is made the occasion of more abstinence.

It is in harmony with this religious gloom that August is considered as the precursor of winter:

Ὁ Αὐγουστος ἐπάτησε ἴς τὴν ἄκρα τοῦ χειμῶνα.

"August has set his foot on Winter's edge."

Μαύρισ' ἡ ῥῶγα ἀπὸ τὸ σταφύλι;
'Ράχνιας' ἡ καρδιὰ τοῦ караβοκύρη.

"Has the grape grown black in the cluster?
The ship-captain's heart has grown dark."

In this symbolical style the man learned in weather-lore warns his audience that summer calms are behind and winter storms before us.

¹ May not these words contain a hint of "the death and resurrection of vegetation," which are said to be the ideas underlying the midsummer rites? It should be noted that *παράχωνω* and *ἀναχώνω* (or *ξαναχώνω*) are the terms commonly applied by the people to the burial and exhumation of the dead.

These pessimistic views are, however, contradicted by other authorities who declare :

‘Ο ἥλιος τοῦ Μαΐου τ’ Αὐγούστου τὸ φεγγάρι.

“May’s sun is August’s moon.”

Some even go so far in their enthusiastic appreciation as to exclaim :

Αὐγουστε, καλέ μου μῆνα, νᾶσουν δυὸ φοραῖς τὸν χρόνο.

“O August, my fair month, that thou wert twice a year!”

But this may be mere flattery.

In any case the wise man puts his trust not in traditional lore but in scientific observation. A flock of wild geese flying inland is taken as a promise of fine weather, while rains and storms are prognosticated if the birds fly towards the sea.¹ The flight of the crane was similarly considered by the ancients a sign of approaching winter—*χείματος ὥρην δεικνύει ὀμβρηροῦ*.²

The first twelve days of the month are closely watched, and the weather which prevails on each one of them is carefully committed to memory; for unerring experience, assisted by a profound study of matters meteorological, has established the rule that the same kind of weather will also prevail during each of the succeeding twelve months. Hence these twelve days are designated ‘Month-Days’ (*τὰ μερομήνια*).³ In like manner in England it was once a common superstition that the wind which blew on New Year’s Eve prognosticated the character of the ensuing twelve months:

If New Year’s Eve night-wind blow south,
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If west, much milk, and fish in the sea;
If north much cold and storm there will be;

and so forth, in Hone’s venerable verse.

¹ Cp. the English omens taken from the flight of geese. R. Inwards, *Weather-Lore*, p. 160.

² Hes. *W. and D.* 450.

³ Or have we here a survival of the classical *τερομήνια* (*τά*, Thuc. v. 54) ‘the holy days of the month’?

The jackdaw is the typical bird of this month :

Κάθε πράμα 'ς τὸν καιρό του κῆ ὁ κολοιδὸς τὸν Αὔγουστο.

"Everything in due season, and the jackdaw in August."

The Drymiaiis.

The first three days of August, like the corresponding days in March already noticed, are sacred to the Drymiaiis (Δρύμiais). Who or what these beings are is a mystery as yet unfathomed by folklorists. The very name is a problem which still remains to be solved.¹ The Drymiaiis appear to be of two kinds: vernal and autumnal. During the periods of March and August, referred to above, no tree or vine is cut, for fear lest it should wither; no one bathes in the sea, for fear that their bodies will swell; and no clothes are washed, lest they should decay. To these days, which are observed everywhere along the coast and in the islands of the Aegean, the Macedonians add the last three days of either month as well as all the Wednesdays and Fridays of each.²

According to one hypothesis the Drymiaiis are a species of nymphs, joining under one name the attributes both of the Hamadryads and of the Naiads of old. In Spring they are worshipped, or rather, dreaded, as wood-nymphs; in Autumn as water-nymphs. This view is strengthened to some extent by the following popular saying:

‘Ο Αὔγουστος γιὰ τὰ πανιά,

Κῆ ὁ Μάρτης γιὰ τὰ ξύλα.

"August is bad for linen,

And March for trees."

¹ Coray gives the name as Δρύμματα and derives it from δρύπτω 'to tear,' while others spell it Δρύμεις and would have it from δρυμός 'a wood.' The spelling countenanced by Scarlatos the lexicographer is Δρίμεις, but Δρύμματα also is known: see G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, p. 309. In my spelling of the name I have endeavoured to conform as nearly as possible to the pronunciation current at Nigrita and other parts of Macedonia. On the superstition cp. W. H. D. Rouse, 'Folklore from the Southern Sporades,' in *Folk-Lore*, June 1899, p. 179.

² v. *supra*, p. 21.

Another version of the same proverb, said to be current in the peninsula of Cassandra (ancient Pallene), is still more explicit :

Τ' Αύγούστ' ἡ Δρύμαις 'ς τὰ πανιά,
Κὴ τοῦ Μαρτιοῦ 'ς τὰ ξύλα.¹

"The Drymiai of August affect the linen,
And those of March affect the woods."

Some additional support for this theory may be derived from the custom of bathers in August to arm themselves with a rusty nail which, they believe, is efficacious in preventing the Drymiai from coming near them. This seems to me to be a fair proof that the Drymiai are, at any rate, regarded by the popular consciousness in the light of personal beings, though the personification is somewhat vague. For we know from other sources that iron in any shape or form—nail, ring, etc.—is a good defence against fairies,² an idea as widely diffused as any in folklore: "The Oriental jinn are in such deadly terror of iron, that its very name is a charm against them; and so in European folklore iron drives away fairies and elves, and destroys their power."³ The old Scholiast on the xith book of the *Odyssey*, quoted by Mr Andrew Lang,⁴ also informs us that iron "drives away devils and ghosts." Mr Tylor's explanation is that fairies, elves, and jinn "are essentially, it seems, creatures belonging to the ancient Stone Age, and the new metal is hateful and hurtful to them." If that be the case, the Drymiai (provided their title to personal existence is first established) must have a pretty long pedigree, and should be added to the number of shadowy survivals from a long-dead past.

September.

This is the 'Month of the Vintage' (Τρυγητής), also called Σταυριώτης, or 'Month of the Cross,' from the Feast of the

¹ See 'Θεμαὶς,' by M. X. Ἰωάννου, Athens, 1879, p. 58. This author holds the above theory.

² J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 46.

³ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 140.

⁴ *Custom and Myth*, p. 82.

Exaltation of the Precious Cross (Ἡ ὑψώσις τοῦ Τιμίου Σταυροῦ), held on the 14th. These events and the following two prognostications—one prospective and the other retrospective—are September's chief claims to the folklorist's attention.

Ἄν ἴσως βρέξῃ ὁ Τρυγητής, χαρὰ ᾽ς τὸν τυροκόμο.

"If September brings rain, joy to the cheese-maker!"

Μάης ἄβρεχος, Τρυγητής χαρούμενος.

"A rainless May means a mirthful September,"

that is, the vintage is particularly rich if the preceding May has been dry.

On September 2nd is observed the Day of St John the Faster (Ἰωάννου τοῦ Νηστευτοῦ), so called not because he fasts himself—though he probably did in his time—but because he is the cause of fasting to others. Not only meat but also grapes are forbidden on this day. In return, the pious peasant expects the saint to protect him against fevers.¹

October.

October is known as the 'Month of St Demetrius' (Ἀγιοδημητριάτης or simply Δημητριάτης), from the feast of the saint celebrated on the 26th, a feast famous for the number of weddings which enliven it, as will be noticed in our chapter

¹ The following is the form of the same superstition which prevails in Southern Greece:—"St John was a physician, and especially skilled in the cure of fevers....When he was aware that his death was approaching, he set up a column, and bound to its foundations all manner of diseases with silken threads of various colours: fevers with a yellow thread, measles with a red one, and other diseases with other colours...and said, 'When I die, let whosoever is sick come and tie to this column a silken thread with three knots of the colour that his sickness takes, and say, 'Dear St John, I bind my sickness to the column, and do by thy favour loose it from me,' and then he will be healed.'" Kampooglou, *Hist. Ath.* in Rennell Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, p. 167.

on Marriage. It is also the commencement of seed-time, according to the adage:

Ὅχτώβριο δὲν ἔσπειρες,
Ὅχτὼ σωροὺς¹ δὲν ἔκανες,

which may be paraphrased thus:

"If in October you forget to sow,
Expect a passing scanty crop to mow."

A spell of fine weather is recognized in the saw:

Ἀγιοδημητριάτῃ
Μικρὸ καλοκαιράκι.

"St Demetrius' month is a second little summer."

November.

This month is known as the 'Sower' (Σποριάς) *par excellence*. Sowing is so essentially a characteristic of the season, and it concerns the peasant so nearly, that even religion is forced to enlist the prevailing spirit in its service. The Virgin, whose feast occurs on the 21st (Τὰ Εἰσόδια τῆς Θεοτόκου) generally goes by the name of 'Patroness of the Seed-time' (Ξεσπορίτισσα). Nevertheless the secular appellation of the month is in some parts supplanted by the religious name 'Month of St Andrew' (Ἀντρέας), due to the feast of the Apostle on the last day of the month ("Αἱ Ἀντρέα). The saint is pictured as a hoary old man with a long snowy beard, and a gentle, though grave, countenance. His is a typical wintry figure: frosty but kindly. The first snowfall is attributed to his influence. Τ' ἄσπρισε τὰ γένεια τ' ὁ "Αἱ Ἀντρέας, "St Andrew has washed his beard white," is the poetical form in which the event is described by the country-folk. They also perpetrate a profane pun in saying, "After the feast of St Andrew everything grows strong" (ὕστερ' ἀπ' τὸν "Αἱ Ἀντρέα ὅλα ἀντρειώνουν [Ἀνδρέας—ἀνδρείος]), that is, the cold grows severer, and the storms more frequent and fierce.

¹ The word σωρὸς is still used in the sense of 'a heap of corn,' as it was in the days of Hesiod (ὅτε ἰδρὺς σωρὸν ἀμᾶται, *W. and D.* 778).

On the 18th is held the Feast of St Plato the Martyr (Πλάτωνος), whose name ingenious ignorance has transformed into St Plane-tree ("Αἰ Πλάτανος). This is a very important date in the weather-lore of the coast especially. It is said that this holy day witnesses all known kinds of meteorological vicissitude. But the weather which finally prevails at sundown is the one which will last through the Advent or 'the Forty Days' (Σαρανταήμερο). So deeply-rooted is this belief that a learned farmer tried very earnestly to persuade me that the failure of Napoleon's Moscow campaign was due to the omens taken by the Russian Emperor and his counsellors from a careful observation of the weather on St Plane-tree's Day. "The Tsar on hearing of Napoleon's approach called together his Council of State.

'What are we to do, gentlemen?' asked His Majesty.

'Wait for St Plane-tree, most serene master,' answered the President of the Council.

The Tsar followed this sensible advice, and saved his empire." Not a bad paraphrase of Nicholas the First's dictum: "Generals January and February will fight for us," and a good example of the mythopœic faculty of the people.

December.

The last two months of the year together are designated 'Twins' (Δίδυμοι); but December by itself rejoices in the name of Νικολαΐτης or 'Month of St Nicholas,' from the name of the saint whose feast is held on the 6th. The same saint wedded to St Barbara (Dec. 4th) figures in the adage:

Νικολίτσα, Βαρβαρίτσα, μπρὸς καὶ πίσω ὁ χειμῶνας.

"St Nicholas and St Barbara: before, behind winter."

The folk punster also exercises his wit at the expense of the most prominent saints of the month in alliterative doggerel of this type:

- Dec. 4. "Αἰ Βαρβάρα βαρβαρώνει,
- „ 5. "Αἰ Σάββας σαβανώνει,
- „ 6. "Αἰ Νικόλας παραχώνει,
- „ 12. "Αἰ Σπυρίδων ξαναχώνει.

“St Barbara behaves barbarously,
 St Sabbas winds us up in a shroud (σάβανον) (of snow),
 St Nicholas buries us in the earth,
 St Spyridion exhumes us.”

He also says that after the Feast of St Spyridion the days begin to grow longer by one grain (Σπυρίδων—σπυρί). The incorrigible one further maintains that on the Feast of St Ignatius (Ἁγ. Ἰγνάτιος, Dec. 20th) the sun stands facing us (ἀγναντεύει). The English reader, who will miss the point of these jokes, need not bewail the loss.

As a general epilogue to this survey of the peasant's year, we may quote his opinion concerning the seasonableness and unseasonableness of indulging in the juice that maketh glad the heart of man :

Μῆνας μὲ τὸ ρ,
 Τὸ κρασὶ δίχως νερό.
 Μῆνας δίχως ρ,
 Τὸ κρασὶ μὲ τὸ νερό.

“Month with r,
 Unmixed jar;
 Month sans r,
 A mixed jar.”¹

It should be noted that there are only four months in the year “sans r,” as against eight “with r,” but the former are the hottest (from May to August). Hence the wisdom of the rule which at first sight looks somewhat whimsical. On the whole, it is a vast improvement on the Hesiodic principle of “three measures of water to one of wine,”² which in its severity almost verges on total abstinence.

Popular Astronomy.

Ere we proceed to describe the great Winter Festivities, it may be well to enlarge a little more on a subject closely connected with the weather-lore discussed in the preceding

¹ Cp. the English saying, “When there is an r in the month oysters are in season.”

² Τρὶς ὕδατος προχέειν, τὸ δὲ τέττατον λέμεν οἶνον. *W. and D.* 596.

pages. The peasant's notions on the nature and the movements of the heavenly bodies are as curious as his ideas on matters sublunary. The bright starry band, which stretches across the sky, and which has been compared by the fancy of so many races to a road or way, is called by the Macedonian country-folk 'The Heap of corn' (Σωρός), or 'The Priest's Straw' (Τὸ ἄχυρο τοῦ παπᾶ). In explanation of this quaint appellation the following story is told :

"There was once a village priest, who in the dead of night purloined some grain from a heap which lay on a farmer's threshing-floor, waiting to be winnowed. But as the thief carried his booty away, the night breeze blew the straw or chaff back, and thus laid a trail by means of which the unholy father was easily tracked and brought to book."

It would be equally easy to track this idea to its oriental source. We know that the Syrians, the Persians and the Turks give to the Galaxy the name of 'Straw Road,' likening it to a lane littered with bits of straw that fall from the nets in which they are in the habit of carrying it.¹

The Man in the Moon of English folklore is a conception akin to that of the hero of the Milky Way adventure. Like his Eastern cousin, he also is a person detected in the act of gathering illicit goods, though in his case these are but sticks, the notion being derived from the story of the Sabbath-breaker in the Bible (Numb. xv. 32 foll.). Chaucer goes farther, and accuses him of actual theft, and by so doing he brings him a step nearer to the Macedonian papas, or village priest :

On her brest a chorle painted ful even
Bearing a bush of thorns on his backe,
Which for his theft might clime so ne'r the heaven.²

The Greeks of the south call the Milky Way 'River Jordan.'

The tendency to compare the heavenly bodies to objects familiar to a husbandman's mind is also displayed in the Macedonian names for various constellations. Thus the Great

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 360.

² See *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 52.

Bear, just as among our own peasants, is called the 'Plough' ('Αλέτρι), and the different parts of that implement furnish names for other groups of stars, such as the 'Yoke' (Ζυγός), the 'Plough-feet' (τὰ Ἀλετροπόδια),¹ three stars in the neighbourhood of the Pleiades.²

The constellation of the Pleiades too, known in Greece Proper as the 'Poulia' (ἡ Πούλια), is called by the Macedonians the 'Clucking or Brooding Hen' (ἡ Κλωσσαριά).³ The setting of this group towards the end of November is regarded as an official announcement of the advent of winter, an idea embodied in the following folk-rhymes from Southern Greece:

Ἵ τῆς δεκαφτά, Ἵ τῆς δεκοχτῶ
Ἡ Πούλια βασιλεύει
Καὶ πίσω παραγγέλνει.
Μήτε πουλιάκι Ἵ τὸ κλαδί,
Μήτε γηωργὸς Ἵ τὸν κάμπο,

or

Μηδὲ τσομπάνος Ἵ τὰ βουνά,
Μηδὲ γηωργὸς Ἵ τοὺς κάμπους.

"On the seventeenth, on the eighteenth (o.s.)
The Pleiades set
And leave behind them the command:
Let no bird rest on the bough
Nor husbandman in the plain,

or

Nor a shepherd in the mountains,
Nor a farmer in the plains."

¹ Cp. the Homeric names *ἄμαξα*, a wain, 'the great bear'; *βοώτης*, a ploughman, 'the constellation of Arcturus.'

² The author's primitive acquaintance with Astronomy forbids any attempt at more accurate identification, but he will hazard the suggestion that by the 'three stars' is probably meant the belt of Orion.

³ This modern conception of the constellation as a bird supports to a certain extent the suggestion that the ancient name, *πλειάδες*, is not derived from *πλέω*, 'to sail,' but stands for *πελειάδες*, 'a flock of doves.' Mr Walter Leaf, in his edition of Homer's *Iliad* (xviii. 486), argues with much force in favour of this view, pointing out that the other names of stars mentioned by the poet are all derived from a pastoral or agricultural and not from a seafaring life.

This advice tallies exactly with old Hesiod's warning: "When the Pleiades, flying from Orion's mighty strength, sink into the shadow-streaked sea, it is then that gales from all points of the sky are wont to rage: beware of having a boat upon the murky billows at that time of the year."¹

Consequently, great attention is paid by the peasants to the conditions attending the setting of this constellation, and from those conditions are drawn omens as to the quantity of the forthcoming crop and the fertility of cattle. If it sets in a cloudy sky, it is said to portend a rich harvest.

The rainbow, commonly called "bow" (δόξα or δοξάρι, from τόξον), is known at Liakkovikia as κερασουλένη, and in that district the belief prevails that if a male child passes beneath it, he turns into a girl; if a girl, she turns into a boy.² In other parts of the Greek world the rainbow is called 'Heaven's Girdle' (ζωνάρι τοῦ οὐρανοῦ).³

The falling of the wind towards evening is popularly expressed: "He is gone to supper" (Πῆγε νὰ φάῃ).

The New Moon.

The new moon is observed with a view to ascertaining the state of the weather for the ensuing quarter. Μὲ τί καιρὸ πιάστηκε τὸ φεγγάρι; is the common expression. On this notion, which the Macedonian peasants share with many people in England—that is, that the weather changes with the moon's quarterings—Mr Tylor observes: "That educated people to whom exact weather records are accessible should still find satisfaction in the fanciful lunar rule, is an interesting case of intellectual survival."⁴ According to the same author the idea is a counterpart of the tendency to associate the growth and death of plants with the moon's wax and wane, and, we

¹ *W. and D.* 619 foll.

² Α. Δ. Γουσίον, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,' p. 77.

³ Scarlatos, 'Λεξικὸν τῆς καθ' ἡμᾶς Ἑλληνικῆς διαλέκτου,' s. v. δοξάρι.

⁴ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 130.

might add, it belongs to the stage of culture which prevailed before the line was very rigidly drawn between meteorology and theology—to times when sky and heaven meant one and the same thing.¹

Eclipse of the Moon.

An eclipse of the moon is considered by the Mohammedans of Macedonia, as of other parts of the East, a portent of bloodshed. It is met with reports of fire-arms, and the Imams call from the minarets the faithful to public prayers in the mosques.

This recalls in a striking manner the practices of many savage and barbaric nations. The Indians of America, on seeing the phenomenon, howled and bewailed and shot at the sky in order to drive off the monsters which, they believed, were trying to devour the moon. Similar ideas and similar methods prevail among many African tribes. The great nations of Asia, such as the Hindoos and the Chinese, still cling to the belief in the Eclipse-monster. The latter meet it with prayers, like the Turks.

But even in civilized Europe, both ancient and modern, we find numerous proofs of this superstition. The Romans came to the succour of the afflicted moon by flinging firebrands into the air, by the blare of trumpets and the clang of brazen pots. The superstition survived through the Middle Ages into a very late period. France, Walès and Ireland offer many instances as late as the 17th century.²

¹ For certain curious English superstitions regarding the moon see R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, p. 64; *The Book of Days*, vol. II. p. 202; *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. IV. pp. 121, 122. On the general subject concerning the supposed influence of the moon on the life of plants and animals see J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. II. pp. 155 foll. and Note B. pp. 457, 458.

² Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. I. pp. 328 foll.

CHAPTER VII.

WINTER FESTIVITIES.

Of Christmas' sports, the wassail bowl,
That's tost up after fox-i'-th'-hole ;
Of Twelfth-tide cakes, of pease and beans,
Wherewith ye make those merry scenes.

HERRICK, *Hesperides*.

'Solemn scenes' would have been better than 'merry scenes' as a description of the Macedonian Yule-tide celebrations in their entirety.

The period of Twelve Days, from the Nativity to the Epiphany (*Δωδεκαήμερο*), is perhaps the most prolific in superstitious lore and practice presented by the Macedonian folk-calendar. It is during this season that the natural horrors of winter are heightened by the mysterious beings known and dreaded under the name of Karkantzari or Skatsantzari¹.

¹ Other forms of the name, current in various parts of Greece, are *καληκάντσαρος*, *καλκάτσαρος*, *λυκοκάντσαρος*, *κοληκάντσαρος* etc. Some spell it with *ι* instead of *η* ; but there is little choice as both vowels are pronounced alike, and the spelling cannot be determined until the derivation is discovered. This last has for many years afforded matter for speculation to the ingenious. The most plausible of all the etymologies suggested is Bernhard Schmidt's (*Das Volksleben der Neugriechen*, pp. 142 foll.). He derives the Greek from the Albanian *Karkandsoli*, which in its turn comes from the Turkish Kara (=black) -*kondjolos* (=loup-garou). But he does not state whether the Turks actually call the monsters by that name, or whether they believe in them at all. For details concerning the nature and attributes of these singular beings, as conceived by the Greeks of the South, see Rennell Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, pp. 197 foll.; W. H. D. Rouse, *Folklore from the Southern Sporades in Folk-Lore*, June 1899, pp. 174 foll.; G. Georgeakis et Léon Pincau, *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, p. 349. The Macedonian conception is substantially the same.

These malicious fiends are wont to haunt the peasant's home and make his life well-nigh unbearable. The belief prevails that those who have a 'light' guardian angel (ἐλαφρόν ἄγγελον) are from Christmas till Twelfth Day—when "the waters are blessed by the baptism" (βαπτίζονται τὰ νερά)—transformed into monsters. Their nails suddenly grow to an abnormal length, they turn red in the face, their eyes become bloodshot and wild, their noses and mouths excrete. In this hideous guise they roam from house to house at night, knocking at the doors. Should they be refused admittance, they climb down through the chimney and terrify the inmates by pinching, worrying and defiling them in their sleep. The only way to escape from these torturers is to seize and bind them with a straw-rope (ψαθόσχοινο). Those who possess no such rope, or do not feel equal to the task, take care to retire to their dwellings before dark and to close their doors hermetically, letting the diabolical creatures continue knocking until

"The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,

Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine."

During the day the Karkantzari resume their ordinary human shapes. Millers for some reason or other—perhaps for their notorious inability to resist the insidious advice of the hopper, "tak' it; tak' it"—seem to be the favourite victims of the unclean monsters. The following characteristic tale throws light on the kind of treatment which millers may expect at the hands of the Karkantzari.

A miller was one evening riding home from his mill, between two sacks of flour. Suddenly he espied a party of Karkantzari a little way off on the road, and, seized with fear, he crouched on the pack-saddle. The enemy soon caught him up and set about cudgelling him without mercy, though not without some sense of humour, accompanying each blow with the exclamation: "Here goes to the one sack, here to the other, and here to the load between. The owner where is he?"

(Νὰ κῆ 'ς τὸ 'να τὸ φορτιό, νὰ κῆ 'ς τ' ἄλλο, νὰ κῆ 'ς τὸ 'πανωγόμι, ὁ νοικοκύρης ποῦναι ;)

During the period when the Karkantzari are believed to be loose no marriage is solemnized.

All the three great feasts, which are included in the Twelve Days, are signalized by efforts towards the extinction of these malevolent demons. In some districts it is the custom on Christmas Eve 'to burn' (καίουν) the Karkantzari. Early at dawn faggots of holm-oak (πυρρνάρια) are lighted and cast out into the streets. In other places, notably at Melenik, 'they scald' (ζεματίζουν) the Karkantzari to death on New Year's Eve. This is done in the following curious manner. The housewife prepares a number of cakes, called λαλαγκίδια (elsewhere λαλαγκίταις or λουκουμάδες), which she fries in a pan, assisted by her children. While this is going on within the cottage, the goodman dressed in a fur coat, wrong side out, stands outside the door dancing and singing :

Κῆ γὰρ σκαντζός, κῆ σὺ σκαντζός.
 "Αἶντε νὰ χουρέψουμη,
 Τραχανὰ νὰ βρέξουμη.

"I am a Skantzoz, even as thou art one,
 Come then, let us dance together
 And let us moisten the pastry."

He continues romping and singing until he hears the hissing of the syrup, as it is poured over the pancakes, and then he opens the door and goes in.

In other districts again faggots are collected during the whole of the Twelve Days and laid up by the hearth. On Epiphany Eve, fire is set to them in order that the Karkantzari, who are supposed to be lurking beneath the ashes, may perish. But the orthodox way of getting rid of the demons is to wait till the parish priest comes round followed by a verger or a boy, carrying a copper vessel (μπακράτζι) filled with holy water. In this water the priest dips a cross, decorated with sprigs of basil, and therewith sprinkles the rooms, chanting a canticle appropriate to the day. The ceremony is the *coup de grâce*

for the Karkantzari, who after this blow vanish completely, not to re-appear till next year.

The Karkantzari seem to be a species of werewolves, akin to the Wild Boar and the Vrykolakas, to be described hereafter, and the name (λυκάνθρωποι), by which they are known in some parts of Southern Greece, leaves little doubt that around them still clings a shred of the ancient belief in lycanthropy.

Christmas Eve.

At evenfall the village boys form parties and go about knocking at the doors of the cottages with sticks, shouting 'Kolianda! Kolianda!' and receiving presents. Both the custom and the stick are named after this cry, which, like its variants to be noticed in the sequel, is an adaptation of the Roman and Byzantine term *Kalendae*.¹

Incense is burnt before supper, a chief item of which is the cake known as 'Christ's Cake' (Χριστόπηττα). In Southern Greece it is also the custom to make on this day a special kind of flat loaves with a cross drawn on the top and called 'Christ's Loaves' (Χριστόψωμα). The cloth is not removed from the table; but everything is left as it is, in the belief that "Christ will come and eat" during the night. A log is left burning in the hearth, intended to ward off the Karkantzari. In Thessaly an old shoe is also thrown into the fire: the smoke and the smell of burnt leather being considered offensive to the nostrils of these fiends.

With the custom of leaving the cloth on the table and a burning log in the hearth may be compared the similar observance in Brittany and other parts of Western Europe on the eve of All Souls' Day, the theory in those countries being that the souls of the departed will come and partake of the

¹ In Southern Greece the name retains more of its original form (Κάλανδα) and is applied to the Christmas carols. The Russians also call the Christmas festival *Kolyáda*, and the songs sung on Christmas Eve *Kolyadki*, a word apparently introduced into Slavonic countries, along with the Christian religion, from Constantinople.

supper and warm themselves at the fire, while their living relatives are in bed.¹

On Christmas morning, on their way back from church, the peasants each pick up a stone which they deposit in the hearth-corner (*γωνιά*), allowing it to remain there till Twelfth Day, when it is thrown away. An analogous custom prevails on New Year's Day in some of the islands of the Aegean as, for instance, Chios. When the family return home from morning service, the father picks up a stone which he leaves in the yard, with the wish that the New Year may bring with it "as much gold as is the weight of the stone." He also, on entering into the house at the head of his family, takes a pomegranate out of his pocket and dashes it upon the ground. On the symbolic significance ascribed to this fruit I will comment later.

New Year's Day.

Far more interesting and suggestive are the customs connected with the 'First of the Year' (*Πρωτοχρονιά*), or St Basil's Day (*τοῦ Ἀἱ Βασίλη*).

On the Eve every household is provided with 'St Basil's Cake' (*Βασιλόπηττα*), in which is concealed a silver coin and a cross made of green twigs. This cake—which corresponds to our Ring-cakes of Twelfth Night, but in taste is very much like ordinary short-bread—occupies the post of honour on the supper table. A candle is lighted by the housewife, who also fumigates with frankincense first the table and then every part of the dwelling. This ceremony over, the family take their seats on cushions round the table. The father and the mother seize the cake between them and break it into two pieces, which are again subdivided by the head of the family into shares. The first portion is destined for St Basil, the Holy Virgin, or the patron saint whose icon is in the house. The second stands for the house itself. The third for the cattle and domestic animals belonging thereto. The fourth

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. II. p. 38.

for the inanimate property, and the rest for each member of the household according to age. Each portion is successively dipped in a cup of wine, with an appropriate preface, e.g. "This is for our grandfather, St Basil" (γιατὸν πάππου τὸν Ἁγίου Βασίλη), and so forth.

He who finds the cross or the coin in his share of the cake is considered lucky, and whatever he undertakes to do during the coming year is sure to prosper. The money is looked upon as sacred and is devoted to the purchase of a votive taper. The custom of hiding a ring, a coin, or a bean in a cake about the time of the New Year is prevalent in many nations, our own included. According to mythologists the ring represents the sun, hidden and, as it were, buried by wintry storms and clouds¹—an ingenious theory, and quite as plausible as most mythological interpretations of custom.

Supper over, the table is removed to a corner of the room, with all the remnants of the feast left upon it, that "St Basil may come and partake thereof." The fire is also kept up throughout the night. The rest of the evening is spent in games among which Divination holds a prominent position. As the household sit round the hearth, some one lays upon the hot cinders a pair of wild olive leaves (χαρβασίλα), mentally allotting each of them to a youth and a maid. If the leaves crumple up and draw near each other, the on-lookers conclude that the two young people represented thereby love each other dearly, the reverse, if the leaves recoil apart. If both leaves, instead of shrinking, flare up and are utterly consumed, that is a sign that the couple are excessively fond of each other.² This is the form of the game at Liakkovikia.³ In other districts, in lieu of leaves, they use the buds of a cornel-branch (κρανιά), and name the lad and lass to each particular

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 201.

² A slightly different meaning is attached to the performance in Herrick's allusion to it:

"Of crackling laurel, which fore-sounds
A plenteous harvest to your grounds." *Hesperides*.

Cp. Divination by nuts in England on St Mark's Eve (April 25), *The Book of Days*, vol. I. p. 550.

³ Α. Δ. Γουστόπου, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,' p. 49.

pair. If either of the two buds bursts and jumps up, it is taken as a proof that the person for whom it stands is enamoured of the other. Should they both burst and jump, the feeling is reciprocated, the reverse being augured if the buds remain impassive.

It is hardly necessary to remind the English, and still less the Scotch reader, of the similar charm of 'burning the nuts' practised in the North on the eve or vigil of All Saints' Day, and made classical by Burns's poem of *Hallowe'en*. The custom seems to be a relic of Roman superstition. On New Year's Day (*Kal. Jan.*) the Romans took omens from pistils of the saffron plant, as Ovid, so rich in folk-lore, informs us:

Cernis, odoratis ut luceat ignibus aether,
Et sonet accensis *spica Cilissa* focus?¹

'Guesses' or 'divinings' (*Gadaniya*) of various kinds are also popular among the Russians, and are especially in vogue during the evenings of the Twelve Days (*Svyatki*).²

Maidens, not satisfied with this method of divination which, besides being vague, labours under the disadvantage of being regarded more or less in the light of a mere frivolous pastime, have recourse to a much more serious and convincing expedient. They steal a morsel of St Basil's Cake and conceal it in their bosom, taking good care not to be seen by any one. On going to bed they say "St Basil, worker of wonders, grant that whatever is my destiny may appear to-night" ("Αἱ Βασίλη θαματούργε, ὁ, τι εἶναι ἄς φανῇ ἀπόψε). They then put the morsel under their pillow and go to sleep in the certainty of dreaming a true dream.

An aged lady, and a firm believer, related to me some of her own early experiences in St Basil's dreamland. She had in her youth been engaged to be married to a man of whom she was extremely fond. On the Eve of St Basil's Feast she performed the ceremony described above. She had scarcely fallen asleep when her lover appeared to her, pale of face and sad of mien. Another youth, whom she had never seen in

¹ Ovid, *Fast.* i. 75.

² Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 195.

the flesh, stood behind her betrothed and smiled at her over his shoulder. Frightened at the apparition she awoke. Then she made the sign of the cross, whispering "far be the evil from here!" (*μακρὰ πὸ 'δῶ*), and relapsed into sleep. Whereupon a second vision, more dreadful than the first, visited her. A young man of supernatural beauty stood before her, floating as it were in the air at a height of some three feet from the ground. He was arrayed in a snow-white kilt and held a canary in either hand. He strangled the one bird and presented the other to her.¹ And the fair maid awoke, and, behold, it was a dream. But none the less her 'spirit was troubled' like Pharaoh's under similar circumstances. And well might it be. For not long after her lover died, and in course of time she was wooed and won by the strange youth who smiled at her in her sleep, and whom she recognized immediately on seeing him in real life.

The superstition is well-known in England. Girls who wish to see their future husbands are in the habit of placing a piece of wedding-cake under their pillows "and extracting nuptial dreams therefrom," as Mr Meredith would say.

In some parts of Macedonia, as Shatista, on New Year's Eve men or boys armed with bells (*bibousaria*) go about making the night hideous, presumably with a view to frightening evil spirits away. A similar custom in other districts prevails on New Year's Day itself. Early in the morning, when the church bells are ringing for divine service, groups of lads run up and down the streets with sticks or clubs in their hands and knock the people up, crying: "Health and joy to ye! May St Basil bring plenty of wheat, plenty of barley, and plenty of children to ye!" (*Γειά, χαρά, κῆ ὁ "Αἰ Βασίλης πολλά σιτάρια, πολλά κριθάρια, πολλά πηγδούδια*), and persist in doing so until they have received a gift: rolls, nuts, dry figs etc., which they deposit in a basket or bag carried for the purpose. A refusal to reward these noisy well-wishers brings upon the inmates of the house the reverse of a blessing.² In some districts the sticks are

¹ This youth she knew to be the Angel of Death.

² Cp. the old English Shrovetide custom: "The boys go round in small parties, headed by a leader, who goes up and knocks at the door, leaving his

replaced by green boughs of the cornel or the olive-tree, with which the boys touch all whom they meet, shouting, "*Soorva ! Soorva !* (Bulgarian for 'boughs'), May I salute thee next year also with the *soorva*." Those who are thus saluted pay tribute in coin or kind.

The green bough is probably an emblem of summer fruitfulness and life, as contrasted with the deathly barrenness of winter.¹ But the noises and the hunting with clubs may more plausibly be ascribed to the belief in the 'ethereal materiality' of spirits and be compared to analogous practices current among savage races: the Australians who "annually

followers behind him, armed with a good stock of potsherds. When the door is opened the hero sings:

A-shrovin, a-shrovin,
I be come a-shrovin;
A piece of bread, a piece of cheese,
A bit of your fat bacon,
Or a dish of dough-nuts,
All of your own making, etc.

Sometimes he gets a bit of bread and cheese, and at some houses he is told to be gone; in which latter case, he calls up his followers to send their missiles in a rattling broadside against the door." *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 239. Also Ash-Wednesday, *ibid*.

¹ Cp., however, the Scotch custom: "On the last night of the year they (the Fairies) are kept out by decorating the house with holly." J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 20.

With these celebrations: the procession of the boys, their green boughs, their demand for presents, and their imprecations against those who refuse, we may compare the May Day festivities in Western Europe, of which Mannhardt, quoted by Mr Frazer, says: "These begging processions with May-trees or May-boughs from door to door had everywhere originally a serious and, so to speak, sacramental significance; people really believed that the god of growth was present unseen in the bough." "In other words, the mummer was regarded not as an image but as an actual representative of the spirit of vegetation; hence the wish expressed by the attendants on the May-rose and the May-tree that those who refuse them gifts of eggs, bacon, and so forth, may have no share in the blessing which it is in the power of the itinerant spirit to bestow." *The Golden Bough*, vol. i. p. 212. The same, or a closely similar explanation might be extended to the begging or "gooding" processions of the 1st of March, of the Feast of Lazarus, and of Palm Sunday, already noticed, as well as to that of the Feast of St John (Jan. 7th) to be described in the sequel. They all have some of the main characteristics in common, though the "bough" does not figure in all of them.

drive from their midst the accumulated ghosts of the last year's dead," for example, or still better, the Gold Coast negroes who "from time to time turn out with clubs and torches to drive the evil spirits from their towns; rushing about and beating the air, with frantic howling."¹

After service are exchanged the customary wishes "For many years" (Κῆ 'ς ἔτη πολλά), and the boys, holding olive-branches in their hands, visit the various houses, singing 'The Ballad of St Basil' (Κάλανδα, Κόλιαντα, or Κόλυντρα τοῦ Ἀϊ Βασίλη)—a somewhat inconsequential composition, of which the following is an example.

First of the month, and first of the year; may it prove a happy year!
St Basil is coming from Caesarea,
He is holding a picture and a book; a book and an inkhorn.
The inkhorn wrote and the book spoke.

"O my Basil, from whence art thou coming, from whence art thou descending?"

"From my mother I am coming, to the schoolmaster I am going."

"Stay and eat, stay and drink, stay and sing unto us."

"I am learned in book-lore: songs I know not."

"Since thou art book-learned, recite us the alpha-beta."

He leant upon his staff to recite the alpha-beta.

And, behold! the staff, dry though it was, put forth green twigs.

And upon its young twigs little birds were singing,

And beneath, at its young roots, springs were rippling,

And the partridges repaired thither to drink with the little birds,

And all winged things, even the young doves,

They fill their claws with water, and their wings with musk,

And they sprinkle our lord, may his years be many!²

These carols in some places are sung by lantern-bearing boys on the eve. The custom corresponds to the practice of Russian boys who on New Year's Eve "go about from house to house scattering grain of different kinds, but chiefly oats, singing *Ovsénevuiya Pyesni*."³ It is also interesting to note

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. II. p. 199; J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. III. pp. 70 foll.

² The text of this song is given in Α. Δ. Γουσίου, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Παγγαῖον Χώρα,' p. 38. It presents few points of difference from the well-known versions published by Passow (Nos. 294, 296—8, etc.).

³ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 202.

that the presents which the singers receive are considered by Russian mythologists as "standing in lieu of the old contributions towards a sacrifice to the gods."¹

In older days parallel customs were current in Scotland and the north of England. But instead of olive-boughs the visitors used to carry round from house to house the *Wassail bowl* adorned with ribbons, wishing the inhabitants a prosperous year, and begging for the wherewithal to fill it. The songs also find their counterparts in the New Year carols of north Britain.²

The dry figs and other sweet things, symbols of happiness, which are given to the boys on this day, might perhaps be traced to the Roman New-Year's gifts.³

The 2nd of January.

Early in the morning it is the custom in some districts of Macedonia to carry water from the fountain without speaking—"silent water"—and to pour it out across the yard and up the stairs, expressing by this symbol the wish that the life of the family during the new year may run as smoothly as the water

¹ *ib.* p. 206.

² One of them, a Gloucestershire composition, began :

Wassail! wassail! over the town,
Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown:
Our bowl it is made of the maplin tree,
We be good fellows all; I drink to thee.

A still closer parallel is offered by an old English children's song :

Here we come a wassailing,
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a wandering
So fair to be seen.

Chorus. Love and joy come to you,
And to your wassel too,
And God send you a happy New Year,
A New Year, etc.

The Book of Days, vol. i. p. 28.

³ Ovid, *Fast.* i. 185.

flows. The Highlanders also in days gone by indulged in mysterious water drawn over-night in solemn silence, of which all the members of the household drank, and with which they were sprinkled, in order to fortify themselves against the attacks of witches and demons during the ensuing year.

Another superstitious custom belonging to this day is due to the belief of the Macedonians in the good or ill influence of the 'first foot.' He or she who enters a house first is supposed to bring into it good or bad luck for the whole twelvemonth. This belief gives rise to a curious observance. The visitor before crossing the threshold picks up a stone—token of strength,—or a green twig—emblem of health and fruitfulness,—and lays it on the hearth. He also brings with him some grains of salt which he casts into the flames, and then, squatting by the fire-side, wishes his hosts "a prosperous year, a plentiful crop, and many blessings" (*Καλή χρονιά, καλή 'σοδιά καὶ πολλὰ ἀγαθά*). Then, as the grains of salt burst and crackle in the fire, he utters the following quaint formula: "As I am sitting, even so may sit the hen and warm the eggs. As this salt splits, even so may split the eggs of the clucking hen and the chickens come forth" (*"Ὅπως κάθουμαι γώ, ἔτσι νὰ κάθεται κ' ἡ ὀρνίθα νὰ ζεσταίνη τ' αὐγά. Ὅπως σκάζει αὐτὸ τὸ ἄλας, ἔτσι νὰ σκάζουν καὶ τ' αὐγά τῆς κλωσσαριᾶς καὶ νὰ βγαίνουν τὰ πουλιά*).¹ In some villages, like Pravi, the wish takes a slightly different form: "as many sparks fly from the splitting salt, so many chickens may be hatched by the brooding hen." In consistency and realistic vividness it would not be easy to match these acts of folk symbolism.

The salt cast into the flames may perhaps have originally been meant as a sacrifice to the ancestral spirits of the family, and may be a survival of the *mica salis*, offered by the Romans to the deified shades of the dead during the feast of the *Parentalia*.²

The ceremony is known as *ποδάρκισμα*. The prosperity or adversity of the household through the year is attributed to the lucky or unlucky 'footing' (*ποδιακό* or *ποδαρικό*) of the

¹ Α. Δ. Γουσίλου, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,' p. 39.

² Ovid, *Fast.* II. 414.

visitor who was the first 'to set foot' (ποδάρκιασε) within the house. It is well for those who believe themselves cursed with an unlucky foot to refrain from visiting on this day.

The idea is as old as the Book of Genesis and possibly derived thence. Jacob in setting forth the blessings which accrued to his uncle Laban since he joined his household, lays stress on the good luck due to him: "the Lord hath blessed thee since my coming" (Heb. *at my foot*, Sept. ἐπὶ τῷ ποδί μου).¹

There is no evidence that the ancient Greeks entertained a like superstition, unless the epithet 'fair footed' (καλόπους), mentioned by Suidas, is taken to mean "with good, or auspicious feet," an interpretation perfectly possible, but hardly sufficient by itself to establish the prevalence of a superstition.²

Nor is the dread of comers of ill omen confined to this particular day, though, of course, the evil is most strictly guarded against at the beginning of the new year. The same omen is taken from every visitor, new-comer, guest or servant, throughout the year. It is especially observed in the case of a newly-married couple. If the man's affairs take an exceptionally prosperous turn, it is said that the bride "has brought him good luck" (τὸν ἔφερε τύχη), and she is henceforth regarded as a 'lucky woman' (τυχερὴ or καλορρίζικη). An analogous belief attaches to the 'first handing' (χερικό). Some persons are gifted with a good hand, others with an evil one (καλορρίζικο and κακορρίζικο χέρι), and a tradesman construes the success or failure that attends his business during the day into the good or evil influence of his first customer in the morning. Further, a sponsor is said to have an 'unlucky hand' if two of the children which he has helped to christen die in succession. A cook is also said to possess a 'nice' or a 'nasty hand' (νόστιμο or ἄνοστο χέρι) according to the quality of his dishes.

¹ Gen. xxx. 30. Cp. *ib.* xxxix. 5.

² For an interesting account of the *first-foot* custom in Scotland see *The Book of Days*, vol. i. pp. 28 foll.

Twelfth-Day.

(Θεοφάνεια or τὰ Φῶτα.)

On the Eve of the Epiphany a general cleaning is carried on in every house. The ashes, which accumulated in the hearth during the Twelve Days, are swept away and along with them the Karkantzari, who are believed to be hiding there. In the evening a special 'Epiphany-Cake' (Φωτόπηττα), corresponding to the old English Twelfth-Cake, is prepared. "Silly unidea'd girls" sit up all night in the fond, though not unromantic, hope of seeing "the heavens open" (ἀνοίγουν τὰ οὐράνια). This event is expected to take place at dawn, and it is held that all wishes uttered at that propitious moment will be instantly realized.

With this Christian superstition may be compared a Mohammedan practice. The followers of the Prophet on the 27th of Ramazan observe what they call the 'Night of Power' (*Leil-ul-Kadr*), the night which "is worth more than a thousand months." That night, as well as all the four nights from the 26th to the 29th of the month, is spent in prayer, and the belief prevails that at a certain, though unknown, moment during that night "all the requests of those who are found worshipping are granted"¹—a belief based on the saying of the Koran that, "in that night descend the angels and the spirit by permission of their Lord, carrying His orders in every matter. It is peace till the rising of the dawn."²

One is strongly tempted by the close similarity of the two customs to suspect that the one is an offshoot of the other—a temptation rendered stronger by the proximity in which Mohammedans and Christians have lived in Macedonia for so many centuries. But this hypothesis is precluded by the fact that the same, or closely analogous, superstitions exist in lands never trodden by Mohammedan foot. In Russia the Twelve or, as they are there termed, Holy Evenings are by the rustic

¹ "Odysseus," *Turkey in Europe*, p. 206.

² The Koran, Sura xcvi. *Alkadr*.

mind associated with all sorts of wonderful revelations: hidden treasures are disclosed during that period, the new-born Divinity comes down from heaven and wanders about on earth, and, above all, at midnight on the eve of Christmas and the Epiphany "the heavenly doors are thrown open; the radiant realms of Paradise, in which the Sun dwells, disclose their treasures; the waters of springs and rivers become animated, turn into wine, and receive a healing efficacy; the trees put forth blossoms, and golden fruits ripen upon their boughs."¹ These ideas are also common among Teutonic races. It will, therefore, be seen that the roots of the belief entertained by the Christians of Macedonia lie too deep to be directly connected with the similar belief held by their Mohammedan neighbours.

The dawn of the Feast itself is in some districts hailed by the cries of the boys, who run about the streets shouting "Eo! Eo!" After divine service the same boys go round from house to house singing. But the chief observance on this day is the one described below.

After matins it is the custom—handed down from immemorial antiquity—to thrust some one into the water: the sea or the river, if the village happens to be situated near one or the other, or, if too far from either, into a pond or a well. He who is singled out to play the principal part in the performance afterwards receives a prize for his involuntary immersion. The person thus distinguished can buy himself off by paying a greater sum of money than the reward offered. He also has the right to claim that the doubtful honour should be inflicted upon the proposer instead—a suggestion acted upon, unless the latter bids higher for exemption. The one who is finally doused, on emerging from the water sprinkles the bystanders, and they all join in a banquet got up with the prize money.²

This custom in Southern Greece, under the name of 'Diving for the cross,' is invested with a quasi-religious character, the cross being generally thrown into the water with much pomp and circumstance by the officiating priest or bishop at the close of morning mass. But in either case, it seems to have its

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 201.

² Α. Δ. Γουστός, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάργαιον Χώρα,' p. 40.

remote origin in the "healing efficacy" and other virtues attributed to the waters at this time of year—an idea, like so many others, adopted by Christianity, but still retaining enough of its primitive character to guide the student to its pre-Christian source. It may be worth while to add that in one case, in Western Macedonia, I heard the well, used as the scene of the performance, called 'the Well of the Drakos' (τὸ πηγᾶδι τοῦ Δράκου). If this was not a simple coincidence, it may be taken as a hint—obscure indeed, but not utterly valueless—that perhaps in this ceremony lurks a relic of an old human sacrifice to the Spirit of the Waters.

January 7th.

On the following day is held one of the many feasts of St John the Precursor and Baptist (Ἡ σύναξις τοῦ Προδρόμου καὶ Βαπτιστοῦ Ἰωάννου). On that day in the villages of the interior is observed a custom outwardly analogous to the Carnival Festivities, which later in the year are popular in the towns on the coast and in the islands of the Aegean.

Parties of men disguised in old clothes, or goat-skins, and girt with chains of bells, go about the streets making a terrific noise and levying blackmail. These mummers are called *baboyeri* (μπαμπόγεροι), but, so far from conducing to merriment, their object seems to be to strike terror into man, woman, and child. This practice appears to be the descendant of manners much earlier than the Italian *carnovale*, which has been grafted upon it in the localities brought under Frank influence.

On this day also in some places occurs a custom identical with those we have already noticed as belonging to the Day of Lazarus and Palm-Sunday. The following details concerning the practice at Kataphygi, a village on the slopes of Mount Olympus, are culled from an interesting sketch by a native of the district, published in an Athenian magazine several years ago¹.

The choristers, corresponding to the Lazarus and Palm

¹ Γ. Παπαγεωργίου, 'Οἱ Προδρομῖται,' in the 'Ἑστία of April 17, 1888.

Maids, are here grown up males and are called from the name of the feast 'Precursor Men' (Προδρομίται). Groups of these minstrels assemble after church in the market place, which in common with the rest of the village is at this time of year generally covered with snow. Out of the number four are selected to lead the groups. These are considered the best rhapsodes of the village, and represent the four parishes into which it is divided. Each of them, followed by a *cortège* of eight or ten individuals, goes round from house to house, where they find a table ready-spread with sweets and refreshments. Having partaken of the good cheer and made themselves thoroughly at home, they proceed to fill the skins and bottles, which boys carry for them, with everything that they cannot carry off in any other way. Then, divided into two semi-choruses, they sing by turns songs addressed to each member of the family, beginning with a general panegyric on the hospitable house itself. The hyperbolic tone of these compositions detracts nothing from their pretty *naïveté*. Here follow a few typical examples:

I. *To the house.*

Ἐδῶ ᾽σὲ τούτην τὴν αὐλὴ τῇ μαρμαροστρωμένῃ,
Ἐδῶχουν χίλια πρόβατα καὶ δυὸ χιλιάδες γίδια.
᾽Σ τὸν κάμπο τὰ κατέβαζαν νά τα περιβοσκήσουν,
Καὶ ᾽ς τὸ βουνὸ τὰνέβαζαν νά τα νεροποτίσουν.
Κὴ ὁ βασιληᾶς ἐδιάβαινε ἀπὸ τὸ ταξειδιό του.
Τὸ μαῦρό του κοντοκρατεῖ, καὶ τὸ βοσκὸ ῥωτάει·
"Βρὲ τσιόμπανε, βρὲ πιστικέ, βρὲ καγκελοφρυδάτε,
Τὸ τίνος εἶν' τὰ πρόβατα τ' ἀργυροκουδωνάτα;"
"Τ' ἀφέντη μας τὰ πρόβατα τ' ἀργυροκουδωνάτα."
"Καὶ τίνος εἶναι τὸ μαντρὶ μὲ τὸ φλωρὶ πλεγμένο;"
"Τ' ἀφέντη μας καὶ τὸ μαντρὶ μὲ τὸ φλωρὶ πλεγμένο."

Here in this marble-paved court,
Here there are a thousand sheep and two thousand goats.
They were driven down to the plain to browse on the grass,
They were driven up to the hill to be watered at the springs.
Behold, the king is passing on his return from abroad.

He reins in his steed and of the shepherd asks :

"O shepherd, O tender of flocks, O thou of the arched eyebrows,
Whose are the sheep with the silver bells?"

"My lord's are the sheep with the silver bells."

"And whose is the fold fenced round with a fence of golden coins?"

"My lord's is the fold fenced round with a fence of golden coins."

II. *To the master of the house.*

Ἀφέντη μου πρωτότιμε καὶ πρωτοτιμημένε,
Πρῶτά σε τίμησεν ὁ θεὸς κ' ὕστερ' ὁ κόσμος ὅλος,
Σὲ τίμησε κὴ ὁ βασιλῆας νὰ πᾶς νὰ στεφανώσης.
Φκιάνεις στεφάνια ἔπο φλωρὶ καὶ τὰ κηριὰ π' ἀσήμι
Καὶ τὸ στεφανομάντηλο ὅλο μαργαριτάρι.

"Ὅσ' ἄστρα ἔναι ἔς τὸν οὐρανὸ καὶ φύλλα ἔναι ἔς τὰ δέντρα,
Τόσ' ἄσπρ' ἔχει ἀφέντης μας, φλωριὰ καὶ карагрóσια,
Μὲ τὸ ταγάρι του μετρᾷ, μὲ τὸ κοιλὸ του ρίχνει.
Ἐμέτρησε, ξεμέτρησε, τοῦ λείπουν τρεῖς χιλιάδες,
Καὶ τὴν καλή του ῥώτηξε καὶ τὴν καλή του λέει·
"Καλή μου, ποῦναι τᾶσπρά μας, καὶ ποῦναι τὰ φλωριὰ μας;"
"Ἐγὼ λέγα, ἀφέντη μου, νὰ μὴ μοῦ το ῥωτήξης,
Καὶ τώρα ποῦ με ῥώτηξες θὰ σοὶ το ἠμολογήσω.
Πολλοὶ φίλοι μᾶς ἔπесαν καὶ τᾶκαμάμε χάρτζι."

My lord, worthy of the first honour and honoured first,
First Heaven hath honoured thee and then the whole world,
The King hath also honoured thee and summoned thee to be his best-man.
Thou makest the wedding wreaths of gold, and the tapers of silver,
And the wedding kerchief brodered with pure pearls.

As many stars as are in the heavens and leaves upon the trees,
So many piastres hath my lord, also florins and black ghrosches.
He measureth them out by the bag, he throweth them away by the bushel.

One day he counted them, and counted them again: three thousand are missing.

He questioned his fair one. His fair one he questioneth:

"My fair one, where are our piastres, where are our florins?"

"I hoped, my lord, that thou wouldst not ask me,

But since thou dost ask me, I will confess unto thee:

We were beset by too many friends, and have squandered our fortune."

III. *To the mistress of the house.*

Δέν πρέπουν τ' ἀργυρᾶ κομπιὰ 'ς τὸ πράσινο τὸ ροῦχο,
 Δέν πρέπει τὸν ἀφέντη μας νὰ παίξῃ μὲ τὴν κόρη'
 'Σ τὰ γόνατα νά την κρατῇ, 'ς τὰ μάτια νά την χ'τάξῃ.
 "Κόρη μ', δὲν εἶσαι ρόδινη, κόρη μ', δὲν εἶσαι ἄσπρη."
 "Σὰν θέλῃς νᾶμαι ρόδινη, σὰν θέλῃς νᾶμαι ἄσπρη,
 Σύρε 'ς τὴν Ἀντριάνούπολι, σύρε 'ς τὴ Σαλονίκη,
 Κῆ ἀγόρασέ μου 'ξώπλατο, σερβιῶτικο ζουνάρι,
 Νὰ σειῶμαι, νὰ λυγίζωμαι, νὰ φαίνωνται τὰ κάλλη."

Silver buttons become not a garment worn green,
 Nor does it become our lord to toy with a maid'
 To hold her on his knees, to gaze into her eyes :
 "Maid mine, thou art not rosy ; maid mine, thou art not fair."
 "An thou wouldst me be rosy ; an thou wouldst me be fair,
 Hie thee to Adrianople, hie thee to Salonikè,
 And purchase me a broad Servian girdle,
 That I may swing and sway in it, and display my charms."

IV. *To a newly-married pair.*

(*A fragment.*)

Ἀητὸς βαστᾷ τὴν πέρδικα 'πὸ πάνω 'ς τὰ φτερά του,
 Κ' ἡ πέρδικα 'λάχεν βαρεῖα καὶ ράϊσε τὸ φτερό του.

Διαλαλητάδες ἔβαζαν 'ς ὅλα τὰ βιλαέτια·
 Ποιὸς ἔχ' ἀσῆμι ἄδολο καὶ φλωροκαπνισμένο
 Νὰ δέσ' ὁ νεῖος τὴ φούντά του κ' ἡ κόρη τὰ μαλλιά της.

An eagle carried aloft a partridge upon his wings.
 The partridge chanced to be too heavy, and his wing broke.

They set criers in all the provinces :
 "Who owns silver pure or plated with gold (let him produce it),
 That the youth may tie therewith his tassel¹ and the maid her tresses."

¹ That is, the tassel of his cap.

V. Farewell.

Πολλά 'παμε κὴ ἀποῦπαμε, τώρα κὴ ἀπὸ σιμά του.
 Λύσε τ'. ἀφέντη μ', λύσε τὴν ἀργυρῇ σακκούλα,
 Κὴ ἂν ἔχῃς ἄσπρα, δὸς μᾶς τα, φλωριά μή τα λυπᾶσαι,
 Κὴ ἂν ἔχῃς κᾶνα χαϊρλέ, κέρνα τὰ παλληκάρια.

Interval.

"Οσαις ὑγειαῖς τόσαις χαραῖς καὶ 'φέτο κὴ ὅλο ἔνα,
 Νά ζήσης χρόνους ἑκατὸ καὶ πεντακόσια Φῶτα,
 Νὰ ζήσης σὰν τὸν "Ελυμπο, σὰν τ' ἄγριο περιστέρι.

We have sung much and have done with singing. Now let us be gone.
 Loosen, my lord, loosen the strings of thy silver purse,
 And if thou hast piastres, give of them to us; gold pieces, spare them not.
 And if thou happen'st to have a wine-jar, serve out wine to the lads.¹

They drink, and then continue:

As many healths (as we have drunk) so many rejoicings (may there be)
 this year and for ever,
 Mayest thou live a hundred years and five hundred Twelfth Days,
 Mayest thou live as long as Olympus, as long as the rock-pigeon.

The goodman or his wife gives them some money at parting. These donations are handed over to the churchwarden of the parish, who as a reward for their labour invites them on the following day to a sumptuous banquet. In the evening a dance is set up in the public dancing-ground, which is thronged by

¹ On the similarity between these carols and analogous compositions once popular in England I have commented in a foregoing chapter. The following description forms an especially close parallel to the Macedonian customs described above: "At Harrington, in Worcestershire, it is customary for children on St Thomas's Day to go round the village begging for apples, and singing—

Wassail, wassail, through the town,
 If you've got any apples, throw them down;
 Up with the stocking, and down with the shoe,
 If you've got no apples, money will do;
 The jug is white and the ale is brown,
 This is the best house in the town."

A kindred custom still surviving in England is that of the 'Advent Images' or going about with a 'vessel-cup,' the performers being styled 'vessel-cup singers.' *The Book of Days*, vol. II. pp. 724—5.

all the inhabitants of the village. The dance is accompanied by various songs, among which the first place is held by the Ballad of Captain Stathas, a famous Klepht of Agrapha, in Aetolia. It runs as follows:

᾽Σ τ' Ἀγραφα κλαίει μιὰ παπαδιά, μικρὴ παπαδοπούλα,
Πῆραν οἱ κλέφταις τὸν υἱό, κῆ ἄλλον υἱὸ δὲν ἔχει.
Γράφουν χαρτιά καὶ προβοδοῦν, γράφουν χαρτιά καὶ στέλνουν.
“᾽Σ ἐσένα, Καπετὰν-Σταθᾶ, ᾽ς ὅλα τὰ παλληκάρια,
Μὴ μου χαλᾶστε τὸν υἱό, τ' ἄλλον υἱὸ δὲν ἔχω.
Τσαπράζια ᾽ς τὸν γραμματικό, πιολι ᾽ς τὸν καπετάνο,
Κῆ ἀπῶνα ᾽σημομάχαιρο ᾽ς ὅλα τὰ παλληκάρια.

In the town of Agrapha there weeps a priestess, the young wife of a priest;
For the brigands have carried off her son, and she has no other son.
Letters are written and dispatched, letters are written and sent:
“To thee, O Captain Stathas, and all thy braves:—
Kill ye not my son, for no other son have I.
(I promise) breast-plates for the Secretary, and a *pioli*¹ for the Captain,
And a silver knife apiece for all the braves.”

The Basil.

In describing the mid-summer and mid-winter ceremonies of the Macedonian peasantry I have had occasion more than once to allude to the plant known to the ancients as '*ocimum* royal' (*ὄκιμον βασιλικόν*) and now called simply 'royal' (*βασιλικός*). We have seen it employed in the decorations of the 'divining pitcher' in June, and in the sprinkling away of the dreadful Karkantzari in January. These are only two of the many parts which the basil plays in the peasant's life, religious as well as secular. Its title is not a misnomer. The basil is really and truly considered by the peasants as a Prince among plants. I know not whether it owes its sovereignty to the beautiful greenness of its leaves, or to the white purity of its diminutive blossoms, or to the sweet aroma which clings to both, even after they are dry and to all appearance dead. However

¹ This is a word the meaning of which I neither know nor can guess. It may be a form of *πιστόλι* 'a pistol,' which would balance the 'breast-plates.'

that may be, the basil is held in very high esteem and seems to know it, if any faith can be placed in the poetic conceits of the following songs, which I heard at different times in two different parts of Macedonia.

I. (*From Melenik.*)

Βασιλικέ μου τρίκλωνε, μὴν πολυπρασινίζης.
 Ἐγῶμαι τὸ γαρὸνφυλλο, τὸ πρῶτο τὸ λουλουῖδι,
 Ποῦ το φοροῦν ἢ ἔμορφαις κῆ ὅλαις ἢ μαυρομμάτης,
 Ποῦ το φορεῖ ἀγάπη μου ἀνάμεσα ᾽ς τὰ στήθεα.

The Pink and the Basil.

"My three-branched basil, bloom thou not so proudly green!
 I am the pink, first among flowers,
 Which the fair maidens and all the black-eyed ones wear,
 Which my own love wears between her breasts."

II. (*From Nigrita.*)

Ὁ ὀδύσμος κῆ ὁ βασιλικὸς καὶ τὸ μακεδονῆσι
 Τὰ δυὸ τὰ τρία μάλωναν καὶ πῆγαιναν ᾽ς τὴ κρίσι.
 Γυρίζει ὁ βασιλικὸς καὶ λέει ᾽ς τὰ λουλούδια·
 "Σωπᾶτε, βρωμολούλουδα, καὶ μὴν πολυπαινέστε!
 Ἐγῶμαι ὁ βασιλικὸς ὁ μοσχομυρισμένος,
 Ἐγὼ μυρίζω πράσινος καθὼς καὶ στεγνωμένος,
 Ἐγὼ μπαίνω ᾽ς τοὺς ἀγιασμοὺς κ' εἰς τοῦ παπᾶ τὰ χέρια,
 Ἐγὼ φιλῶ τῆς ἔμορφαις καὶ τῆς μαυρομματούσαις.

The Peppermint, the Basil, and the Parsley.

The peppermint, the basil, and the parsley,
 The two between them, and all three amongst them wrangled and went
 to judgment:
 Then turns the basil and thus addresses the (other) plants:
 "Hold your tongues, ye ill-smelling herbs, and be ye not over-boastful:
 I am basil the musk-scented.
 I am sweetly fragrant when green and also when dry.
 I enter into the Holy Services and into the Priest's own hands.
 I kiss the fair maidens and the black-eyed ones!"

CHAPTER VIII.

DIVINATION.

BESIDES the guesses and divinings already discussed in connection with the Feast of St John in summer, and New Year's Eve in winter, there are several methods of divination which are not confined to any particular season of the year: the oracle is always open and ready to satisfy the cravings of the untutored mind with predictions certain to be fulfilled—provided the questioner has faith, and a moderate capacity for self-delusion.

To the divination by tea, or 'cup-reading,' still remembered in English, and more especially in Scotch country places, corresponds the Macedonian practice of divining by coffee: One solitary bubble in the centre of the cup betokens that the person holding it possesses one staunch and faithful friend. If there are several bubbles forming a ring close to the edge of the cup, they signify that he is fickle in his affections, and that his heart is divided between several objects of worship.¹ The grounds of coffee are likewise observed and variously explained according to the forms which they assume: If they spread round the cup in the shape of rivulets and streams money is prognosticated, and so forth.

A memory of another, now, to the best of my knowledge, extinct form of divination, probably survives in the proverb: *κάποιος δὲν εἶχε ποιὸν νὰ ῥωτήσῃ καὶ ῥωτοῦσε τὸ δικανίκι του.*

¹ Coffee bubbles possess a meteorological meaning in English folk-lore, see R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, p. 199. In America, appropriately enough, "a group of bubbles on a cup of coffee signifies money," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 87.

"Some one in want of a counsellor consulted his staff." The phrase seems to be a reminiscence of an old use of the wand for purposes similar to those of the modern 'divining rod.'¹ At any rate, the demanding advice of the staff forcibly recalls the biblical passage "My people ask counsel at their stocks, and their staff declareth unto them."²

"The riddles are working miracles and the sieves are dropping" (θαματουργοῦν τὰ κόσκινα καὶ πέφτουν ἡ πυκνάδες) is another popular saying, used to describe any unaccountable or sudden noise in the house. It probably alludes to the "feats of impulsive pots, pans, beds and chairs," spoken of by Mr Andrew Lang,³ with, perhaps, a faint reference to coscinomancy—one of the commonest of classic and mediaeval methods of divination. Its meaning, however, is entirely gone, and it remains as a mere phrase or figure of speech.

It is with a sense of relief that one turns from the shadowy regions of conjecture to the realms of reality. To the methods of hydromancy, or divination by water, described already, deserves to be added the art of divining by bones—an art still resting upon the firm rock of credulity. The principal instrument used in this kind of divination is the shoulder-blade (ὠμοπλάτη) of a lamb or kid, and hence the process is technically termed omoplatoscopy. When the bone in question has been carefully cleansed of the meat which adheres to it, it is held up to the light and subjected to the expert's scrutiny: if its colour is a glowing red, it portends prosperity; if white, and semi-transparent, it forebodes extreme poverty and misery. This general interpretation is supplemented and modified by various minor details. Thus, for example, black spots round the edges and only a small darkish space in the middle are omens of impending disaster. A white transparent line running across from end to end indicates a journey. Black veins fore-

¹ See A. Lang, *Custom and Myth*, pp. 180-196.

² Hosea iv. 12.

³ *Cock Lane and Common Sense*, p. 31.

The case from Mr Graham Dalyell's *Darker Superstitions of Scotland*, quoted by the same author (*ib.* p. 123) where "The sive and the wecht dancit throw the hous" is particularly in point.

shadow discord and war. A hollow or a tumour on the surface is a sign of serious calamity, such as dangerous illness or even death. The same rules apply to the examination of a fowl's breast-bone (στηθάρι), which the folk from its shape fantastically call 'saddle' (σαμάρι) or 'camel' (καμήλα). For instance, if it is clear and pale with only the three corners shaded, it augurs great happiness to the owner. For this purpose a hen or cock is specially kept in the villager's poultry yard, and after it has been immolated and cooked, the breast-bone is extracted, and some modern Calchas sets to work "to look for the luck of the household" (να διοῦμε τοῦ σπιτιοῦ τὸ τυχερό).

Omplatoscopy chiefly flourishes among the shepherds of Western Macedonia, and is also extensively cultivated in Albania.¹ But, as folklorists are aware, this quaint art—a relic of ancient haruspication—is by no means confined to the Balkan Peninsula. At one time it must have been spread far and wide through Europe; for we still find survivals of it both on the continent and in the British Isles. In England it is very appropriately termed "reading the speal-bone (*speal* = *espaule* 'shoulder')." It is related to the old Chinese divination by the cracks of a tortoise-shell on the fire. It is very popular in Tartary, and on the discovery of the New World the North-American Indians were found to be familiar with it. They "would put in the fire a certain flat bone of a porcupine and judge from its colour if the porcupine hunt would be successful."²

The prevalence of this method of divination in lands and races so remote as, say, Ireland and China, suggests the problem which so frequently confronts the student of custom: Is it due to transmission from one country to another, or is it a case of independent production? If the former, when and how and by whom was it transplanted, and did it first see the light in the East or in the West? It is perhaps the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of giving a satisfactory answer to these questions that usually induces folklorists to adopt the view of spontaneous and independent development, though in many

¹ Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. I. p. 331.

² Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. I. p. 124.

cases—and this is one of them—it is not quite clear why different nations should have hit upon exactly identical modes of action.

Another custom connected with a fowl's skeleton ought perhaps to be mentioned here, though it is a mere game and bears only a distant relation to divination. This is the pastime known as *Yadis*, or 'Remembrance.'¹ The 'merry-thought' or, as it is still called in some parts of England and Ireland, 'wishing-bone' of the fowl is picked out, and two persons take hold of it, each gripping one arm with his little finger and tugging until the fork has snapped. From that moment the two parties are careful not to accept any object handed by one to the other, without saying "*Yadis*." He who is the first to forget forfeits something agreed upon beforehand. It is a wager, or rather a trial of rival memories.

Several other superstitions of a kindred nature may be noticed in this connection.

A flickering flame in the fire, or an upright excrescence in a burning candle, is interpreted as predicting the arrival of a guest, whose stature is judged by the length of the flame or excrescence. This mode of divination by the fire is not unknown in England. Mrs Elizabeth Berry, for instance, "noted a supernatural tendency in her parlour fire to burn all on one side," and she very shrewdly concluded that a wedding approached the house—a conclusion fully justified by the event, as readers of Mr Meredith's *Richard Feverel* will remember.²

If in carving bread a thin slice drops out of the loaf, it is supposed to indicate the return of a friend or relative from foreign parts.³ The same intimation is conveyed by bubbles in coffee, or by the accidental fall of a piece of soap on the floor.

If one drains a glass of the contents of which some one else has partaken, he will learn the secrets of the latter.

¹ Persian *yad*, 'memory.'

² Fires and candles also prognosticate changes in the weather in English folklore; see R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, p. 197.

³ In America "if you drop a slice of bread with the buttered side up, it is a sign of a visitor." *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 89; see also pp. 90 foll.

If two persons wipe their hands on the same towel at the same time, they will soon quarrel.¹ A similar rupture attends the act of receiving a tablet of soap directly from another person's hand. To avoid sad consequences people are careful to lay the soap down, instead of handing it to each other straightway.

If two persons raise their glasses to their lips simultaneously, they are destined to die on the same day.

If a shoe is accidentally turned toes upward, it is immediately set right, lest its owner should die. For this is the position of a dead man's feet.

Lying in bed with the head towards the west is also a posture to be avoided, as it resembles the position of the corpse when lying in state.

For a similar reason three lights in a room constitute a fatal sign, as they recall the three candles burning beside the corpse before the funeral.²

Likewise it is unlucky to be measured, for it suggests the taking of one's measurements for the construction of one's coffin.³

To sit with the face resting in one's hands portends the loss of one's mother, or, as the peasants strangely put it, "You will devour your own mother's bones!" (*θὰ φᾶς τὰ κόκκαλα τῆς μάνας σου*). Sitting with the fingers interlocked is likewise an evil omen. For both attitudes are typical of a state of woe.⁴

If one's girdle becomes loosened, it means that some woman *enceinte* belonging to the family has just been delivered. This is undoubtedly an instance of divination derived from sympathetic or imitative magic. A girdle loosened accidentally is construed into an omen of an easy delivery. In olden times most probably the girdle was deliberately loosened in order to

¹ Cp. similar superstition in Pennsylvania, *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 135.

² In America also "Three lamps or candles burned close together mean death." *Ib.* p. 126.

³ Cp. the American superstition "If an infant be measured, it will die before its growing time is over." *Ib.* p. 25.

⁴ Cp. G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, p. 335.

bring about this effect. Conversely, we are told, "the physical obstacle or impediment of a knot on a cord would create a corresponding obstacle or impediment in the body of the woman."¹ Perhaps a similar idea underlies the ancient Greek expression *ζώνην λύειν* 'to unloose the girdle,' applied to Artemis in her character of patroness of women in travail.

If one's leg grows numb, he must spit three times upon it, that the stiffness may go to a female relative in an interesting condition and accelerate her delivery.

If the thread gets tangled in sewing, that suggests that the garment on which it is employed will bring health and prosperity to the person who is to wear it (*θά το φορέση μὲ χαρά* or *μὲ ὑγεία*), the influence of the tangled thread being akin to that of a knot, with which we shall become more familiar in the course of this treatise.

If the hem of a garment turns up on the back, the wearer is destined to get a new one soon,² an omen resting on the notion that a coat worn wrong side out brings luck to the owner and protects him against sorcery (*δέ' τον πιάνουν τὰ μάγια*).

When one puts on a new dress, it is the custom to wish him joy of it: "May you wear it with health"³ (*Νά το χαρής. Νά το φορέσης μὲ ὑγεία*, etc.). Like wishes are offered on the purchase of anything new, the building of a new house, etc.⁴

At the end of a meal, or after having partaken of any refreshment, it is polite for the host to wish his guest "with health" (*Μὲ τῆς ὑγείαις σας*).

If a visitor finds the people on whom he calls at table, it is a sign that his mother-in-law will be fond of him, a blessing as great as it is rare.

That he will be loved by his mother-in-law, or that he will

¹ For an exhaustive dissertation on *Knots at Childbirth*, see J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. i. pp. 392 foll.

² The same superstition exists in America, *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 142.

³ Cp. a similar custom among the Celts: J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 231.

⁴ The Arabs also on these occasions wish the owner that his possession may prove 'prosperous' (*mabrook*).

become a priest, is also prognosticated of one who likes to eat the crust of bread.

If one, while eating, leaves a small bit inadvertently, it is said that some member of the family is hungry. But if he leaves it purposely, he is made to eat it, or else he will lose his sweetheart.

If something is broken, two more things will follow, that the number of the Trinity may be completed (ἐγινε ἁγία Τριάδα).¹ Such an accident is considered as appeasing Nemesis, and some housewives console themselves with the reflection that the 'ill luck' (γουργουζιά) has spent itself, and greater evils have been averted. Others, of a more pessimistic turn, however, look upon it as a forerunner of more serious calamities, and cross themselves while despondently muttering "may it turn out well!" (σὲ καλὸ νά μας βγῇ!).

Eventide observances.

Sweeping after dark is bad, as it sweeps away the 'prosperity' of the household (τὸ μπερεκέτι τοῦ σπιτιοῦ). The same superstition exists in some of the islands of the Aegean,² and other parts of Greece, as well as in many other countries, including America.³ Nor is it advisable to give water out of the house after sunset (ἄμα βασιλέψη ὁ ἥλιος). If pressed, one must pour out into a cup some of the contents of the pitcher before giving it away. The same restriction applies to leaven (προζύμι).⁴ Vinegar also is not to be drawn after dark.⁴

Salt or a sieve must not on any account be lent out of the house at any time of day or night. It is believed that along with these articles will depart the prosperity of the family.

¹ Likewise in America it is held that "if there is a death there will be three deaths in the family within a short time," and "if you break something, you will break two other things," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. pp. 130, 134.

² W. H. D. Rouse, 'Folklore from the Southern Sporades,' in *Folk-Lore*, June, 1899, p. 181.

³ *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. pp. 82, 147.

⁴ For similar superstitions in Southern Greece, see Rennell Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, p. 156.

In Lesbos onions, salt and matches are the articles forbidden to be given out of the house after sunset.¹

It is interesting and instructive to compare with these some superstitions prevailing in the Highlands of Scotland:

"A sieve should not be allowed out of the house after dark, and no meal, unless it be sprinkled with salt. Otherwise, the Fairies may, by means of them, take the substance out of the whole farm produce."²

On certain days of the year also the Scotch forbore giving fire out of the house. On Beltane and Lammass especially, "it should not be given, even to a neighbour whose fire had gone out. It would give him the means of taking the substance or benefit (*toradh*) from the cows."³

The reason alleged for the Celt's custom corresponds with the Macedonian expression that these articles, if allowed out of the house, "will take away the prosperity of the family." The prohibition concerning the loan of a sieve may more particularly be accounted for by the belief that a sieve forms a strong safeguard against evil spirits and witches.

It is further said that you should not "eat bread," that is dine, at sundown. A possible explanation of this behest may be found in several Greek folk-songs. From these compositions we learn that Charontas (Death) and his wife Charontissa sup at that time of the day.⁴

Concerning bread, salt, etc.

The spilling of wine is a sign of wealth; the spilling of pepper betokens a quarrel. But the spilling of oil, vinegar,⁵ or arrack forebodes nothing less than the ruin of the household.

If one wilfully scatters salt upon the ground and does not

¹ G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, p. 328.

² J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 35.

³ *Ib.* p. 234.

⁴ Bernhard Schmidt, *Lieder von Charos und der Unterwelt*, Nos. 25-27.

⁵ It is perhaps significant that in some parts of Greece Proper, the name for vinegar is the euphemistic term γλυκάδι 'sweet,' instead of ξεῖδι 'sour,' which is the ordinary word.

hasten to pick it up, it is believed that in the next world he will be doomed to pick up grains of salt with his eyelids. This belief exemplifies in a vivid manner the veneration with which salt is regarded by the people. It is looked upon as a 'gift of God,' and any wanton waste of it is certain to be punished as a sacrilege.

Nor is the value set on salt less high elsewhere. Among the Scotch Highlanders and Islanders the theft of salt was considered an unpardonable crime to be severely punished both in this and in the life to come.¹ In America also spilling salt is unlucky.²

A like sacredness, even in a higher degree if possible, attaches to bread. No crumbs are thrown out in the street. When the peasants shake the table-cloth, they take care that the crumbs shall fall into some out-of-the-way corner, where they can be picked up by the birds. If a piece of bread lies on the road, the peasant dares not tread upon it; on the contrary, he stoops, picks it up and deposits it in some crevice in a wall or hedge, beyond the reach of profane feet. "By the bread which we eat" (*Μὰ τὸ ψωμὶ τοῦ τρώμε*) is a usual form of emphatic asseveration. Abuse of an enemy often finds expression in a denunciation of his bread, just as of his faith (*πίστι*), religious law (*νόμος*), the parents who begot him (*τὸ γονεῖό*), or the saints who protect him (*τὰ ἅγια*).

Women in kneading bread frequently draw the sign of the cross upon the dough, before they proceed to separate it into loaves. A cross is especially drawn on the first kneaded and baked loaf (*πρωτοψῶμι*), which should not be given out of the house. It is also customary to make the sign of the cross with the knife on the bottom of a loaf or cake before carving it.

The Mohammedans go even further in their veneration of this divine gift. They never cut bread with a knife, but 'break' it, explaining that it is impious to wound bread with steel.

Similar beliefs concerning this article of food prevail among

¹ J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 236.

² *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 82.

the Slavs.¹ We have all heard of the 'bread and salt' offerings of hospitality which in Slavonic lands form a chief item in the reception of a guest, and which even figure in the enthronement of a new sovereign.

A kindred superstition was entertained by races even more remote than the Slavs, as for example, by the Mexicans, among whom "It was thought that if some grains of maize fell on the ground, he who saw them lying there was bound to lift them, wherein, if he failed, he harmed the maize, which plained itself of him to God, saying, 'Lord, punish this man, who saw me fallen and raised me not again; punish him with famine, that he may learn not to hold me in dishonour'.'" ²

This Mexican prayer of the maize expresses with remarkable accuracy the Macedonian peasant's feelings on the subject, and the motive which dictates his treatment of bread.

Augury.

The vast majority of the omens observed by the Macedonian peasantry are common to many lands besides Macedonia, and it will be one of the present writer's aims to point out some of the most remarkable instances of similarity. Many of these omens can easily be traced to the principle of symbolism. The origin of others is not quite so plain. The people themselves cling to their belief as a matter of tradition handed down to them from early times, but they are unable to account for it.

Omens are often taken from the people or animals one meets at the outset of a journey, or on going out in the morning. It is, for example, unlucky to encounter a priest on leaving one's house in the morning, or on setting forth on a journey. In that case it is best to postpone the expedition. It is worse if a priest is the first person you have seen on a Monday: everything will go wrong with you throughout the week.³ The evil can only be counteracted by tying a knot in

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 247.

² Sahagun, in A. Lang's *Custom and Myth*, p. 20.

³ The same superstition exists in Russia, where it is explained by some as being due to the fact that a priest formerly had the right to fine his parishioners for non-attendance at Sunday mass.

one's handkerchief, and thus "binding the ill chance" (δένεις τὸ κακό).

A priest or monk is also considered of ill omen on board ship. The presence of such a passenger induces people to look out for foul weather.¹ This superstition is shared by Italian and English seamen:

"Them two covies are parsons, I allow. If so, stand by for foul winds," says the little sailor in a popular sea-story,² and his remark would be as natural on the lips of a Mediterranean mariner as it is on those of the Channel sailor.

A similar dread attaches to meeting a beardless man (σπανός), such men being regarded as particularly ill-omened. The evil character of the Beardless Man is illustrated by many folk-tales in which such an individual often plays the rôle of the villain.³

Red-haired people are, as among ourselves, considered ill-tempered, though not necessarily ill-omened. Still, 'Red-hair' (ξανθή τρίχα) is an expression to be avoided by all lovers of peace. On the other hand, those born with a white tuft among their hair are looked upon as lucky, the white tuft being interpreted as an omen of wealth. Those who have two crowns on the head (δνὸ κορυφαῖς) are destined to marry twice.⁴

At Liakkovikia a child born with two crowns will rob someone of his fortune (ξένο βιὸ θὰ φάγ).⁵

Cripples and deformed persons are called 'marked' (σημειωμένοι) by God as a warning to others, and their society is eschewed.

As in England, Scotland, America and elsewhere, so in Macedonia it is unlucky to turn back after having gone out of the house, a superstition recalling the command given to the 'man of God'; "nor turn again by the same way that thou camest."⁶

¹ Cp. the proverb παπᾶ παιδί, διαβόλ' ἀγγόνι, "A priest's child, the Devil's own grandchild."

² W. Clark Russel's *What Cheer!*

³ See, for example, *The Bet with the Beardless*, in Hahn's 'Contes Populaires Grecs,' ed. by J. Pio. Tr. by E. M. Geldart, *Folk-Lore of Modern Greece*, p. 60.

⁴ Cp. *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 22.

⁵ A. Δ. Γουσόλου, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,' p. 76.

⁶ 1 Kings xiii. 9.

A hare crossing one's path is regarded as peculiarly unpropitious, and the traveller, whether on foot or on horseback, must turn back. The same dread extends to rabbits and serpents.¹ The timidity of the first two animals and the proverbial malignity of the last may satisfactorily account for the significance of the omen.²

Some Albanian tribes consider it a sin to kill a hare, or even to touch one that is dead. One day a friend of mine shot a hare on the road and gave it to one of the two Albanian gendarmes, who escorted us, to hold. The gendarme remarked that his comrade would not touch the animal for the world. In order to try him, we took the hare back and asked his comrade to hold it while we remounted. But he refused in a determined tone: "Lay it down on the ground, sir, we in our village do not touch hares!"

The Albanians are not unique in their prejudice. The Namaqua of South Africa, for example, object to eating the hare and account for it by a curious myth, according to which the hare was once sent to Men by the Moon to give this message: "Like as I die and rise to life again, so you also shall die and rise to life again," but the Hare changed the message as follows: "Like as I die and do not rise again, so you shall also die and not rise to life again."³

A hen crowing like a cock foretells death, and it is immediately killed. We find the same superstition among the Southern Greeks, the modern Albanians⁴ and the ancient Romans.⁵ It is also preserved in an English folk-proverb:

A whistling maid and a crowing hen
Are hateful alike to God and men.⁶

¹ Cp. J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, pp. 223, 254; *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 83; vii. p. 29. In Lesbos a rabbit is bad, but a serpent good to meet; see G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, p. 339.

² Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 121.

³ *Ib.* vol. i. p. 355.

⁴ Hahn, *Albanesische Studien*.

⁵ Ter. *Phormio*, iv. 4, 27.

⁶ W. H. D. Rouse, 'Folklore from the Southern Sporades,' in *Folk-Lore*, June 1899, p. 181 n. 2. For some other rhymes on 'whistling girls and crowing hens' see *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 138; for the omen vol. vii. p. 32.

The crowing of a cock before midnight is a portent of death, or of a change in the weather. In England also the crowing of a cock at an unusual hour sometimes is interpreted as prognosticating a change in the weather, and sometimes it is construed into a worse omen,¹ whereas in Scotland it is regarded as an indication of coming news.² In America we find that "a rooster crowing at odd times of the night" signifies in some parts death; in other parts, if it crows in the early hours of the night, hasty news.³

Death is also foreshadowed by the hooting of an owl on the roof of the house, or by the howling of a dog either in or near the house. The doleful nature of these sounds explains the meaning attached to them by the Macedonians as well as by other races,⁴ while the unnaturalness of a crowing hen, or a cock crowing out of the normal time, obviously suggests that they forebode no good. The superstition about the howling dog is shared by the modern Albanians, as it was by the ancient Greeks :

Θεστυλί, τὰ κύνες ἄμιν ἀνὰ πόλιν ὠρύονται,
ἀ θεὸς ἐν τριόδεσσι· τὸ χαλκέον ὡς τάχος ἄχει.⁵

In exactly the same way the ancient Scandinavians held that "the dogs could see Hela the death-goddess move unseen by men."⁶ Modern Jews and Mohammedans share this superstition, believing that the dogs howl at the sight of the Angel of Death. Beasts are credited by savages with the power of beholding spirits invisible to the human eye. We find traces of the same belief in ancient literature. Besides the passage from Theocritus quoted above the reader will recall the apparition of Athene in Homer⁷ and similar incidents. The belief both in the dog's

¹ Thomas Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, ch. xxxiii.

² J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 257.

³ *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vii. pp. 31, 32.

⁴ *Ib.* pp. 20, 27, 33.

⁵ Theocr. *Id.* ii. 30-31.

⁶ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. ii. p. 196.

⁷ *Odyss.* xvi. 162.

superhuman capacity for seeing the invisible, and in the funereal significance of its howl still survives among our own peasants.

A night-bird heard in the middle of the town portends a pest or some serious public calamity. A similar meaning attaches to the notes of a golden plover in the Highlands.¹

The screeching of the eagle-owl (μπαῦφος) is especially considered as a portent of disaster,² and so is the cawing of a crow on the housetop or chimney. Women on hearing them are in the habit of exclaiming "Eat thine own head!" (Νὰ φᾶς τὸ κεφάλι σ').

The ancient Greeks seem to have entertained a like fear of a crow "sitting and cawing" on the roof of the house.³ Nor has the character of this bird improved with age. Ingratitude is the special vice with which the modern muse charges the crow: "Feed a crow that it may peck out your eyes" (τρέφε κ'ροῦνα νά σε βγάλ' τὰ μάτια).

If clothes are damaged by rats, it is taken as a hint that there is a dishonest servant in the house.⁴ On the other hand, it is a good omen to see a weasel (νυφίτσα). In connection with this animal it is interesting to note a superstition prevalent at Melenik, and possibly in other districts of Macedonia. Women, if, after having washed their heads with water drawn

¹ J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 256.

² This bird both in name and in character seems to be a descendant of the Latin *strix bubo*. Cp. the epithets *ignavus*, *profanus*, *funereus*, *sinister*, etc. applied to this bird by the Roman writers. The same idea is embodied in Virgil's lines:

Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Saepe queri, et longas in fletum ducere voces.

Aen. iv. 462—3.

where the note of the bird is classed among the omens which *terribili monitu horrificant* the wretched Dido and drive her to drown despair in death.

By the modern Greeks the name of the bird is also used as a contemptuous term, denoting a person of superlative simplicity, in the same sense as ὦτος, the *horned owl*, was used by the ancient Greeks, and *gull* by us. Needless to add that the μπαῦφος has nothing but the name in common with the *buphus*, or egret, of Ornithology.

³ Hes. *W. and D.* 746—7.

⁴ In America "If rats gnaw your clothes, you will soon die," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vii. p. 30.

overnight, they happen to get a headache, set it down to the fact that in that water a weasel had its face reflected as in a looking-glass (γυαλίστηκε), and they carefully refrain from mentioning the animal's name, lest it should cause the clothes in the wardrobes to decay.

This superstition regarding the weasel is explained by a legend current in Southern Greece. The name *νυφίτσα*, or 'little bride,' so the story runs, was given to the animal because it once was a bride, who for some forgotten reason was transformed into a dumb creature. Hence she is envious of brides and destroys their wedding dresses.¹

A tortoise is regarded as lucky, and the killing of one as a sin. It is likewise sinful to turn a tortoise upside down, for that attitude is explained as an insult to the Deity (*μουτζώνει τον θεό*).

Storks, both among the Christians and the Mohammedans, but especially among the latter, are looked upon with a favourable eye, and their arrival is hailed as a sign of peace. The Turks call them *hadjis* or pilgrims, interpreting their annual migration to the south as a pilgrimage to Mecca, and believe that the house on which they breed is safe from plague and fire alike.

Wood pigeons and turtle doves are also birds of good omen, and flocks of them live unmolested in the enclosures of mosques. Sparrows are likewise respected by the Turks, who usually leave holes in the walls of their houses purposely for the birds to build their nests. A Greek writer tells a characteristic story of a Turkish grandee, Tchelebi Effendi by name, who in extreme old age was ordered by the doctors to eat nothing but rice boiled in broth made of sparrows. The pious Turk

¹ Kaporoglou, *Hist. Ath.* in Rennell Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, p. 163. This legend is also made to account for a wedding custom: "Therefore, in the house where these (viz. the wedding dresses) are collected, sweetmeats and honey are put out to appease her, known as 'the necessary spoonfuls,' and a song is sung with much ceremony in which the weasel is invited to partake and spare the wedding array." In Macedonia also, as will be noted in due time, sweetmeats are mixed with the bridal trousseau, but no trace of the weasel is apparent either in the act or in the songs accompanying it.

durst not follow this advice until the Imam of the *mahallah*, that is, the parish priest, gave him leave to do so on condition that for every sparrow he killed he should contribute a gold piece to the *Imaret*, or Poor-house.¹

But of all animals the luckiest is the bat, and happy is he who keeps a bat's bone about his person. So much so, that people remarkable for their luck are figuratively said to carry such a talisman (ἔχει τὸ κόκκαλο τῆς νυχτερίδας).

An insect, at Liakkovikia called *συνεργίτης*, which in the summer enters the rooms and buzzes round the heads of people, is regarded as bringing fever (*συνεργιό*). One must spit three times at it, in order to avoid its evil influence (γὰρ νὰ μὴν τον *συνεργίση*).²

A magpie chattering on the housetop predicts the coming of a friend or relative from abroad. Our Lancashire folk derive different omens from this bird. According to the popular rhyme, if you see

One, is sorrow,
Two, is mirth,
Three, is wedding,
Four, is birth.³

The arrival of a friend is also signified by a gad-fly alighting on one, and it is lucky to catch it and tie it up in the corner of your handkerchief.

A cat washing its face foretells either the coming of a friend or approaching rain.⁴

The quarrels of cats at night are also regarded as a sign of rain.

¹ See 'Ἡ Κωνσταντινούπολις.' By Scarlatos D. Byzantios, Athens, 1851, vol. i. p. 91.

² A. Δ. Γουστόου, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,' pp. 74, 86.

For analogous beliefs held by the Greeks and Turks of Asia Minor see N. W. Thomas, 'Animal Superstitions,' in *Folk-Lore*, vol. xii. pp. 189 foll. In that article (p. 190) is mentioned an insect as *συγχαίριαστής* (?). Perhaps this is the *συνεργίτης* of Liakkovikia.

³ In a Suffolk variant the last word is given as *death*, see *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 678. The same rhymes are applied to the crow in America, see *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vii. p. 33.

⁴ Cp. English superstitions regarding cats, R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, pp. 151-2.

It is considered unlucky to kill a cat.¹

An excessive lowing of the cattle, or chirping of the sparrows, portends much rain or a snowfall.²

Omens from words, so far as I know, are no longer in fashion among the Greeks. Yet the Macedonians firmly believe that to prophesy good or evil is to bring it about:

Καλομελέτα κ' ἔρχεται,

"Keep mentioning good, and good will come."

Κακομελέτα κ' ἔρχεται,

"Keep mentioning evil, and evil will come."

are two popular sayings.

Premonitions.

A ringing or tingling in the ears (βοῦζουν τ' αὐτιά) in Macedonia, as in many English country districts, denotes that absent friends speak of you. In some places the tingling of the left ear is considered a sign that they speak well, the tingling of the right that they speak ill (σὲ κατασέρνουν). In other places it is the reverse. The ancient Greeks held the same superstition.³ Among the Scotch Highlanders the tingling is explained as denoting news of a friend's death,⁴ while the above interpretation is applied to burning ears,⁵ as is also the case in parts of England and America.⁶

Choking (πνίγεται) while eating or drinking is also a sign

¹ Cp. a similar superstition prevailing in America, *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vii. p. 24.

² Cp. "If sparrows chirp a great deal, wet weather will ensue," R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, p. 168. On cattle *Ib.* p. 153.

³ Lucian, *Dial. Meretr.* ix. 40. Ed. J. F. Reitz, vol. iii.

⁴ In America also "ringing in the ears is a sign of death," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 129. Cp. pp. 138 foll.

⁵ J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 258.

⁶ Cp. "an' if the fust mate's ears didn't burn by reason of the things them two pore sufferers said about 'im, they ought to." W. W. Jacobs, *Many Cargoes*, p. 9.

that one is ill spoken of.¹ So is the hiccough (λόξυγγας). The person afflicted must try and guess who his detractor is. The hiccough will cease as soon as he has hit on the right person. The point of this remedy seems to be to distract one's attention from the hiccough, when it is supposed that it will cease. Another ingenious, though more drastic, remedy is this: some one present suddenly says something calculated to shock or to surprise the sufferer, such as an accusation that the latter has been maligning him and the like. In this case sudden emotion acts as an antidote. But the simplest remedy is to sip water slowly.²

An itching in the palm of the hand foretells a money transaction. If it is the left hand, it means that one will receive money, if the right that he will have to pay (τὸ δεξιὸν δίνει, τὸ ζεπβὶ παίρνει). But the right and left rule is sometimes reversed. In Scotland "itching of the left hand denotes money; of the right, that one is soon to meet a stranger with whom he will shake hands."³ In America "if the right hand itches, you are going to get money; if the left, you will shake hands with a friend."⁴

An analogous superstition is held regarding the eyes. A twitching of the right or the left eye (παίζει τὸ μάτι) means that a friend or a foe will be seen, or that news good or bad is coming. The old Greeks also derived a similar presage from the "throbbing of the right eye." "Ἀλλεται ὀφθαλμός μεν ὁ δεξιός· ἡρά γ' ἰδησῶ αὐτάν; observes the love-lorn shepherd in Theocritus,⁵ and the observation seems to inspire him with hope.⁶

¹ In America it means that "someone has told lies about you." *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 147.

² On similar principles are based the cures practised in America: "scare the one troubled with hiccoughs by some startling announcement or accusation, repeat long rhymes in one breath, take nine sips of water, etc." See *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. pp. 98, 99.

³ J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 258.

⁴ *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 135.

⁵ *Id.* III., 37.

⁶ On similar premonitions cp. W. H. D. Rouse, 'Folklore from the Southern Sporades,' in *Folk-Lore*, June, 1899, p. 181; G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, pp. 334-5.

The diversity of the significance attached to right and left respectively in different districts of Macedonia corresponds with the difference which prevailed between the Greek and the Roman systems of augury in ancient times. The Greek augur, turning as he did to the North, regarded the bird's flight on the right, that is from the East, as of good omen. His Roman colleague, facing South, considered the flight on his left auspicious, and *vice versa*. It is not improbable that the modern discrepancy of views is due to a collision between Hellenic and Roman traditions.

An itching in the nose, which in Scotland indicates the arrival of a letter,¹ and in America is explained as a sign that one is loved² or that visitors are coming,³ to the Macedonian prophesies corporal chastisement.

Sneezing is much too serious an act to be dealt with at the end of a chapter.

Sneezing.

In Macedonia the act of sneezing is interpreted in three different ways, and the formula of salutation varies according to the occasion.

First, sneezing is regarded as a confirmation of what the person speaking has just said. In that case, he interrupts himself in order to address the sneezer as follows: "Health be to thee, for (thou has proved that) I am speaking the truth!" (Γειά σου κὴ ἀλήθεια λέγω).

Secondly, it is taken as a sign that absent enemies are speaking ill of the sneezer, and the bystanders express the pious wish that those individuals, whoever they be, "may split" (νὰ σκάσουν).⁴

¹ J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 258.

² *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 63.

³ *Ib.* pp. 92; 135; 140.

⁴ Cp. W. H. D. Rouse, 'Folklore from the Southern Sporades,' in *Folk-Lore*, June 1899, p. 181. The writer, however, seems to have misunderstood the meaning of the ejaculation uttered: *πεπιδρομος* is a name given to the Devil and not "to the Deity." It means one 'roaming about' with evil intent—a very apt definition of one who is in the habit of "going to and fro in the earth and

Thirdly, it is considered as an indication of health, especially if the sneezer is just recovering from an illness. The formula appropriate in this instance is, "Health to thee, and joy to thee!" (*Γειά σου καὶ χαρά σου*), to which some, facetiously inclined, add by way of a crowning happiness "—and may thy mother-in-law burst!" (*καὶ νὰ σκάσ' ἡ πεθερά σου*).

On the evening of Cheese Sunday, as has been noticed already, a special significance is attributed to sneezing, or at all events extraordinary precautions are deemed necessary, and the sneezer must tear off a piece from the front of his shirt in order to counteract the evil.

Among the Turks also both the belief and the salutation are in great vogue, as is shown by the humorous tale ascribed to Nasreddin Khodja, the famous fourteenth century wit and sage of Persia :

"Nasreddin Khodja commanded his disciples, when he sneezed, to salute him by clapping their hands and crying out : 'Haïr Ollah, Khodja,' that is 'Prosperity to thee, O Master!' Now it came to pass that on one of the days the bucket fell into the well, and Nasreddin bade his pupils climb down and pick it out. But they were afraid and refused to obey. So he stripped and requested them to bind him with the rope and let him gently down. Thus he descended, caught the bucket, and the boys were already pulling him up, when, just as he was drawing near the edge of the well, he chanced to sneeze. Whereupon they, mindful of the master's behest, let go the rope and, clapping their hands in high glee, cried out in chorus : 'Haïr Ollah, Khodja!' Nasreddin was precipitated violently into the well, bruising himself sadly against the sides. When he was rescued at length, he laid him down upon the ground and groaning with pain remarked : 'Well, boys, it was not your fault, but mine : too much honour is no good thing for man.'"

of walking up and down in it." The Greeks further use such expressions as *Ἐφαγε τὸν (or ἕνα) περὶδρομο*, "He has eaten a devil of a lot." *Κάνει κρύο περὶδρομο* "It is devilish cold" etc.

The epithet is employed in an uncomplimentary sense by Theognis : *ἐχθαίρω δὲ γυναῖκα περὶδρομον*, "I hate a lewd woman," 581.

An eighteenth century traveller records that in Guinea, "when a principal personage sneezed, all present fell on their knees, kissed the earth, clapped their hands, and wished him all happiness and prosperity"¹—a form of salutation identical in almost every particular with the one prescribed by the worthy Khodja.

The superstition concerning sneezing is based on the notion that when sneezing an evil spirit is expelled from the body.² This idea, utterly forgotten by the higher races among whom the salutation still exists as a survival, dimly and vaguely realized by the less civilized nations, is plainly shown among tribes in the lowest stage of intellectual development, such as the Zulus, the Polynesians, the aborigines of America and other peoples enumerated by Mr Tylor.

The superstition, which is also known to the Hindus, the Hebrews, the Persians and other nations of Asia, is as ancient as it is wide-spread. Homer refers to it in the well-known line:

οὐχ ὀράας, ὃ μοι υἱὸς ἐπέπταρε πᾶσι ἐπεσσω;³

"Dost thou not see that my son has sneezed in confirmation of all that I have said?"

Xenophon, clever Athenian that he was, turned the superstition to excellent account at a very critical time. While he was addressing the assembly of the Ten Thousand, somebody sneezed, and the men, hearing it, with one accord paid homage to the god; and Xenophon proceeded:

"Since, O soldiers, while we were discussing means of escape, an omen from Zeus the Preserver has manifested itself....."⁴

In addition to these authors, Aristotle,⁵ Petronius Arbiter,⁶ and Pliny⁷ bear witness to the prevalence of the superstition among the Greeks and the Romans. Ζεῦ σῶσον and 'Salve'

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 99.

² *Ib.* p. 97; A. Lang, *Custom and Myth*, p. 14.

³ *Odyss.* xvii. 545.

⁴ Xen. *Anab.* iii. ii. 9.

⁵ *Probl.* xxxviii. 7; epigram in *Anthol. Graec.* Brunck's ed., vol. iii. p. 95.

⁶ *Sat.* 98.

⁷ xxviii. 5. These references are given in Tylor, *ubi supra*.

were the classical equivalents for the Macedonian forms of salutation already quoted.

Through the middle ages the custom has lasted on into modern Europe, the German salutation 'Gott hilf,' corresponding to the English 'God bless you,' the Italian 'Felicità' and the various other forms of expression current among European nations. The English story of the fiddler and his wife, where his sneeze and her hearty 'God bless you!' brought about the removal of the fiddle case, is conceived in exactly the same spirit as the tale of Nasreddin Khodja. *À propos* of these salutations Mr Tylor remarks, "The lingering survivals of the quaint old formulas in modern Europe seem an unconscious record of the time when the explanation of sneezing had not yet been given over to physiology, but was still in the 'theological stage.'" ¹

Prophets and Prophecies.

Of seers of the Scottish Highland type I met with no traces in Macedonia—the southern atmosphere is far too clear for mysticism of that sort. Prophets however there are, and though I was not fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of any one of them in the flesh, I was favoured with several of their predictions and, of course, their fulfilment. Needless to say that prophets are popular only among the very lowest ranks of the peasantry. Those who make any pretence to education answer one's questions with a compassionate shrug of the shoulders and a pantomimic tapping on the forehead, which expresses more eloquently than any speech what they think about the enquirer's mental condition. If they are sociably inclined, they will even hurl at him the aphorism: "All prophets after Christ are asses!" (πᾶς προφήτης μετὰ Χριστὸν γαῖδαρος).

The meaner sort, however, are not so critical, or so sceptical. Many a farmer possesses and often thumbs a copy of the old collection of prophecies which goes under the name of Agathan-gelus (Ἀγαθῶγγελος), a gentleman who holds in the estimation of the Macedonian peasant the same high place which

¹ *Ib.* p. 104.

some three and a half centuries ago was filled by Michael Nostradamus in the eyes of Westerners of rank. There is one great difference, however, between the French mystic and his Greek counterpart. The latter never lowers the prestige of his calling by attempting to prophesy whether "a black pig or a white pig is to be served up at dinner."¹ Agathangelus attempts higher flights. He talks of 'the blond race' (τὸ ξανθὸν γένος) from the North driving 'the sons of Hagar' out of Europe, and generally speaking deals with the rise and fall of empires and with questions of high diplomacy, entirely ignoring matters domestic.

At Nigrita I also heard of several prophetic utterances attributed to a holy hermit of the name of Makarios who lived and fasted, prayed and prophesied, in the early days of the nineteenth century. He did not specialize in politics, as will appear from the following examples of his art:

"Oeconomos, the rich and wicked steward who uses his trust to indulge himself and who turns the poor from his door, shall be lifted up by a cloud and shall be carried off to the clouds." The gentleman in question was actually carried off to the high mountain-peaks (the clouds) by a large band (a cloud) of Albanians, who wrecked his farm and ruined its master by exacting an immense ransom.

"On the site of his big house a vineyard shall bloom, and sheep shall graze where his hearth stands." This too has come to pass.

The following is an oracle of high import, couched in befittingly obscure language:

"The Agha shall not depart, until people have begun to eat grass. Then he shall go, but as poor as they."

A more pithy description of the Turkish hand-to-mouth administration which, like Lamb's Chinaman, sets fire to the house in order to roast the pig, could not easily be found. The natives of Nigrita believe that this prophecy is destined to come true as the rest of Makarios's sayings have done.

¹ Garencieres's *Life of Nostradamus*, prefixed to the English edition of the *Prophecies*, 1672, in *The Book of Days*, vol. II. p. 13.

CHAPTER IX.

SYMBOLISM.

SYMBOLISM, as we have already seen, pervades modern Greek life through all its branches. There is hardly a popular festival or ceremony which does not exhibit, in a more or less pronounced degree, this tendency to symbolic representation and interpretation. The same spirit can be discerned in the religious rites of the Eastern Church : every part of the sacred building to the minutest architectural detail ; every article of use or ornament ; every vessel or vestment employed in divine service contains a meaning, often too occult for the ordinary layman's comprehension, but sometimes so simple as to suggest itself to the dullest intelligence. In like manner, birth, marriage, and funeral are all attended by observances which to the minds of the initiated convey ideas concealed from the profane vulgar. In many cases, however, the underlying signification is completely lost, and can only be surmised by a laborious comparison of similar observances in countries where the meaning is still apparent. To this category belong several rites relating to agricultural life. Some of them are good examples of sympathetic or symbolic magic based on the principle that like produces like.

In time of drought the peasants have recourse to a curious ceremony, which in many of its details resembles the rites enacted in savage lands for the purpose of making rain.¹ A poor orphan boy is adorned with ferns and flowers, and, accompanied by other boys of about the same age, parades the streets, while women shower water and money upon him from the

¹ On this wide-spread custom see Mr Frazer's exhaustive discourse in *The Golden Bough*, vol. i. pp. 81 foll.

windows. The boys, as they march along, sing a kind of prayer to the powers on high, beginning with the words :

Βάϊ, βάϊ, Ντουντουλέ,
Κὴ μυσίρκα, κὴ ψνίτσκα,
Βάϊ, βάϊ, etc.

“Hail, hail, Dudulé,
(Bring us) both maize and wheat,
Hail, hail, etc.”

Dudulé is the name given to the boy clothed in verdure. This is the form of the ceremony prevailing at Melenik, a Greek town surrounded by a Bulgarian-speaking rural population, whence the Bulgarian terms used in the song. In other districts of Macedonia, where the same custom exists, the words are Greek. At Shatista, for instance, in the south-west, the song generally sung on these occasions runs as follows :

Περπεροῦνα περπατεῖ
Κὴ τὸν θεὸ περικαλεῖ.
“Θέ μου, βρέξε μιὰ βροχή,
Μιὰ βροχὴ βασιλική,
“Ὅς ἀστάχνα ᾽ς τὰ χωράφια,
Τόσα κούτσουρα ᾽ς τ’ ἀμπέλια,”
etc.

“Perperuna perambulates
And to God prays :
‘My God, send a rain,
A right royal rain,
That as many (as are the) ears of corn in the fields,
So many stems (may spring) on the vines,’
etc.

In this alliterative composition the name of the principal performer (Περπεροῦνα) is the only Slav word, indicating perhaps the origin of the custom. At Kataphygi, again, the Slav name, being unintelligible, has been corrupted into Piperia, “Pepper-tree.”

Πιπεριά, πιπεριά δροσολογιά, etc.
“Piperia, dew-collecting piperia” etc.¹

¹ For similar songs, collected in other parts of Greece, see Passow, Nos. 311—313. In one of them the name is more correctly given as Περπεριά.

Both the names given above, as well as the custom which they designate, are to be met with in many Slavonic lands. In Servia the rite is performed in a manner that differs from the foregoing description only in one point: the part played by the boy among the Macedonians is there assigned to a girl who, clad in nothing but leaves and flowers, is conducted through the village, accompanied by other girls singing "Dodola Songs." "The people believe that by this means there will be extorted from the 'heavenly women'—the clouds—the rain for which thirsts the earth, as represented by the green-clad maiden Dodola."¹ The same custom, with slight variations, is kept up in Dalmatia, where the chief performer is called *Prpats*, and his companions *Prporushe*, and in Bulgaria, where we again find a maiden undertaking the leading rôle and called *Preperuga*—the original of the second name by which the rite is known among the Greeks. The Wallachs also have turned the same name into *Papeluga*, and the custom among them is in all essentials identical with the Slav and the Greek.²

The ceremony, now restricted within the limits of these countries, once prevailed in many parts of Germany, and Jacob Grimm has tried to identify the Dodola and Purpirouna with the Bavarian *Wasservogel*, and the Austrian *Pfingstkönig*, who, according to him, are connected with the ancient rain-preserving rites.³

Of the magical ceremonies for making sunshine⁴ there is no vestige in Macedonia. But a relic of some old religious observance still survives in a sportive custom. The children at

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 227 foll.

² The Vienna correspondent of the *Standard* (Aug. 18, 1902) reports a ghastly application of the principle underlying this picturesque custom from the district of Rogatzka in Bosnia: "A peasant living in a village called Hrenovicza committed suicide by hanging himself. Shortly afterwards a severe drought set in, which threatened to destroy the crops. The peasants held a council, and, connecting the drought with the man's suicide, resolved to open the grave and pour water on the corpse, in order that this might bring the longed-for rain. Their intentions were carried out, and the grave was then filled again, after prayer had been offered. The rain, however, did not come, and the villagers who had taken part in this curious rite have been arrested by the gendarmes."

³ Ralston, *ubi supra*.

⁴ J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. i. p. 115.

Melenik are in the habit of offering up a prayer to the Sun, that he may come out and ripen the grapes :

Ἔλα, πάππου Ἥλιου,¹
 Νά σε δώσουμε κόκκινα ποδήματα,
 Νὰ κλωτσᾷς τὰ κλήματα!

“Come, Grandfather Sun,
 That we may give thee red boots,
 Wherewith thou mayest kick at the vines!”

There is in this form of address (“Grandfather Sun”) an unmistakable and undisguised ring of paganism, reminding one of the mythological idea of parentage still entertained by savages: “Yonder sun is my father!” exclaimed the Shawnee chief, proudly pointing to the luminary, and the boast was more than an empty rhetorical figure to him.²

With the promised gift of “red boots” may be compared similar offers in Russian folk-tales. The elder brothers on going away tell Emilian the fool: “Obey our wives... and we’ll buy you red boots, and a red caftan, and a red shirt.” When the king sends for him, the messengers say: “Go to the king. He will give you red boots, and a red caftan, and a red shirt.”³

Again, when it snows for the first time in the year, the boys hail the event with some rhymes which sound like unmitigated nonsense, though they may, and most likely do, contain allusions impossible to verify at this time of day. The following is a fragment from Melenik :

Χιονίζει, χιονίζει,
 Τὸ μάρμαρο ἀσπρίζει,
 Ἡ γάτα μαγειρεύει,
 Ὁ πόντικας χορεύει, etc.

“It snows, it snows,
 And white the flagstone grows,
 Now cooks the cat,
 And romps the rat, etc.”

¹ Cp. the custom of children in classical times to address the sun Ἐξεχ’, ὦ φιλ’ ἦλιε, ‘Come out, dear Sun,’ “when the god was overrun by a cloud,” Pollux ix. 123.

² Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 327.

³ Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, pp. 263—6.

To return to the subject of symbolism. When the farmers have finished digging in the fields, they throw their spades up into the air and, catching them again, exclaim: "May the crop grow as high, as the spade has gone!"¹

The first fruit of a tree must not be eaten by a barren woman, but by one who has many children. The sympathetic influence of the woman's fecundity is too obvious to need explanation. An analogous belief prevails among the Bavarian and Austrian peasants, "who think that if you give the first fruit of a tree to a woman with child to eat, the tree will bring forth abundantly next year."²

When a mother has done plaiting her daughter's braids she swings them thrice upwards saying:

Πάνου τὸ κορίτσι, κάτου τὰ μαλλιά:³

"May the maid grow up, and her hair long below."

On a child's name-day, which in the East is observed with as much ceremony as the birthday is in the West of Europe, it is the custom to pull the child's ear slightly upwards, wishing that the child "may live and grow tall" (*νὰ τρανέψη*). Some peasants entertain the ungallant notion that girls need no such inducement to grow: "The Devil himself makes them grow by pulling them up by the nose, sir," an old farmer at Provista assured me.

A jug of water is emptied upon the ground after a departing guest, that he may speed well on his journey, "As the water's course is smooth and easy so may the traveller's path be" (*ὅπως πάει τὸ νερὸ γλήγορα ἔτσι νὰ πάη κὴ ὁ ἄθρωπος*).

¹ This is undoubtedly a survival of what some authorities call imitative magic. For parallels—some of them extremely close—to this custom, see J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. i. pp. 36—37.

² *Ib.* p. 38.

³ A. Δ. Γουσόβου, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,' p. 76.

CHAPTER X.

BIRTH.

THE rites and observances which precede and accompany the young Macedonian's entry into the world afford much that is of interest to the folk-lorist. When the first symptoms of his approach have manifested themselves, great care is taken to conceal the fact from the neighbours. Otherwise it is feared that the confinement will be attended by much suffering, due to the evil influence of ill-wishers or to the evil eye. For the same reason the midwife is summoned in all secrecy and under a false pretence. During travail the water of which the patient drinks is medicated with a plant locally known as 'The Holy Virgin's Hand' (τῆς Παναγίας τὸ χέρι), that is, some sprigs of it are thrown into the jug.

This is apparently one of the many plants endowed by popular superstition with magic virtues against ill. Such plants and herbs have been known in all lands and at all periods of the world's history.¹ Perhaps the most familiar of them are those in use among the Celts, such as the Mothan, or trailing pearlwort, and the Achlasan Challumchille, or St John's wort. The former protected its possessor against fire and the attacks of fairies; the latter warded off fevers.² The Macedonian equivalent is considered a powerful safeguard against both dangers.

As soon as the child is born, the servants or the boys of the family hasten round to the houses of relatives and friends to

¹ See A. Lang's essay on 'Moly and Mandragora,' in *Custom and Myth*, pp. 143—155.

² J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 49; *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vii. pp. 100 foll.

announce the glad event and receive 'The reward of congratulation' (τὰ σ'χαρήκια).¹ The midwife then proceeds to hang a clove of garlic and a gold ring or a gold coin on the mother's hair,—ornaments which she wears till her purification,—as well as on the new-born baby, in order to avert the evil eye. A skein of red yarn (γνέμα) is also attached to the bedroom door, as a symbol that the evil is "bound," that is rendered helpless. This operation is described at Melenik as "binding the Armenos" (δένουν τὴν Ἀρμενον), a word of obscure meaning, but evidently used in a personal sense, though who this lady is the people, so far as I could discover, have not the faintest idea. "We do this that the patient may not suffer from the Armenos" (γὰρ νὰ μὴν ἀρμενιασθῇ ἡ λεχοῦσα). This was their answer to my queries. An identical practice with similar intent prevailed once in the Highlands of Scotland.²

On the same day comes the priest, and with the stole round his neck reads a special prayer over a bowl of water (διαβάζει τὸ νερό), with which the patient is sprinkled every evening during her confinement.

The members of the family in which there is a woman in child-bed make a point of retiring home before nightfall, or else they are fumigated. Contrariwise, no visitor is allowed to remain in the house after dark. If he is obliged to do so, he throws upon the mother and the infant a shred of his raiment, wishing them a peaceful night.³

During a whole fortnight the patient is never for a single moment left alone, but day and night is watched either by the midwife or by some friends, lest she should ἀρμενιασθῇ, and no light besides the one in the room is allowed to be brought in. In the same way among the Celts "the first care was not to leave a woman alone during her confinement. A houseful of women gathered and watched for three days, in some places for eight."⁴

All these precautions appear to have one object in view,

¹ Cp. the word εὐπετήκια, τὰ, "the reward for a thing found."

² J. G. Campbell, *ubi supra*, p. 37.

³ A. Δ. Γουστόλου, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Παγγαῖον Χώρα,' p. 75.

⁴ J. G. Campbell, *ubi supra*, p. 36.

namely, to prevent the Nereids (Νεράϊδες) from carrying off the infant, or hurting its mother. In this respect the modern Greek nymphs correspond exactly to the mischievous fairies of the north. Like the latter they are very fond either of abducting new-born children or substituting their own offspring in their stead.¹ The similarity of attributes is all the more striking as it can hardly be accounted for by the borrowing theory. Nor is it easier to explain it as being the result of independent growth.

The same tendency towards child-abduction "seems to some extent to have been attributed to the Nymphs in old times, for in many epitaphs on children that died at an early age, they are spoken of as having been carried off by Nymphs."² Hesychius also describes Γελλῶ as "a female demon, said by the women to be in the habit of carrying off new-born babes."³

For forty days friends and relatives bring to the woman in child-bed pancakes (λαλαγκίταις) and sweetmeats. During the first three nights a small table covered with a cloth is placed under the lamp which burns in front of the icon of the Panaghia. Upon this table is laid bread, salt, and pieces of money. On the third day a maid whose parents are both alive makes a honey cake, which in the evening is set upon the small table close to the baby's head. Upon the table is likewise placed a mirror; and some gold or silver pieces or jewels are laid upon it or under the baby's pillow. These offerings are intended for the Fates (Μοῖραις) who are expected to come during the night and bestow on the infant its destiny in life (μοιρώνουν or μοιράζουν). The sweet cake is meant to propitiate or conciliate the Goddesses, while the mirror stands as a symbol of beauty, and the money and jewels suggest wealth. For the same reason a light is left burning all night to enable the Fates to find their way to the cradle. In the morning the midwife shares with the friends and relatives the

¹ Cp. Pashley, *Crete*, II. p. 216, in Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. II. p. 314.

² Preller, *Griechische Mythologie*, I. p. 565 note, in Tozer, *ubi supra*.

³ The name of this demon has been derived by some from the verb *φελεῖν* in analogy with the Teutonic Frau Holda.

cake, which is eaten on the spot, not allowing one crumb to get out of the room, lest it should fall into the hands of enemies who could work a spell upon it. Similarly "the German peasant, during the days between his child's birth and baptism, objects to lend anything out of the house, lest witchcraft should be worked through it on the yet unchristened baby,"¹—an idea of which we find many illustrations in Macedonia.

The Three Fates.

The belief in the Fates and their visit is one of the most deeply-rooted and most widely-spread superstitions that have survived from ancient times. As in antiquity so at this day the *Moirais* are represented as three in number. Their individual names have been forgotten, but they are still described as carrying a spindle and yarn wherewith is spun the infant's destiny. This idea is graphically set forth in the following popular distich :

Ἡ Μοῖρα ποῦ σε μοίρανε ἀδράχτ' εἶχ' ἀσημένιο,
Καὶ νῆμα ἀπὸ μάλαμα καὶ μοίρανε καὶ σένα.

"The Fate who fated thee carried a silver spindle
And thread of gold, wherewith she fated thee."

People remarkable for their luck (*καλόμοιρος*) are believed to have received the Fate's benediction from her right hand :

Ἡ Μοῖρά μου με βάφτισε μὲ τὸ δεξί της χέρι,
"My Fate has blessed me with her right hand,"

says a folk song.

The reverse (*κακόμοιρος*) is expressed by the following :

Ἡ Μοῖρά μου με βάφτισε μὲ τὸ ζερβί της χέρι,
"My Fate has blessed me with her left hand."

It is interesting that in these phrases the blessing of the Fates should be described as "baptism." We probably have here a popular confusion between Christian and Pagan belief and practice, instances of which abound at every turn.

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 116.

The following complaint, which I heard at Melenik, gives utterance to the same superstition :

Μοῖρά μου καῦμένη,
 Καῦμένη Μοῖρα !
 Δέ' με μοίρανες καλά,
 Δέ' με μοίρανες κ' ἐμένα
 Σὰν τοῦ κόσμου τὰ παιδιά !

"Wretched Fate mine,
 My wretched Fate !
 Thou didst not fate me well,
 Thou didst not fate me
 Like other men's children."

Such sentiments are plentiful both in verse and in prose. A popular proverb declares that "Where the poor man is, there is his Fate too" ("Οπου ὁ φτωχὸς κ' ἡ Μοῖρά του)—so true it is that popular sayings, in some cases at all events, are "chips of mythology."¹

The belief in the three Fates is also very strong among the Wallachs, but they seem to have borrowed it from the Greeks. At any rate the name given to the goddesses by them (*Mire*) is thoroughly Greek. The Albanians believe in the Fates under the name of *Fati*, which is derived directly from the Italian. Hahn, however, in an Albanian tale introduces them by the Greek designation *Moeren*.²

The Fates of the ancient Greeks, and consequently their modern representatives also, have been indentified with the three Scandinavian *Norns*, whose names are *Urdhr*, *Verdhandi*, and *Skuld*—Was, Is, and Shall-be. This division of time between them corresponds with the tasks allotted to the three ancient Fates; Lachesis sings the past, Klôthô the present, and Atropos the future.³

The following tales illustrate the impossibility of escaping

¹ For the belief in the Fates and the birth ceremonies observed in various parts of Southern Greece see Bernhard Schmidt, *Das Volksleben der Neugriechen*; Rennell Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, ch. iv.; G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, p. 330.

² *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, No. 103.

³ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 352 and authorities referred to there.

from the decrees of the Fates—the stern, inexorable daughters of dread Necessity.

I. The Youth and the Fates.

(From Sochos.)

A youth once, while travelling, stopped at a peasant's cottage to spend the night. He was received hospitably and laid himself down to sleep in a corner of the common bed-room, in which his host and hostess also slept. The woman had had a female child two days before. As the youth lay on his mattress awake, he perceived Fate, Fortune, and Death (*Μοῖρα, Τύχη, Χάρος*) stalk into the room in order to allot to the baby her portion in life. They glanced at the stranger and then walked out. The youth heard them holding a consultation amongst themselves outside the door. At last Fate raised her eyes to the bright star-lit sky and said: "The little maid shall become the strange youth's wife."

Our traveller was not at all pleased with this off-hand way of disposing of him. For he was an ambitious youth, and the prospect of marrying a poor peasant's daughter accorded ill with his views. So, in order to avoid the fulfilment of the Fatal decree, he got up softly, stole to the baby's cradle and taking her in his arms crept out of the cottage. On the way he threw her into a thorny hedge (*παλουκάδα*) and pursued his journey, fondly confident that he had baffled Fate.

But next morning the peasant and his wife went in quest of their offspring. They found and rescued her unscathed, save for a scratch across the breast, the mark of which remained.

Years went by, and the stranger, now grown into a prosperous man, chanced to journey that way again. Having long forgotten the episode, he put up at an inn opposite the peasant's cottage. A fair damsel appeared at the window, and he was so smitten by her beauty that he forthwith stepped across the road and asked her in marriage from her parents. It was only after the wedding that the sight of the scar led to the discovery that she was the infant he had sought to destroy.

In this tale Fate figures in the company of Fortune and Death. With the former she is very often confused. But *Τύχη* is also sometimes conceived of as a personal deity, corresponding to the Servian *Srétýa*, and to the Turkish *Bakht*—a kind of guardian angel or spirit.

II. *The story of Naïdis the Foundling*¹.

(From Salonica.)

Once upon a time there was a very wealthy man. He had houses, furniture, sheep, goats, and is there anything he had not? He had of all that is good in the world; in his house even the cocks laid eggs, as the saying goes. But, in spite of all this wealth, he was a miser, and mean as a Tzingan.

This man chanced to visit a big city, say Salonica; but he refrained from putting up at an inn, lest he should spend money. Nor would he go to some great man's palace, lest he should incur an obligation. So he stopped at a poor man's cottage. The house was only one big room and the hall, and they put him up in a corner of the room—his servant remained in the yard with the horses. Now, the poor man's wife had been delivered of a boy which was three days old when this wealthy man arrived.

So they laid them down to sleep in the evening, the guest in one corner of the room and the woman in child-bed with her husband in the other. These went to sleep at once and slept soundly, for the poor have no cares. The wealthy man, however, sleep would not seize on him, but he turned now on this side, now on the other, thinking and calculating his wealth. While he was thinking, all of a sudden he sees the door thrown open, and in came three women clad in white. One of them was taller and more beautiful than the others. They were the three Fates, who allot the child's destiny on the third day after birth.

So, as we said before, they entered the room and stood where the little one lay sleeping. The greatest of the Fates touched him with her finger and said:

¹ For the original Greek see Appendix I.

"What kind of destiny shall we allot him?"

Answered the others:

"Let us make him be the heir to the wealthy man who is lying in yon corner."

"Agreed," said the others.

Thus they decreed and vanished.

The wealthy man heard these words and was afraid, and could not close an eye from fear. He rose and began to stroll up and down in the room till daybreak. When God brought the day, and the poor man rose from bed, then the stranger said to him:

"I am going home to-day. Children of my own I have none. If you will give me your baby, my wife and I will bring it up just as if it were our own flesh and blood. You are young and, please God, you may have more."

Thereupon the poor man called to his wife to see what she had to say, and she at first would not consent, for where is the mother who will part with her child? but at length, lest they should spoil the child's chance, she answered, "Very well," and consented to give it away, although she loved it as a mother should. She suckled it well till it had enough milk, then she dressed it in the best clothes she had and kissed it cross-wise on the forehead. So the wealthy man took the child, saddled his horse, was bidden "God speed" and went away with his servant.

When they got outside the city and reached a desert place in the midst of the standing corn—it was summer—he reined in his mare and said to the servant:

"Take this babe and slay it with a stone."

The servant at first would not do it, for he was a God-fearing man; but finally, will he nill he, he obeyed his master and took up the baby. However, instead of striking the child he struck the earth with the stone, and his master thought that he had struck the child. Then he suddenly made as though he saw someone from afar, ran to his horse, pretending to be frightened, and made off as speedily as he could. And so the little one remained sleeping among the ears of corn.

Let us now leave the wealthy man and take up the child.

Those fields belonged to a rich farmer who had no children of his own, and both his wife and he ever prayed to God that He might give them one. They also wished to adopt a child in the hope that God might take pity on them. On that evening this rich man happened to be strolling in the fields and heard the child crying. He stopped short and said to himself:

“What can this be? it is not a jackal, nor is it a dog. Let me go and see.”

He walked towards the voice and by and by found the little one, and he wondered. And seeing the child so pretty and clean and plump, he took a fancy to it and lifted it up in his arms and carried it to his wife.

“See what I have found in the fields, wife,” said he. “We wished for a child and behold! a child God has sent us.”

His wife would not believe him.

“Fie upon thee, who knows who is the child’s mother? But, let it be. I do not mind. Let us keep it.”

They kept it and engaged a nurse to suckle it, and when it grew up they sent it to school. And the boy, being of a kindly nature, made progress and was very fond of them, and they in their turn were fond of him, and they called him Naïdis, which is, as we might say, Foundling.

Now to come to the wealthy man. Time went by, and Naïdis became sixteen or seventeen years old. Then, one day lo and behold! that wicked wealthy man, who had tried to destroy Naïdis, chanced to come and put up in the very house where he lived, and he heard the people call the boy Naïdis, and he was surprised at the name. He asks his hostess:

“Tell me, madam, wherefore do you call him so?”

“We gave him that name because, to tell the truth, he is not our own son. My husband found him some seventeen years since in the fields amidst the standing crop. We had no children, so we brought him up and love him as our own, and he loves us very much indeed.”

The wealthy man on hearing this was grieved at heart, for he understood that it was the child which he had ordered his servant to kill. Now, what was he to do? He thinks it over and over again. At length an idea occurred to him. He turned

and said that he had a letter to send home and that he wanted a trusty man to carry it.

"Why, we will send Naïdis," they answered. They prepared a cake and other food for Naïdis, and he saddled his horse in order to go. The wealthy man gave him a letter for his wife, in which he told her to send the bearer up to the mountain pastures where his flocks were grazing, and to bid the shepherds cut him in pieces and fling him into a well.

Naïdis took the letter without any suspicion, mounted his horse, and set out. But before he set out his mother advised him to take care and not drink water when tired; then she kissed him and bade him Good-bye.

In the way which he was going he reached a fountain under a tree, and he alighted in order to rest awhile and then drink, according to his mother's advice; for he was very thirsty. As he was sitting there under the shadow of the tree, an old man with a long white beard passed by and said to the boy:

"Whither, in good time, my son?"

"A good time to thee,¹ grandfather, I am going to Such-and-such a place with a letter for So-and-so."

"Give me that letter that I may see it; for methinks I know the man."

The boy gave him the letter, and the old man passed his hand over it, and then returned it and went his way.

To cut a long tale short, Naïdis arrived at the wealthy man's house towards evening. As he was dismounting he looked up and saw a maid fair as the moon standing at the window. In the twinkling of an eye he became enamoured of her. She was the wealthy man's daughter; for he had lied when he said that he had no children: he had a daughter and a son.

¹ *ὦρα καλή!* This is the usual salutation of travellers meeting on the road. Sometimes it is amplified into rhyme:

*ὦρα καλή σου, μάτια μου,
Κὴ ἀγέρας 'ς τὰ πανιά σου,
Κὴ ἕνα πουλὶ πετούμενο
Νὰ μὴν βρεθῇ μπροστά σου!*

"A good time to thee, my eyes. May thy sails be filled with wind, and may not one bird impede thy course." This wish is specially meant for sailors, but it is also humorously offered to sportsmen.

Naïdis went into the house, and the wealthy man's wife received him becomingly, "Welcome," "Well met." He delivered to her the letter, and she read it, and there was written in it:

"Take this youth and our daughter, summon a priest and wed them straightway. I am coming home eight days hence, and I must find the thing done."

Having read the letter, the wife did as her husband bade. her. She called in a priest and without delay had them wedded. They celebrated their wedding with much jollity and music till daybreak.

Eight days after the wealthy man returned, and, as he alighted at the gate, he lifted up his eyes and what does he see but his own daughter standing by the side of Naïdis at the balcony. Then he was seized with giddiness—like a fit of apoplexy—and fell down upon the ground. They ran and summoned the doctors, and after a deal of trouble they managed to bring him to.

"What is amiss with thee?" asks his wife.

"Oh nothing. I was wearied of the journey, and the sun struck me on the head," he answered. "But why hast thou not done as I bade thee in my letter?"

"I certainly have. Here is thy letter. Look and see what thou wrotest."

He takes the letter and reads it. He thought that he was dreaming. He rubbed his eyes again and again, but could not make out how it had all happened; for it was his own writing. Then he says:

"Very well, it matters not. To-morrow thou must call Naïdis at dawn and send him up to the flocks with a letter which I will give thee."

And he sat and wrote to the shepherds as before.

Next morning, very early, his wife got up and went to call Naïdis. But when she entered into the room and saw him sleeping sweetly in her daughter's arms, she was sorry to wake him, and let him sleep on for another hour. Instead, she went to her own son and said:

"Art thou asleep, my boy?"

"No, mother."

"Get up, mount thy horse and take this letter to the shepherds who tend the flocks."

The boy got up, mounted his horse, took the letter and set out.

After a while her husband also got up and asked her:

"Hast thou sent him?"

"I was loth to wake Naïdis," she answered, "but be easy in thy mind, my husband, thy letter I despatched safely by our own son."

"What hast thou done, O woman!" he cried, and in the twinkling of an eye he runs out like one possessed to overtake his son.

His wife thought that he was again taken ill as the day before and ran after him. When he reached the uplands he found that the shepherds had slain his son and thrown him into a well. Driven by grief and remorse he flings himself into the well and perishes. His wife on seeing her husband fall into the well, lost her senses and threw herself into it, too, and died. So Naïdis remained heir.—This is not a fairy tale. It is a fact and shows that his Fate no one can escape.¹

Christening.

Eight or ten days after birth—generally on a Sunday—takes place the baptism (τὰ βαπτίσια). The kinsfolk (τὸ συγγενολόγι), having gathered together in the parents' house, are there joined

¹ A very close parallel to this story is found in Albanian, see "L'enfant vendu ou la Destinée," No. 13 in *Contes Albanais*, par Auguste Dozon, Paris, 1881.

Hahn (*Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, No. 20) gives a story embodying the same idea, only much shorter, and refers for a parallel to Grimm, No. 29.

Classical literature supplies several anecdotes pointing the moral of the force of destiny, all too familiar to be even mentioned here. The remark with which my informant concluded her narrative: "δείχνει πῶς τῇ μοῖρᾷ του κάνένas δὲ' μπορεῖ νά τη ξεφύγῃ" is almost a literal modern reproduction of what Homer said three thousand years ago:

μοῖραν δ' οὐτινὰ φημι πεφυγμένον ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν.

Il. vi. 488.

by the sponsor,¹ followed by the invited guests. The sponsor's office is no sinecure among the peasants of Macedonia. The respect paid to him by his godchildren is even greater than that accorded to their own parents, and his malediction is dreaded even more than that of a Bishop. The office is hereditary, and the sponsor or his heir is also expected to assist as best man at his godchild's marriage. It is only on very rare occasions that a new godfather is invited to perform these duties. For instance, if the new-born child is taken suddenly ill, and the family sponsor happens to live a long way off, or to be away on a journey, then a friend or relative takes his place. The infringement of the rule is then justified by the urgency of the case and the fear lest the child should die unchristened—a fear before which considerations of etiquette must give way. But should the child survive, the regular sponsor is afterwards asked to a banquet and is requested to give it his blessing. He is likewise expected to waive his right, if he proves to be the owner of an 'unlucky hand,' as has been mentioned before.² In case he does not do so, the child's parents are entitled to insist that he should nominate a substitute. So great is the veneration paid to the spiritual kinship between a godfather and his godchildren that a match between a lad and a lass who both have the same godfather or godmother is regarded as incest—they being brother and sister in Christ. Nor is intermarriage allowed between the godchild's and the godparent's families, as they are considered to be within the prohibited degrees of kinship. The sponsor and the child's father are termed Co-parents (Σύντεκνοι) and their mutual relationship is that of spiritual brotherhood.³ These observations will enable the reader to appreciate the sponsor's position in the ceremony that follows.

The party assembled, a procession is formed, and they all

¹ Καλητάρας, at Melenik; elsewhere κουμπάρος or νουνός. If a woman, she is designated καλημάνα at Melenik; elsewhere κουμπάρα or νουνά.

² *Supra*, p. 85.

³ The same sacred relationship is implied in our old word *gossip* [*God-sib* 'related in the service of God'], a word which experienced many vicissitudes ere it sank to its present low position.

repair to the church. The cortège is headed by the midwife, who carries the baby decked out in all possible finery and veiled with a thin gauze (σκέπη). At the church-door the sponsor relieves the midwife of her burden, and they all march up the nave to the font.¹ After a preliminary prayer the priest asks the sponsor for the name, which is expected by the bystanders with breathless eagerness. When it is announced, some boys hurry off to the baby's home to inform the parents. They are received on the threshold by the father, who, on hearing it, throws to the messengers sugar-plums to scramble for. The name given frequently, though not invariably, is that of one of the grandparents. Sometimes it belongs to some other relative, or to the Saint on whose day the baptism takes place. But in all cases the sponsors are entitled to give any name they please, and from their decision there is no appeal. Hence the anxiety displayed by all parties concerned until the name is announced.

The ceremony over, the sponsors distribute among the children present, and the bystanders generally, dry figs, coins, or, in the more highly civilized districts, cheap medals tied with a ribbon, as tokens that they have "witnessed" the ceremony. For this reason these tokens are called *μαρτυριά*. From the church the party, with the priest at the head, return to the house, and offer to the parents their congratulations and wishes for the child's prosperity (νά σας ζήση, νὰ προκόψη, etc.) The sponsor, who carries the baby home, hands it over to the mother with these words:

"I deliver it unto thee in this life; but I shall ask it back from thee in the next. Guard it well from fire, water, and all evil!"

A banquet is then spread. The midwife, who throughout plays the part of Mistress of the Ceremonies, takes up a great circular cake (κολούρα), prepared for the nonce. This cake is smeared with honey and covered with sesame and almonds. She places some walnuts upon it, and setting it on her head, walks slowly round and round the table, crying *ihoo-hoo!*

¹ The font in the Greek churches is a movable copper vessel.

mihoohoo! until all the walnuts have dropped off one by one and are picked up by the boys. Then the cake is laid on the table, cut, and eaten.¹

Purification.

On the fortieth day after the baby's birth the mother, escorted by the midwife, who carries the baby in her arms, betakes herself to church that she may receive the priest's blessing and be purified by special prayers (*για να σαραντίση*). From that day, and not until then, she is at liberty to attend divine service.² On their way home they call upon the sponsor and the nearest relatives. The mistress of each house takes an egg, sugar, or a sweet cake and, passing it over the child's face, bestows upon it the following benediction:

"Mayest thou live, my little one. Mayest thou grow old, with hoary hair and eyebrows. With (if a male) a hoary beard and moustache." (*Νὰ ζήσης, μικρό μου, νὰ γεράσης, νὰ γένης μ' ἄσπρα μαλλιά καὶ φρύδια, μ' ἄσπρα γένεια καὶ μουστάκια.*) And, having put a lump of sugar into its mouth, she hands the other gifts to the mother.

Superstitious observances connected with childbirth.

If a woman in an interesting condition suffers from an inordinate longing for some particular, and unobtainable, kind of food, her friends go out begging bread and other eatables from three different houses and make the sufferer partake of them. This operation is supposed to cure her.

When a mother loses child after child (*δὲ στρέγει παιδιά*), the proper course for her to pursue is to take her last-born and expose it in the street. A friend, by previous arrangement, picks up the child and clothes it. A few days after she returns it to the mother, and for three years it is clothed in strange

¹ For a beautiful sketch of the christening ceremony among the peasantry of Thessaly, nearly identical with the above description, see X. Χριστοβασιλη, *Τὰ Βαφτίσια* in 'Διηγήματα Θεσσαλικά,' Athens, 1900, pp. 39 foll.

² In Suffolk "a mother must not go outside her own house-door till she goes to be 'churched'." 'Superstitions about new-born children' in *The Book of Days*, vol. II. p. 39.

clothes, that is, clothes begged of relatives and friends. Sometimes, in addition to this ceremony, the child's right ear is adorned with a silver ring which must be worn through life.

At Liakkovikia the precautions are more elaborate still. The family sponsor being dismissed, the midwife takes the new-born infant and casts it outside the house-door. The first person who happens to pass by is obliged to act as sponsor. If, even after this measure, the children persist in dying, the mother is delivered of her next in a strange house, surrounded by all her kinswomen. As soon as the infant is born, the midwife puts it in a large handkerchief and carries it round the room, crying "A child for sale!" (*παιδὶ πουλῶ*). One of the women present buys it for a few silver pieces and returns it to the mother. Then forty women, who have been married only once (*πρωτοστέφανοι*), contribute a silver coin apiece, and out of these coins a hoop is made through which the child is passed. Afterwards this silver hoop is turned into some other ornament, which the child must always wear.¹

These queer customs agree with the practice once prevalent in Scotland. "If the children of a family were dying in infancy, one after the other, it was thought that, by changing the name, the evil would be counteracted. The new name was called a 'road name,' being that of the first person encountered on the road when going with the child to be baptized."² The custom is explained by Mr Campbell on the principle of the "luck" of the person met. But by comparing it with the Macedonian practice, it is possible to arrive at a different interpretation. The stranger's name, like the strange clothes, may well be intended to serve as a disguise calculated to deceive the beings, fairies, witches, or what not, to whose malevolent agency the evil is attributed. With regard to the name, it should be added that in Macedonia, as elsewhere, people avoid giving to a child the name of a brother or sister recently dead. So much is there in a name—when witches and fairies are about.

¹ Α. Δ. Γουσίου, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάργαιον Χώρα,' p. 75.

² J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 245.

Another superstition connected with birth is the following: women in a state of pregnancy do not weave or spin on the feast of St Symeon (Feb. 3, o.s.), lest the child should be born with a mark (σημαδιακό). This superstition, in its present form at all events, is due to a fanciful analogy between the saint's name (Συμεών) and the Greek for a "mark" (σημάδι), and belongs to a class of notions based on nothing more serious than mistaken etymology.

A woman whose first child has died is not allowed to follow a funeral.

As in England so in Macedonia a child born with a caul (τσίπα) is considered fortunate. Pieces of the caul are sewed up and worn by the father and the child round their necks.¹

The Evil Eye.

No superstition is more widely held than the belief in the harmful influence of the human eye. It is common among the Hindoos, the Hebrews, the Arabs, the Turks, and the Moors. We find the belief rife amongst the lower classes in Spain—especially in Andalusia—and we are also told that one of the crimes of which the Gitanas in that country were most commonly accused, and for which they suffered in olden times, was that of casting the evil eye, or, as they in their own peculiar dialect phrase it, "making sick" (querelar nasula).² Even in England those who know the West country are aware that to this day the belief amongst the rural population is not dead, but only dormant. Fear of ridicule generally compels the English farmer to conceal his deep-rooted conviction, but there come times when concealment is no longer possible, and then the latent superstition is revealed in all its ugliness.³

¹ Cp. G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, p. 331; J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. i. pp. 53 foll.

² G. Borrow, *The Zincali*, Part i. ch. viii.

³ The revelation is not unfrequently occasioned and accompanied by circumstances far from laughable, as will be seen from the following report of a case heard before the magistrates at Uxbridge in January, 1900.

"A man and his wife were charged by the National Society for the Prevention

The antiquity of the superstition is equal to its popularity. It can with certainty be traced back to the earliest traditions of the Hebrew race, recorded in the Talmud. The Greeks and the Romans must have borrowed—or independently originated—the belief at a very old date. There are several allusions in the classical writers, which show that both the fear of the evil eye and some of the means of averting it were identical with those in vogue at the present day. Homer, indeed, is silent on the subject. But so he is on the subjects of magic, purification, ancestor-worship and many other practices of dateless antiquity. These superstitions, avoided by Homer for some reason or other,¹ are mentioned by the authors of the other epics, known as the *Little Iliad*, the *Sack*, the *Cypria* and the rest.

In Macedonia the superstition in force and extent is second to none. Not only human beings, but also dumb creatures and inanimate objects, are liable to be blighted by the evil eye (τὸ μάτι). The curse is to be dreaded most when its object is in an exceptionally flourishing condition: a very healthy and good-looking child, a spirited horse, a blooming garden, or a new house, are all subject to its influence. Nor is the casting of the evil eye always an act of wilful wickedness. The most innocent and well-meant expression of admiration can bring about the undesired effect. For this reason people are anxious to avoid such expressions, or, when uttered, to counteract them.

One of the oldest and most prevalent methods for avoiding

of Cruelty to Children with causing the death of two of their children by wilful neglect. The unhappy mites had died amid the filthiest of surroundings, and three brothers and sisters who still survived were described as being in a starving condition. To this most serious charge the prisoners merely replied that they had had the misfortune some time ago to incur the wrath of a gypsy, and they and theirs had consequently been 'overlooked.' Since then nothing would prosper with them, and it was through the operation of the curse, and not for lack of proper nutriment, that the children had grown emaciated, and had finally died." *The Morning Post*, Jan. 19, 1900.

¹ Prof. Gilbert Murray (*History of Ancient Greek Literature*, p. 47) thinks that this silence has arisen "from some conventional repugnance, whether of race, or class, or tradition." In any case, we need not assume that Homer deliberately set himself the task of drawing a complete picture of contemporary Greek life for the benefit of posterity.

the effects of excessive admiration is that of spitting at the object which has evoked it. The shepherd in Theocritus, following the instruction of a wise old woman, spits thrice into his own lap in order to save himself from the consequences of self-admiration.¹ The proud city beauty does the same thing in order to shun the danger from the eye of the rustic admirer whom she scorns.²

The Romans entertained a similar notion concerning the evil eye and its cure.³

This is still the orthodox remedy for the evil eye among the Greeks of Macedonia and elsewhere. For instance, if one is moved to admiration at the sight of a pretty child, he hastens to avert the danger by spitting thrice in its face, and accompanies the action with words almost identical with those employed by the ancient writers referred to above—*Νά σε φτύσω νὰ μὴ βασκαθῆς!*

Also persons seized by a sudden fright spit thrice into their laps, just as the shepherd and the maid of Theocritus did. *Φτύσε 'ς τὸν κόρφο σου!* is a common expression often used ironically towards those who seem to think too much of their own beauty.⁴

Many and various are the safeguards recommended and used against the evil eye. But the commonest—perhaps because the cheapest—of all is garlic. A clove of that malodorous plant is stitched to the cap of the new-born infant, and a whole string of it is hung outside the newly-built house, or from the branches of a tree laden with fruit. The formula "garlic before your eyes!" (*σκόρδα 'ς τὰ μάτια σου*) is also very commonly used by the child's mother or nurse to the person

¹ *Idyl.* vi. 39.



² *Ib.* Incert. ii. 11.

³ See Pliny: *veniam a deis petimus spuendo in sinum*—xxviii. 4, 7; Tibullus: *Ter cane, ter dictis despuo carminibus*, Eleg. i. ii. 56; Juvenal: *conspuiturque sinus*, Sat. vii. 112. On its effect on sheep, cp. Virgil: *Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos*, Bucol. Ecl. iii. 103. On its general power, Horace: *Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam Limat* Epist. I. xiv. 37.

⁴ For examples of the vast number of evils that can be averted by means of saliva, see *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vii. pp. 16—19.

who ventures to fix his glance upon their charge without resorting to the traditional antidotes.¹

Other articles employed for the safety of babies are a small cross, especially one made of rhinoceros' horn (*μονόκερο*), an old gold coin with the effigy of the Emperor Constantine upon it (*Κωνσταντινάτο*), and a cock's spur (*κεντρί του πετεινού*). All these heterogeneous amulets are attached to the front of the baby's cap. But even then the child is not considered quite beyond the reach of witchery. Further precaution is taken in the form of a silver phylactery (*φυλαχτό*), containing cotton wool kept from the inauguration ceremony of a new church and, when possible, bits of the true cross, or, as it is termed, "the precious wood" (*τὸ τίμιο ξύλο*). This phylactery is slung under the child's arm.

With these preservatives resorted to by the mothers of Macedonia may be compared those employed elsewhere. The rhinoceros' horn, for example, reminds one of the stag's horn which in Spain is considered an excellent safeguard.² The phylacteries also bear a strong resemblance to the devices employed by the Jews and Moors of Barbary.³ The Jews of Turkey likewise carry about them bits of paper with "David's shield" (*magendavid*) drawn upon them. This is the Hexagram  regarded by them as a symbol of the Almighty and known to astrologers as the Macrocosm, while the Pentagram  is the mystic sign of man, or the Microcosm. The first of these figures is further embroidered on clothes and engraven on door-posts as a talisman against evil spirits and evil influences. The Pentagram is also in use among the Jews. The Turks have borrowed it from them, and it can be found drawn both in their charms (*haïmali*) and on the walls of their mosques. These places of worship are also commonly illuminated with

¹ Cp. Rennell Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, pp. 161 foll.

² "On that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder." G. Borrow, *The Zincali*, Part 1. ch. VIII.

³ *Ib.*

oil lamps hanging from a wooden frame in the form of the mystic design.¹

To return to the child. Sometimes even the armour described already is not deemed sufficiently strong to ward off the evil. When a child is taken suddenly ill, its indisposition is generally put down to the baneful influence of malignant eyes. If there is any doubt, it is either dispelled or confirmed by the following test. The rhinoceros' horn cross, or a sea-shell, is dropped into a bowl of water. If—as it usually happens—bubbles rise to the surface, that is taken as a certain proof that the child has been 'overlooked' (ματιάσθηκε). In that case, it is either sprinkled with that water, or is made to drink of it, and the rest is thrown out of the house. The child's face is then marked with the dipped cross (διασταυρώνουν τὸ παιδί). In some districts the water used for the experiment is what is called 'speechless or dumb,' that is, water drawn overnight in perfect silence.

The cause of the illness thus ascertained, there ensues the cure. Like the amulets, the cure also is of a miscellaneous nature. Generally speaking it can be described as an act of purification with fire and water. Sometimes it appears as a purely Pagan rite: saliva obtained from the person who is suspected of having overlooked the child unintentionally is mixed with water, and the patient is made to drink it.² Or a piece is torn from that person's dress and burnt, and the victim is fumigated with it. If the culprit cannot be identified, or if he refuses to undo the harm, the sufferer is taken to church, and the priest reads some prayers over it; for sorcery (βασκανία) is expressly recognized by the Greek Church as one of Satan's weapons, to be fought against by Christian

¹ The Greeks of Mytilene too were in older days in the habit of using such candelabra at weddings as a symbolic wish for the health and general well-being of the newly-married pair. Some interesting details about this custom are given in a quaint Greek history of the island 'Ἡ Λεσβός,' by Σ. Α. Ἀναγνώστου, Smyrna, 1850, p. 201. See also Coray Ἀτακτα, tom. iv. pp. 405 foll.

² An analogous practice was in vogue among the Roman old women: *Ecce avia...puerum...salivis expiat, urentis oculos inhibere perita.* Pers. Sat. II. 30 foll. Cp. Petr. 131.

means. Should religion also fail, a censer with frankincense in it is placed on the floor, and the child's father, holding it in his arms, jumps three times through the curling smoke.

A good guarantee against the evil eye and all witchery (τὰ μάγια) is afforded by a coat worn inside out.¹

Horses and mules are safeguarded by means of blue glass beads woven into their bridles and trappings, or into their manes and tails. The Turks supplement these preservatives by the addition of a wild boar's tusk or by a charm hung round the beast's neck.

Houses, besides the heads of garlic already mentioned, are sometimes protected, just as in England, by a horseshoe nailed over the door. This is said to "break the influence of the evil eye" (σπάνει τὸ μάτι). When the roof is placed over a house in the course of erection, the bricklayers plant on the top two Christmas trees each adorned with a cross, and they stretch a string from one to the other. Upon this string they hang kerchiefs, sashes, and other articles with which the owner of the house, the architect, and friendly neighbours are wont to present them. The Jews in Salonica fix a hand of wood with outstretched fingers high up in a corner of the house, and suspend from it a string of garlic or an old shoe.

Fields, vines, and orchards are protected by the bleached skulls of cattle, stuck on the top of stakes. These serve a double purpose, first to ward off evil and secondly to scare off crows. A similar custom prevails in some of the islands of the Aegean;² but it is not confined to the Greeks, who in all probability have inherited it from their forefathers.³ It is equally popular among the Bulgarians of Macedonia, who regard these ghastly scarecrows as bringers of prosperity.

¹ In England it used to be considered lucky to put on any article of dress, particularly stockings, inside out. But it should not be done on purpose. *The Book of Days*, vol. II, p. 321. Cp. *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. IV, p. 80; 141.

² W. H. D. Rouse, 'Folklore from the Southern Sporades' in *Folk-Lore*, June, 1899, p. 181.

³ Wachsmuth, *Das alte Griechenland im neuen*, p. 62, in Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. I, p. 383.

As has been observed, the evil eye is not always cast designedly, or with an evil purpose. It often is the effect of sincere, though ill-advised, admiration, which brings down upon its object the wrath of a jealous deity.¹ For a like reason the pious Macedonian forbears to use boastful expressions: "Utter not a big word" (μὴν λὲς μεγάλο λόγo) is a common saying which recalls the moralizing of the chorus of old men in the tragedy:

μεγάλοι δὲ λόγοι
μεγάλας πληγὰς τῶν ὑπεραύχων
ἀποτίσαντες
γῆρα τὸ φρονεῖν ἐδίδαξαν.²

"The boastful, having paid a high penalty for their haughty words, by suffering severe affliction, have learnt wisdom in their old age."

The Turks also express the same fear of uttering "big words" in their homely proverb:

"Eat a big mouthful, but speak not a big word."³

Akin to this is the ancient Roman superstition of the "evil tongue."⁴

Persons who, after having been weaned in their infancy, took to sucking again, are especially endowed with an evil eye, and are very chary of expressing enthusiasm, or, if they are betrayed into undue praise, they are careful to save the object by spitting and uttering the appropriate formula. There are, however, among them those who either from innate malignity, or prompted by a sense of humour, delight in a wanton exercise of their terrible power. I have heard of an ancient dame of Salonica who had the reputation of possessing an evil eye. Many of her achievements were whispered with becoming awe.

¹ Cp. the ideas of the old Greeks on the subject: τὸ θεῖον πᾶν ἐὼν φθορονόν, Hdt. i. 32, iii. 40; ὁ δὲ θεὸς...φθορονός...εὐρίσκεται ἑών, vii. 46, viii. 109; φιλέει γὰρ ὁ θεὸς τὰ ὑπερέχοντα πάντα κολοῦειν, vii. 10, etc.

² Soph. Ant. 1350 foll. Cp. Aesch. Prom. 329: γλώσση ματαία ζῆμα προστρίβεται.

³ Booyook lokma ye, booyook shay soileme, which the Greeks render literally: μεγάλη χαιψιὰ φάγε, μεγάλο λόγo μὴ λές.

⁴ See Virgil: ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro, Bucol. Ecl. vii. 28; Catullus: mala fascinare lingua, vii. 12.

One day, it was said, as she sat at her window, she saw a young man passing on horseback. He seemed to be so proud of himself and his mount that the old lady—who, like the Deity in Herodotus, “was fond of laying the exalted low,”—could not resist the temptation of humbling him. One dread glance from her eye and one short cry from her lips: “Oh, what a gallant cavalier!” brought both horse and horseman to their knees. On another occasion she noticed a servant carrying a pie from the oven in a tray poised on his head. The rosy colour and the seductive smell of the pie induced the redoubtable lady to express her admiration, and she did it in terms which brought about the immediate ruin of the pie.¹

¹ For a full and comprehensive “Account of this ancient and widespread superstition” the reader is referred to Mr F. T. Elworthy’s work on *The Evil Eye*, London, 1895.

CHAPTER XI.

MARRIAGE.

Preliminary steps.

According to the Macedonians the age at which people should marry is from fifteen to seventeen for women and from eighteen to twenty for men. The match seldom is the result of love, but, as in so many other countries, it is arranged between the parents on either side, with a keen eye to the material welfare of the contracting parties, rather than with any reference to their sentimental predilections. And can we wonder at the young Macedonian peasant's willingness to submit to the rulings of parental authority, when we reflect that the great Achilles himself—the “author of the battle-din” and the favoured of the Olympians—in refusing the hand of Agamemnon's daughter, contrasted her with the bride whom, “if the Gods spared him and he reached home safely,” his own father would choose for him?¹

Even in democratic Athens the young lady was allowed no voice in the matter. Hermione undoubtedly gives utterance to the prevailing notions of propriety when she declares:

“Of my wedding my own father will take care, and 't is not meet for me to decide in these matters.”²

Notwithstanding, however, this conventional rule, and the restrictions by which intercourse between the sexes is circumscribed, the lads and lasses of Macedonia manage to meet occasionally either at the village fountain, where the latter go for water, or at the public fairs and festivals (*πανηγύρια*) or at weddings and other social gatherings. The classic custom

¹ Hom. *Il.* ix. 394.

² Eur. *Andr.* 987.

of wooing a damsel by throwing an apple into her lap¹ still exists, though it is condemned by public opinion as improper, and is strongly resented by the maid's kinsfolk as an impertinence.

In many cases the nuptial negotiations are carried on through the medium of a 'match-maker' male or female (*προξενήτης* or *προξενήτρα*),² generally the latter. This matrimonial agent is in some parts sent by the youth's parents to the girl's; in others by the girl's parents to the youth's. Through this channel a preliminary 'agreement' (*συμφωνία*) is arrived at regarding the terms of the contract, namely, whether the maid is to be provided with a trousseau only (*προίκα*), or with a dowry in coin, kind, or landed property as well (*τράχωμα*).

Indeed, one regrets to have to record that too often the question of money, or money's worth, is the chief subject of these diplomatic negotiations. Even in Macedonia, where so much of primitive tradition and culture is still kept up, the times when princes wedded poor shepherd-maids—if such times ever were—have passed away. An imprudent match, however it may be applauded in the plot of a fairy tale, as an occurrence in real life cannot be too severely reprobated and deplored.

The bargain concluded, the match-maker is entrusted by the bride's parents with a ring and a richly brodered handkerchief, which she brings to the youth's home and exchanges for a ring sewed with red silk thread on a black silk handkerchief and a golden piece (*φλουρί*), as well as flowers and sweets for the bride, and suitable presents for the rest of the family. These mutual gifts are known as 'tokens' (*σημάδια*), and their exchange as 'word of troth' (*λόγος*), which on no account can be broken. The young people are henceforth regarded as practically, though not yet formally, 'bound together' (*συνδεμένοι*).³

¹ Theocr. *Id.* xi. 10.

² Cp. the *προμνήστρια* of the ancient Greeks and the *Svat* or *Svakha* of the modern Russians.

³ In some of the islands of the Aegean the betrothed are called *ἀρμωστής* and *ἀρμωστή*, 'united,' a word that goes back to the 2nd century A.D. W. H. D. Rouse, 'Folk-lore from the Southern Sporades' in *Folk-Lore*, June, 1899, p. 180 n.2.

The Macedonians have no objection to giving away their daughters to strangers. They naturally prefer natives of their own village,¹ but are not averse to sending their daughters "abroad" (ἔς τὰ ξένα), which often means only two or three miles off, or receiving daughters-in-law "from abroad" (ἀπὸ τ. ξ.). The strong stress laid upon the evils of expatriation in the wedding songs, to be noticed in the course of this sketch, is a pure matter of fiction—or rather of traditional convention; and the grievance is probably a mere survival of an old practice of exogamy long extinct. The same idea seems to underlie the complaints of Russian brides, who describe themselves as about to be carried into "far-off lands," when, perhaps, they are not going to leave their native village. These conventional complaints are by Russian folklorists explained as relics of the well-known clan system of olden times, according to which the members of the same community looked upon themselves as belonging to one family, and so neither marrying nor giving in marriage was possible within the limits of the clan. The girls had, therefore, to go away from home when they married, and, considering the relations between barbarous communities, a young bride might well regard herself as migrating into the land of potential foes to her own kith and kin.²

As a matter of fact, the state of things regarded by the Russian folklorist as belonging to the dead past is actually flourishing in certain parts of the Balkan Peninsula. The Mirdites, a Catholic clan of Northern Albania, to this day religiously refrain from intermarrying within their own tribe; but as a general rule they carry off wives from among their Mohammedan neighbours.³ Consequently a Mirdite wedding as

¹ The Macedonian peasant is too shrewd and too patriotic not to feel the force of the Hesiodic dictum:

τὴν δὲ μάλιστα γαμεῖν, ἥτις σέθεν ἐγγύθι ναίει. *W. and D.* 700.

"Marry thy neighbour." Indeed, he gives expression to the same idea in more forcibly figurative, though somewhat less elegant, language: Παπούτσι, παληοπάπουτσο καὶ νᾶναι πὸ τὸν τόπο μου: "I am content with a shoe, even an old shoe, so long as it is one made in my own native village."

² Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 308.

³ "Odysseus," *Turkey in Europe*, p. 397; Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. i. pp. 318, foll.

often as not is preceded by a series of funerals. For, although the Mohammedan maid may in some cases have no unconquerable aversion to being abducted, it frequently happens that her kinsmen consider it a point of honour to defend her in grim earnest. Besides, an Albanian lives in a perpetual feud. He loves a fight for its own sake; how much more ready he must therefore be to shed his blood—or that of his future son-in-law—in a cause wherein the honour of his clan is involved!

Among the Macedonians the capture of wives has long ceased to be an actual practice; but the memory thereof still survives in many of the symbolic customs connected with the marriage ceremony. Abductions, however, are not rare, and love sometimes triumphs over the barriers set up by use and wont.¹

Betrothal.

On the Sunday following the 'agreement,' takes place the formal betrothal (*ἡ ἀρραβώνα*). The engagement is sanctified by an elaborate ceremony (*Σταυρολογία*), to which are invited the married relatives of both sides (*συμπεθεροί*).

The youth's parents, preceded by the parish priest and followed by the friends who are to act as 'witnesses' (*μαρτύροι*), repair to the maid's house. On entering, they exchange with her parents and friends good wishes for the prosperity of the young pair. Then they take their seats on the low divan which runs round three sides of the room, and after a while the 'match-maker' rises, and in tones befittingly solemn announces the object of the gathering. Thereupon the priest and the parents on both sides draw near the icon-stand (*εἰκονοστάσι*), under which is placed a small table with the 'tokens' upon it. The priest in the presence of the 'witnesses'

¹ Among the Bulgarians of Macedonia the purchase of wives seems to survive in a modified form. At Petritz during the Feast of the Nativity of the God-mother (*Τὰ γενέθλια τῆς Θεοτόκου* Sept. 8 o.s. Popularly *τὸ παναγύρι τῆς Παναγίας*) I witnessed two transactions of this kind. In one case the bridegroom agreed to pay for the maid of his choice £T3; in the other he beat his prospective father-in-law down to £T2½. The average price of a Macedonian cow is, I believe, £T5.

proceeds to question the parents concerning the terms of the 'agreement,' and until the actual marriage he is held officially cognizant of the contract, as a representative of the higher ecclesiastical authorities.

This piece of business over, the religious part of the proceedings commences. After some prayers suitable to the occasion, the priest takes up the rings and hands the youth's to the maid's parents and *vice versa* (ἀλλάζει τὰ δαχτυλίδια). Then enters the bride and salutes the assembly by kissing every one's hand (χειροφίλημα), while they in their turn present her with a gift of one or two golden pieces each. She then offers them refreshments: jam (γλυκό), coffee, and wine or arrack (κέρασμα), and presents her future parents-in-law, as well as the match-maker, with a pair of woollen socks (σκουφούνια) knitted with her own hands. The usual wish to the bride is "Mayest thou enjoy the kerchief in good health" (Μὲ γειὰ κῆ τὸ μαντήλι).

The company then rise and repair to the bridegroom's house, where they are received by him on the door-step and have their hands kissed. Refreshments follow in the same way as before, and the guests while helping themselves wish the affianced pair all prosperity. The party then breaks up.

Meanwhile the bride receives the visits and congratulations of her maiden friends, who set up a dance, accompanied by songs of which the following are examples.

I. Τραγοῦδι τῆς ἀρραβώνας.

(from *Thasos*).

“Τρανταφυλλοῦδί μ’ κόκκινο, μῆλό μου μαραμένο,
Σάν σε φιλῶ μαραίνεσαι, σάν σε κρατῶ κλωνιέσαι.
Κορῆτσί μ’, ἄλλον ἀγαπᾷς, ἄλλον θέλεις νὰ πάρῃς.”
“Βρὲ δὲν πιστεύεις, ἄπιστε, καὶ δὲν πολυπιστεύεις,
Βάνε βίγλα ᾗ τὰ σπίτια μου, πόρταις καὶ παραθύρια,
Καὶ σύρε φέρε τοὺς γιατρούς, τοὺς καρδιοδιαλεχτάδες,
Νά μου διαλέξουν τῇ καρδιᾷ κῆ ὅλα τὰ φυλλοκάρδια,
Κῆ ἂν εὕρῃς ᾗ ἄλλον νειὸν φιλή κῆ ἂπ’ ἄλλον νειὸν ἀγάπη,
Σφάζε μ’, ἀφέντη μου, σφάζε μ’ ἀπάν’ ᾗ τὰ γόνατά σου,

Καὶ μάσε καὶ τὸ αἶμά μου ᾽ς ἓνα χρυσὸ μαντῆλι,
 Σύρ' το ᾽ς ἐννεὰ χωριά, σύρ' το ᾽ς δώδεκα καζάδες,
 Κῆ ἄν σε ρωτήσουν 'τί ᾽ν' αὐτό;,' 'τ'ς ἀγάπης μου τὸ αἶμα.'"
 Ἀγάπη θέλει φρόνησι θέλει ταπεινωσύνη,
 Θέλει καὶ μάτια χαμηλὰ νὰ σκύφτουν νὰ πηγαίνουν.

I. *Betrothal Song.*

"My blushing little rose, my bashful apple,
 When I kiss thee thou fadest, when I embrace thee thou tremblest.
 My dear maid, thou lovest another; 'tis another thou wishest to wed."
 "Friend, thou wilt not trust me. O unbelieving one, thou wilt put no
 faith in my words!
 Set a watch in my house, at both doors and windows,
 And go and fetch the doctors, and the searchers of hearts,
 That they may search my heart and all the petals of the heart,
 And if thou findest therein a kiss from another youth, for another
 youth love,
 Then slay me, my lord, slay me upon thy knees,
 And gather my blood in the folds of a gold-broidered kerchief,
 Take it to nine villages, take it to twelve districts,
 And when they question thee: 'What is this?' say: 'The blood of my
 beloved.'"
 Love needs prudence, love needs modesty,
 It also needs downcast eyes, eyes that are bent low in walking.

II. Ἕτερον (τοῦ χοροῦ).

(from *Nigrita*).¹

Αὐτὰ τὰ μάτια σ', Δῆμό μ', τᾶμορφα,
 Τὰ φρύδια σ' τὰ γραμμένα,
 —Σὲ κλαῖν τὰ μάτια μου.
 Αὐτά με κάνουν, Δῆμό μ', κῆ ἀρρωστώ,
 Μὲ κάνουν καὶ πεθαίνω.
 —Σὲ κλαῖν τὰ μάτια μου.
 Γιὰ βγάλε,² Δῆμό μ', τ' ἀργυρὸ σπαθί,
 Καὶ κόψεις μ' τὸ κεφάλι,
 —Σὲ κλαῖν τὰ μάτια μου.

¹ Another version of this song is to be found in Α. Δ. Γουσίου, 'Τὰ Τραγούδια τῆς Πατρίδος μου.' No. 107.

var. πάρε.

Καὶ μάσ' το, Δῆμό μ', καὶ τὸ αἷμά μου
 'Σ ἓνα χρυσὸ μαντήλι,
 —Σὲ κλαῖν τὰ μάτια μου.
 Καὶ σύρ' το, Δῆμό μ', 'ς τὰ ἐννεὰ χωριά,
 'Σ τὰ δέκα βιλαέτια,
 —Σὲ κλαῖν τὰ μάτια μου.
 Κῆ ἄν σε ρωτήσουν, Δῆμό μ', "τί 'ν' αὐτό;"
 "Τ'ς ἀγάπης μου τὸ αἷμα."
 —Σὲ κλαῖν τὰ μάτια μου.

II. Another (*Dancing Song*).¹

Refrain: My eyes are weeping for thee.

These fair eyes of thine, O my Demos,
 These pencilled eyebrows,
 'Tis these that make me, O my Demos, fall ill,
 That make me die.
 Come draw, O my Demos, thy silver-hilted sword,
 And cut off my head,
 And gather up, O my Demos, my blood
 In a gold-broidered kerchief,
 And take it, O my Demos, to the nine villages,
 To the ten Governments,
 And if they ask thee, O my Demos, "What is this?"
 Say "'Tis the blood of my beloved."

Next day 'trays' (*σινιά*) of sweets and cakes are exchanged between the two families twice: the first instalment being distributed among the various members of each family; the second destined for the affianced pair. These cakes are also accompanied with a number of gifts of a more lasting nature (*δαρός*).

A month later, upon a Sunday, takes place an official interchange of visits. The bride's parents invite their nearest relatives of both sexes and, accompanied by them, call upon the bridegroom. The latter, escorted by his friends, returns the call either on the same or on the following Sunday.

¹ The ring of dancers is led by the *πρωτόσυρτος* who sings out each verse, the chorus taking up the refrain (*μπαλαντή*).

The bridegroom is expected to send presents to his betrothed from time to time, and more especially at Christmas and Easter. These presents generally consist of articles of apparel, such as belts, shoes, silk handkerchiefs, caps and so forth. During Cheese-Week he sends sweet cakes, on Easter Eve a coloured candle and coloured eggs. The bride returns analogous presents, except the candle.

The path of courtship, rough and beset by obstacles as it is before the betrothal, is hardly made smother by that event. The bridegroom, ere he begins visiting his *fiancée*, must wait to be asked by her father to dinner. Nor is he, on these rare occasions, allowed a tête-à-tête with his future partner. As a rule their intercourse is limited to a hand-shake at meeting, when the maid kissing the young man's hand demurely bids him welcome (*καλῶς ὀρίσῃτε*), and then offers him refreshments, and to a similar salutation at parting—all this being done under the severe eyes of her parents. No other communication is allowed, though, of course, blood being thicker than water, the young people often contrive to enjoy a clandestine conversation, which is none the less sweet because forbidden. The difficulties and perils by which such an enterprise is attended are illustrated by the following anecdote which I heard at Nigrita.

A youth was very anxious to have a few minutes' chat with his betrothed, and on a misty morning waylaid her close to the fountain. The maid, the first surprise being over, was nothing loth to see her beloved, and, shielded as she was by the mist, she allowed him a modest embrace: they fancied themselves alone. At that critical moment, however, some jealous demon lifted the veil of vapour and exposed the hapless twain to the censorious eyes of a party of women, who had meanwhile arrived and, attracted by the sound of the lovers' whisperings, stood listening. The pair shame-faced took to flight; but it was long ere the tongues of the village grew weary of wagging at their expense.

The Wedding Preparations.

The marrying season among the Macedonian peasants is the end of October, about the time of the Feast of St. Demetrius (Oct. 26th o. s.). At that time of year the labours of the field are over, the vintage just concluded, and the villagers are in possession of the two essentials of merry-making: leisure and wine. The choice of time, as is seen, is dictated by purely practical considerations. Yet, it could hardly be expected that so important an event in a man's life should be entirely free from the influence of superstition, which on so many other occasions overrules expediency. We accordingly find that there are times and seasons, months and days, during which no one dare marry. No wedding, for instance, can take place in a leap-year. No wedding or even betrothal is celebrated, except on a waxing moon.¹ Monday (*Δευτέρα*) is a bad day, for a marriage solemnized on that day is apt to be 'repeated' (*δευτερώνει*). This is a belief evidently arising from the name of the day,² and it does not hold among non-Greek populations. On the contrary, among the Christian Albanians Monday is said to be the day for marriage, and most weddings in that province take place upon that day.³ Tuesday is also an unlucky day for marrying as for most other things. But of all days of the week the most fatal to conjugal felicity is Wednesday—an opinion very positively expressed by the popular saying:

"Όλα μας ανάποδα κή ό γάμος τή Τετράδη

"Everything is topsy-turvy with us: even our wedding was on a Wednesday."

Of months May is looked upon as particularly unsuitable for marriage. This prejudice against May is not confined to Macedonia, or indeed to the Greek race. It is shared by nearly

¹ The Orkney islanders likewise object to marrying on a waning moon, an instance of symbolism, based on association of ideas, which imagines a sympathy of growing and declining nature with the changes of the moon. See Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 130.

² Cp., however, *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 61.

³ "Odysseus," *Turkey in Europe*, p. 386.

all European nations. It is met with in England, Italy and France. In many French provinces one still hears the proverb: "May wedding, deadly wedding" (*Noces de Mai, noces de mort*). We also know that it existed in a very strong form in ancient Rome. Ovid tells us that both maidens and widows avoided lighting the bridal torch in that month, for fear lest it should soon be turned into a burial torch. The same poet supplies us with an explanation of the prevailing superstition. He attributes it to the occurrence in that month of the funeral rites of the *Lemuralia*.¹ If that explanation is correct, in the modern objection to May weddings we have an interesting survival, "a striking example how an idea, the meaning of which has perished for ages, may continue to exist simply because it has existed."²

The Macedonians, like the Jews, are fond of stretching out a festival to its utmost length, and a Macedonian wedding may be compared to a tedious fifteen-act play. It lasts for a whole fortnight, each day having its own duties and delights. It further resembles a Jewish wedding in its complex and allegorical character, as will soon appear.

I.

When the date for the marriage ceremony has been fixed, the bridegroom on the preceding Sunday sends to the bride a quantity of henna, and soon after he calls in person. He kisses the hands of his parents-in-law that are to be, and then without further ado proceeds to the point, which is a pure matter of business. If the bride, according to the 'agreement,' is to bring him a portion in money, he receives it there and then, or if the *τράχωμα* consists of land or real property he gets a written security for it.

¹ Nec viduae taedis eadem, nec virginis apta
Tempora. Quae nupsit, non diuturna fuit.
Hac quoque de causa, si te proverbia tangunt,
Mense malas Maio nubere volgus ait.

Ovid. *Fast.* v. 487.

² Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. pp. 70—71.

In the evening commence the festivities. The bridegroom's comrades assemble in his house, where they sing and make merry, while to the bride's house resort her maiden friends and amuse themselves in like manner. These maidens assist in the preparations throughout the week.

First of all, on the Monday they help the bride to dye her hair with the henna received from the bridegroom. They also dye their own hair with it. This act is accompanied by a special song:

Τραγοῦδι τῆς χαρᾶς.¹

(From Cavalla.)

"Οντας βάνουν τὴ νύφη κανά.

"Εὐχῆσου με, μανούλα μου, νὰ βάλω τῆςμπογιαῖς μου."

"Μὲ τὴν εὐχὴ μ', παιδάκι μου, νὰ ζῆστε, νὰ προκόψτε."

"Ἄν ζοῦσε κὴ ὁ πατέρας μου, σὰν τί χαρὰ θὰ ἦταν!

Ἄν ζοῦσαν καὶ τ' ἀδέρφια μου, σὰν τί χαρὰ θὰ ἦταν!

Ἄς εἶν' καλὰ ἡ μάνα μου, πάλι χαρὰ θὰ γένη!"

Wedding Song.

The dyeing of the bride's hair.

"Bless me, my dear mother, that I may apply the dye."

"You have my blessing, my dear child: May you both live and prosper."

"If my father was in life, Oh, what a Rejoicing would there be!

If my brothers were in life, Oh, what a Rejoicing would there be!

May my mother be well, still a Rejoicing there shall be!"²

Tuesday, being a day of ill-omen, is spent in idleness, except that the bride and her maids wash their hair. Wednesday witnesses the "folding up of the trousseau" (διπλώνουν τὴ προίκα). The 'Inviter' (καλέστρα) with a tinsel-covered

¹ Χαρά 'Rejoicing' is the name by which the wedding (γάμος) is very usually called. The 'Rejoicing Songs' (τραγοῦδια τῆς Χαρᾶς), however, as will be seen, often are of a very unjoyful character. For other songs of this class from Kephalaria see Bernhard Schmidt, *Hochzeitslieder* Nos. 40—43.

² It need not be supposed that her father and brothers are really dead. The Macedonians like to take their 'Rejoicings' sadly, or, may be, to enhance the pleasure by the contrast of pain—a trait of character which must constantly be borne in mind.

nosegay on her right temple goes round to the houses of friends and relatives and asks only married women to come in the afternoon to assist at this function. Most of the articles are deposited in brand-new and gaily painted chests, but others—especially those which are intended as presents for the kinsfolk and the best man (*καλητάτας*)—are exhibited. All this is done to the accompaniment of musical instruments.

II.

Thursday is the busiest day of all, and in some districts the preparations do not seriously begin till then. In such districts the second dyeing of the bride's hair takes place in the morning. In the afternoon both at the bridegroom's and the bride's house are gathered their respective female relatives and friends (*συμπεθέραις*) with the 'best woman' (*καλημάνα*) and prepare the bread necessary for the feast to follow (*πιάνουν τὸ πρωτόψωμο* or *τὰ προζύμια*, *παρδαλίζουν* or *ζυμώνουν*, whence they are called *ζυμώστραις*). Among other things, they make seven bridal cakes in the following manner:

Three maidens each take a sieve and sift a small quantity of flour. Then a maiden, whose parents are both alive, with three once-married women (*πρωτοστέφανοι*) knead the dough. Little children help them by pouring hot water into it: thus innocence lends a helping hand to purity: the cakes in the circumstances are bound to bring good luck to all concerned. In some parts, however, this task is performed by the bridegroom's own sister or, in default of a sister, by one of his cousins.

The married ladies referred to above put into the dough coins, with which the maidens afterwards buy buns and honey and eat them with much solemnity (*τρώγουμε τὸ μίξιο*). In some districts they mix with the dough a symbolic pair of hooks: eye and hook (*ἀρσενικὸ καὶ θηλυκό*, lit. 'male and female'), a ring, and a copper coin.

While this is doing the bystanders sing in chorus various songs, beginning with the following:

I. (*From Liakkovikia*.¹)

Μέγα μου Σταυρέ, μεγάλε "Αἰ Γεώργη,
Νὰ συμμάσουμε τὸ νειὸ ζευγάρι
Μὲ τὴ ζάχαρι καὶ μὲ τὸ μέλι.

"Great Holy Cross, and Great St. George,
Help us to unite together the young pair.
With sugar and with honey."

II. (*From Vassilika*.)

"Ὅλα τὰ πουλάκια ζυγά, ζυγά,
Κ' ἓνα χελιδόνι μοναχὸ
Περ'πατεῖ 'ς ταῖς δάφναις καὶ λαλεῖ,
Καὶ θλίβεται καὶ λέει.
"Πῶς νὰ περάσω τρεῖς θάλασσαις
Κὴ ἄλλαις τρεῖς 'ς τὴ μάνα μου νὰ πάω;"

All the little birds walk in pairs;
But one swallow lonely
Wanders among the laurel-trees singing,
And wailing and saying:
"Ah me, how shall I cross these three seas,
And three more, in order to arrive at my mother?"

III. (*From Nigrita*.)

'Απόψε ὥρα νά 'ν' καλή, Χριστὲ Εὐλογημένε,
Νὰ πιάσουμε τὸ νειὸ ψωμί, τ' ἀφράτο παξιμάδι,
Κ' ἡ κόρη ποῦ το ζύμωνε μὲ μάνα μὲ πατέρα,
Θὰ ζυμώσ' τὸ νειὸ προζύμι, νὰ φάῃ γαμπρὸς καὶ νύφη,
Καὶ τὸ ψύκι ὅλο.

May this evening be auspicious, O Blessed Christ,
To knead the new bread, the frothy biscuit.
The maid who kneads it has both mother and father,
She will make the new dough, that groom and bride may eat,
And all their kindred.

¹ A. Δ. Γουσίου 'Τὰ Τραγούδια τῆς Πατρίδος μου.' No. 37.

When the fermentation of the dough is completed (*ῥταν φτάσουν*) the *Kalimana* smears one of the cakes with honey, sprinkles it with sesame, and adorns it with almonds. This is the cake which will be used for the holy communion in the wedding ceremony. The other six, which are distributed among the relatives after the service, are prepared in like manner by the *Sympetherais*. In some districts two big ring-shaped cakes (*κολούρια*) are made, which the bride wears round her arms on her way to the bridegroom's house on the wedding-day. She then breaks one of them half-way to the house and the other at the entrance, and scatters the pieces among the crowd. These pieces are picked up and religiously preserved, for they are supposed to possess wondrous virtues for women in child-bed.

While these cakes are in the course of preparation, the bridegroom secretly sends to the bride's house a boy with a little flour. Her friends lure her to a corner and there sprinkle the flour over her (*τὴν ἀλευρώνουν*). The same trick is played upon any relatives of the bride who happen to call at the bridegroom's during the day and *vice versa*. This custom of "beflouring," which is now-a-days regarded as mere horseplay, may well have originated in the belief that flour keeps evil spirits off. We find that oatmeal is used in the Highlands of Scotland with an avowedly similar purpose.¹

In the evening one of the bride's maiden friends puts on a man's cap—thus symbolically representing the bridegroom—and dyes the bride's hair with henna, while the other maids stand round singing. They then take the bride by the hand and set up a dance. The following are some of the songs sung on this occasion.

¹ It was usual with people going on journeys after nightfall to take some with them; the pockets of boys were filled with it; old men sprinkled themselves with it when going on a night journey. J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, pp. 47 foll.

I. (From Zichna and Pravi.)

Μιὰ φορά 'ν' ἡ λεβεντιά,
 Μιὰ φορά 'ν' τὰ νειάτα.
 Μὲ ζούλεψαν ἢ ἔμορφαις κῆ ὅλα τὰ παλληκάρια,
 Μὲ ζούλεψε κ' ἡ μάνα μου καὶ θέλει νά με διώξη.
 Διῶξές με, μάνα μ', διῶξές με πολὺ μακρὰ 'ς τὰ ξένα,
 Νὰ κάνω ξέναις ἀδερφαῖς καὶ ξέναις παραμάναις,
 Ξέναις νὰ πλέν' τὰ ροῦχά μου, ξέναις καὶ τὰ καλὰ μου,
 Μάνα μου, τὰ λουλούδια μου καλὰ νά τα κυττάζης.
 'Ακόμα σήμερὰ 'μαι δῶ, αὔριο καὶ τὸ Σαββάτο,
 Τῇ Κυριακῇ σ' ἀφίνω γειὰ μὲ μῆλο ζαχαράτο.
 'Αφίνω γειὰ 'ς τὸν μαχαλᾶ καὶ γειὰ 'ς τὰ παλληκάρια,
 'Αφίνω καὶ 'ς τὴ μάνα μου τρία γυαλιὰ φαρμάκι.
 Τῶνα νὰ πίνῃ τὸ πρῶτ' καὶ τ' ἄλλ' τὸ μεσημέρι,
 Τῶνα τὸ βράδυ νὰ δειπνᾷ, νὰ πέφτῃ νὰ κοιμᾶται¹.

Youth comes but once²,
 We are young only once.
 The fair ones and all the brave lads are jealous of me.
 My own mother also envies me and seeks to turn me out.
 Turn me out, my mother, send me far away to foreign parts,
 That I may make sisters of strange women, and foster-mothers of
 foreigners,
 That foreign women may wash my linen, and my best clothes.
 O my mother, tend my dear plants well.
 'Tis but to-day, to-morrow, and on Saturday that I am here,
 On Sunday I bid thee farewell with a sugar-sweet apple³.
 I leave a 'farewell' to the village, 'a farewell' to the brave lads,
 And to my mother I leave three phials of poison:⁴
 One of which to drink at morn, the other at mid-day,
 The third on which to sup at eve, and lay her down and sleep.⁵

¹ A variant of the last four lines is given by Passow, No. 618.

² Ancient Greek poetry abounds in similar sentiments. Theognis even prefers death to loss of youth:

*"Αφρονες ἄνθρωποι καὶ νήπιοι, οὔτε θανόντας
 κλαίουσ', οὔδ' ἥβης ἄνθος ἀπολλύμενον.*

1069. Cp. 877.

³ When the bride leaves her home, her mother hands her an apple which she throws back over her shoulder "that she may leave sweet memories behind her" (ν' ἀφήσῃ γλύκα πίσω της).

⁴ Cp. Rennell Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, p. 93.

⁵ The poison is, of course, figurative of the mother's grief at missing her daughter every hour of the day.

II. (From Melenik.¹)

Ἀκόμα σήμερ' εἶμαι δῶ, Παρασκευή, Σαββάτο,
 Τῇ Κυριακῇ σ' ἀφίνου γειά, 'ς τὰ ἔρημα θὰ πάνου,
 Θὰ πάν' 'ς τ' ἀηδόνια τὰ πολλὰ καὶ 'ς τοὺς χοντροὺς τοὺς
 ἴσκιους,

Νὰ πέσω ν' ἀποκοιμηθῶ, νὰ πάρω ὥραν ὕπνο,
 Ν' ἀκούσ' τ' ἀηδόνια πῶς λαλοῦν καὶ τὰ πουλιὰ πῶς κλαί-
 γουν,

Πῶς καταριοῦνται τὸν ἀητὸ γιὰ τὰ μικρά τ'ς ἀρπάχνει.
 "Ἀητέ μ', νὰ φᾶς τὰ νύχια σου, τὰ νυχοπόδαρά σου,
 Ποῦ μ' ἔφαγες τὸ ταῖρί μου ἀπὸ τὴν ἀγκαλιά μου,
 Ποῦ τοῦχα καὶ τ' ἀγκάλιαζα καὶ το γλυκοφιλοῦσα."

Yet this day I am here, on Friday and Saturday.
 On Sunday I shall bid thee farewell, to the wilderness shall I go.
 I shall go to the flocks of nightingales and to the fat shadows,
 To lay me down and slumber, to snatch an hour's sleep,
 To listen to the nightingales' songs and to the birds' plaints:
 How they curse the eagle for their young ones which he carries off:
 "O eagle, mayst thou eat away thine own claws, thy claws and talons;
 For thou hast eaten my mate from between my arms,
 The mate whom I was wont to fondle and sweetly kiss."

While the kneading of the cakes is going on in the bride's house, the bridegroom, accompanied by his friends, calls on the best man and kneeling to him and kissing his hand invites him officially to his house. On the same evening a pie (πουγάτσα) is sent to the bride, and she breaks it herself as a symbol that she has finally and irrevocably accepted him as her lord and master. A great banquet (φιλιά²) at the bridegroom's brings the day's doings to a close.

In some districts all these ceremonies occur on the Friday, while Thursday is spent otherwise: the bride through the

¹ The above version is word for word as I heard it at Melenik. I picked up two more versions, one at Nevrokop and another at Nigrita. They both contain the bird's plaint to the eagle. For parallels to this idea, see Passow, Nos. 404—407. Another variant will be found in A. Δ. Γουσιόν, 'Τὰ Τραγοῦδια τῆς Πατριδος μου' No. 166.

² Lit. 'friendship' or 'affection.'

Καλέστρα invites her maiden friends, who, after having danced in her house to the strains of music, accompany her to a public bath where they all bathe¹, the expenses being defrayed by the bridegroom. Then they return to the bride's house and set up another dance. If there is to be a banquet in the evening, they stay, and after it a third dance ensues. Later on the bridegroom, who has also performed his ablutions with his friends and has feasted them, comes with them to the bride's, and lads and lasses dance together till morning. If there is no banquet they disperse early.

III.

Friday also is a busy day. In the morning a party of youths go forth "for the firewood" (*ἔς τὰ ξύλα*) which is to be used in the coming feast. This task is performed in true Homeric style:

With proper instruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.
First march the heavy mules securely slow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go.

Then

The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the slow mules the same rough road return.²

The return journey is accomplished with great pomp and circumstance. The procession is led by a horse into whose saddle is planted a high pole with a banner flying from it. An apple or orange is stuck on the top of the pole, and a red handkerchief is tied round it. As they draw near the village, they are met by a band of drums and pipes, which accompanies them home, and on the way a special song is sung.

In the afternoon takes place the "delivery of the trousseau" (*προικοπαράδοσι*). The priest, accompanied by some of the

¹ The custom of bathing before the marriage ceremony (*πρὸ γαμικῶν*) was religiously observed by the ancient Athenians, the water for this function being drawn from the sacred spring known in the time of Thucydides as Kallirhoe or Fair-fountain. (Thuc. ii. 15; Pollux iii. 3.)

² Pope's *Iliad* xxiii. 138 foll.

notables of the village (πρόκριτοι), calls at the bride's and makes up an inventory of the trousseau (κάμνουν τὸ προικοσύμφωνο). The bride's parents and herself affix their signatures, or their marks, to the document, and then the trousseau is "piled up" (στιβάζουν) in a conspicuous place, for the inspection and envy of the neighbours. Two hours before nightfall various female relatives are invited to come and "turn over the trousseau" (γυρίζουν τὴ προίκα), that is, to arrange and put it back into the boxes, throwing into them sugar-plums and wishing that it may be "sweet as sugar" (νᾶναι γλυκειὰ σὰν τὴ ζάχαρι).¹ An old woman is appointed to guard it till the next day, when the best man gives her a present, that she may allow it to be taken to the bridegroom's.

The arrangement of the trousseau is accompanied by this song:

Κόρη μ' τὶ σ' ἦρθε μήνυμα ἀπὸ τὴ πεθερά σου,
Κόρη μ' τὴ προίκα σ' ὄρθωνε καὶ τὸν δαρό σ' ἑκονόμα.
"Ἐγὼ τὴ προίκα μ' ὥρθωσα καὶ τὸν δαρό μ' ἑκονόμ'σα.
'Κόμα τὸ μαξιλάρι μου ὄργα θά το πληρώσω."²

My dear maid, a message has come to thee from thy mother-in-law:
My dear maid, arrange thy trousseau, and thy gifts prepare.
"I have arranged my trousseau and my gifts have I prepared.
My bridal pillow still remains; but I shall soon finish that too."

In the evening, soon after sunset, invitations to the wedding (καλέσματα) are issued by the two parties to their respective friends. This is done as follows: Two boys, one bearing a lantern and the other a flagon of wine (*boukila*), crowned with flowers, and a parcel of cloves wrapt up in paper, are sent round to deliver this message: "Take this clove, it is from So-and-so. Thou art asked to come to the 'Rejoicing.'" (Νὰ αὐτὸ τὸ γαρούφαλλο, εἶναι ἑπὶ τὸν τάδε. Εἰσαι καλεσμένος

¹ v. *supra* p. 109 n.

² πληρώνω in M. Gr. generally means 'to pay,' but in some parts of Macedonia it is used in the sense of 'finishing.' Hence occasionally arise amusing incidents:

Customer: Let me have some wine.

Tavern keeper: πλήρωσε ('it is finished'—none left; but also) 'pay!'

Customer: How can you ask me to pay, before giving me the wine?

νᾶρθης 's τῇ Χαρά.) The person thus invited drinks from the flagon, accepts the clove, which is kept, and wishes "long life" to the betrothed pair.

IV.

On Saturday the dowry is taken to the bridegroom's. His young friends, mounted on their steeds, ride to his house where they alight, drink toasts, and set up a dance. Meantime two of them gallop ostentatiously through the village on two of the horses which are to carry the dowry. Then they return to the bridegroom's in order to join their comrades, and the whole cavalcade proceeds to the bride's, with presents from the bridegroom to her parents and relatives. Having presented these gifts, drunk, and danced, they load the horses with the trousseau, placing a little boy on each horse. The bridal pillow is carried by a boy on foot. He runs ahead, before the procession has started, and delivers it to the bridegroom, from whom he receives a remuneration. When the trousseau has arrived, it is piled up in the courtyard and the bridegroom's mother throws sugar-plums upon it from the window. Then refreshments are served to the carriers, and singing and dancing round the pile follow.

A barber is subsequently called in, and he shaves the bridegroom, surrounded by his friends, with great solemnity. I regret that I was not able to obtain a specimen of the songs sung on this occasion.

On the same day the bridegroom sends to the bride the flowers, threads of gold (τέλεια or τραῖς), veil (σκέπη), fur-lined jacket (κρουσέλλα), and cap which she is to wear on the wedding day—in a word the whole bridal outfit. These presents are called *κανίσια*. In some districts they are known as *πόθεις*.

In the evening the bridegroom sends to the bride a dinner (ὁ δεῖπνος), consisting of three or four courses, and a cake (κλίκι). The bride in the meantime is kept secluded in a room with the bridesmaids, who on hearing that the dinner has arrived close the door, crying from within "Not unless you pay five (piastres) and a cake" (Μὲ τὰ πέντε καὶ τὸ

κλίκι). The cake-bearer, one of the bridegroom's nearest kinswomen, pays a sum of money to the bridesmaids and is admitted into the room. The bride receives the cake standing in a corner and breaks it upon her knee into two pieces. During this performance, the male gift-bearers pass into the room and partake of refreshments, while the train of youths who accompanied them set up a dance in the courtyard outside. In this dance joins the bride escorted by her brother, or nearest male relative, her head covered with a gorgeous silk kerchief. After three turns of the slow and sedate *syrto* she retires, and the guests depart. On their way back they are met by the bridegroom, and they all together, with the band playing in front, go and take the best man to the bridegroom's house, where they sit down to a banquet.

A dance follows and lasts till early dawn (*βαθειαῖς χαρααῖς*), when the youths, with the band, escort the best man home and afterwards wander about the streets serenading (*πατινάδα*).

A similar 'family feast' (*συγγενικὴ*) takes place at the bride's. The guests in both cases are invited by special 'inviters,' termed 'bystanders' (*παραστόλια* or *παραστεκάμενοι*), who accompany the invitation to the banquet with a cake and a bottle of wine or arrack.

When the guests are assembled they are greeted by the host in these words:

Φίλοι μ', καλῶς ὠρίσατε, φίλοι μ' κὴ ἀγαπημένοι,
 Νὰ φᾶμε τὰ σαράντ' ἄρνια, τὰ δεκοχτὼ κριάρια,
 Νὰ πιοῦμε τὸ γλυκὸ κρασί, τὸ μοσχομυρισμένο.

"My friends, my dearly beloved friends, welcome
 To feast on forty sheep and eighteen rams,
 To drink sweet wine, wine scented with musk."

To which they answer in chorus:

Ἡμεῖς ἐδῶ δὲν ἤρθαμε νὰ φᾶμε καὶ νὰ πιοῦμε,
 Ἡμεῖς σας ἀγαπούσαμε κ' ἤρθαμε νὰ σας διοῦμε.

"We have not come here to eat and drink,
 We have come to see you because of our love for you."

The entertainment is further enlivened by special songs called 'Table-Songs' (*τραπεζικά*) of which the following is a fair example :

Γιὰ διῆς τραπέζια ἀργυρᾶ, σινιὰ μαλαματένια,
 Τριγύρω γύρω ἄρχοντες, 'ς τῇ μέσῃ ὁ Δεσπότης.
 Σὰν εὐλογοῦσε κ' ἔλεγε, σὰν εὐλογᾷ καὶ λέγει:
 "Ὅσ' αὐτὰ τὰ σπίτια ποῦρθαμε πέτρα νὰ μὴ ραγίσῃ,
 Κῆ ὁ νοικοκύρης τοῦ σπιτιοῦ πολλὰ χρόνια νὰ ζήσῃ."¹

Behold tables of silver, trays of gold:

Round about are sitting lords; in the midst the Bishop.

He uttered a benediction; in his blessing he said:

"Of the dwelling wherein we are gathered may not a stone ever crack,
 And the lord of the house, may he live many a year!"

The burden of these banquets is not entirely borne by the bride's and bridegroom's parents. The guests contribute their quota, which consists of 'slaughtered lambs' (*σφαχτά*) and presents such as cooking utensils, lamps, and the like. To each article is affixed a wish, signed with the sender's name, e.g. "May they live to grow old, and may God bestow upon them the wealth of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob" (*Νὰ ζήσουν, νὰ γηράσουν κῆ ὁ θεὸς νὰ τοὺς χαρίξῃ τοῦ Ἀβραάμ, Ἰσαὰκ καὶ Ἰακώβ τὰ ἀγαθὰ*). These gifts are handed over to a specially appointed steward (*κελλαρτζῆς* or cellar-man).

The Wedding Procession.

At last the day of days has dawned. Early on Sunday morning the bride rises and helps to tidy up the home of her maidenhood for the last time. Then she sets about her own toilet. Her hair is combed and braided by her sisters and bridesmaids. Her relatives, who assist at the performance, shower upon her silver pieces, which are picked up by the maids and preserved as lucky. She is then dressed in the bridal attire sent by the bridegroom on the previous day. Her head is adorned with gold threads reaching to the knees and her face is covered with a long pink veil. One of her brothers

¹ From A. Δ. Γουσίον, 'Τὰ Τραγούδια τῆς Πατρίδος μου,' No. 31.

binds a belt round her waist with three knots. When fully arrayed, she kisses the hands of all present and with downcast eyes demurely steps across the room and takes up her station in a corner, specially decorated with a fine carpet and plants of the season, chiefly ivy, which is an emblem of perennial youth and freshness. This spot is called "The bride's corner" (*νυφοστόλι*).

The bridesmaids then proceed to place on her head a wreath of artificial flowers, singing the while the following song:

"Νυφούδά μ', τί μας μάνισες καὶ πλειὰ δέ' μας σμπου-
ρίζεις,¹
Καὶ δέ' γυρίζεις νά μας διῆς μηδὲ νά μας μιλήσης;"
"Πῶς νὰ γυρίσω νά σας διῶ καὶ πῶς νά σας μιλήσω;
Μὲ ράψανε τὰ μάτια μου μ' ἐννεὰ λογιού μετάξι."

"Dear little bride, wherefore art thou angry with us and wilt no longer speak to us?

Wherefore dost thou not turn to look at us, nor talk with us?"

"How can I turn to look at you, how can I talk with you?

My eyes are stitched with silk of nine sorts."²

The bride in return for these attentions presents each of the maids with a crape kerchief (*σαμί*) as a symbol of a speedy entrance into the married state.

The bridegroom sends presents to her father, mother, sisters and brothers, while she has ready a basketful of gifts for his people. These mutual donations consist of articles of dress, such as skirts, sashes, silk aprons, slippers, lace collars and the like.

While the performance described above is enacted in the young lady's house, the bridegroom also is donning his festive attire with his friends' assistance. In some districts it is the custom for the groom, as he is being decked out, to stand upon the nether stone of a handmill—the appliance used by the

¹ A Bulgarian synonym of the Greek *ὁμιλῶ* (l. 2) 'to converse.'

² The song alludes to the bride's stiff and silent attitude prescribed by convention.

peasants for grinding grits (πληγοῦρι).¹ When thoroughly equipped he kisses his parents' hands, and they give him their blessing. Then he sets out with the priest and the assembled guests in procession, headed by a band. On the way he picks up the best man who, accompanied by the 'best woman' (his wife or mother or sister), joins the train, carrying in his hands a flask of wine, decorated with flowers, and a cake, while the 'best woman' bears a basket covered over with a silk handkerchief and containing the wedding wreaths (τὰ στέφανα), a piece of stuff for a gown, and sugar-plums. Thus escorted the bridegroom proceeds to the bride's abode. The following song is sung on the way:

(From Eleutheroupolis.²)

Ἐμπῆκα 'σὲ περιβόλι 'σὲ βασιλικό,
 Βρίσκω κόρη ποῦ κοιμοῦνταν μόν' καὶ μοναχή.
 Ἔσκυψα νὰ τη φιλήσω, δέ' με δέχτηκε,
 Μεταδευτερώνω πάλι, χαμογέλασε,
 Τρέσκασε τὸ κόκ'νο χεῖλι καὶ με μίλησε.
 "Ποῦσαν, ξένε μ', τὸ χειμῶνα ὄντ' ἀρρώστησα,
 Κ' ἦρτες τώρα καλοκαῖρι ποῦ ξαρρώστησα;"
 "Ξένος ἤμουν ἢ καϋμένος, ξένα δούλευα.
 Σ' ἔστειλα γυαλὶ καὶ χτένι καὶ καραμπογιά,
 Γιὰ νὰ βάψῃς τὰ μαλλιάκιά σ', τὰ ξανθὰ μαλλιὰ."

I entered into a royal garden
 And there I found a maid sleeping all by herself.
 I stooped to kiss her; but she spurned me.
 I tried again, and she smiled.
 She opened her rosy lips and spoke to me:
 "Where wert thou, O stranger, during the winter when I was ill,

¹ In Molivo, a village of Lesbos, it was once the custom for the bridegroom to stand on a large copper tray—a custom in which a Greek writer sees a reminiscence of the Byzantine Coronation ceremony, in which the new Emperor stood on a shield. Σ. Α. Ἀναγνώστου, 'Λεσβιάς,' p. 195. This theory, though somewhat far-fetched at first sight, tallies well with the phraseology of the wedding rites and songs (e.g. στεφάνωμα, ἄρχοντες etc.) as well as with the regal pomp which pervades the ceremony.

² A small town on the coast, a little to the west of Cavalla.

And thou comest now in the summer when I am recovered?"

"Alas! I was a wanderer, I was working in foreign parts,
I sent thee a mirror and a comb and dye,
Wherewith to colour thy dear tresses, thy golden locks."

By this time the *cortège* has reached its destination. In some districts there takes place a sham fight between the bridegroom's and the bride's friends. In most places, however, the capture of the bride has dwindled to a mere shadow. The bridesmaids shut the door in the bridegroom's face and will not open it until he has offered them presents. In certain parts the bridegroom's friends are compelled to dance and sing to the maids, otherwise the latter refuse to deliver the bride.

Another trait of the ceremony deserving some notice is the rule according to which the bridegroom on nearing the bride's house, must throw an apple or a pomegranate over the roof. On the meaning of this we shall have occasion to comment at a later stage of the proceedings.

When the bridegroom has gained admittance, he draws near the bride, and accepts a glass of wine from the hands of her sister, who afterwards ties a fine handkerchief round his neck and slaps him in the face. At the same time the bride is tying another handkerchief with three knots round the best man's neck.

These tyings may be a relic of the capture custom; but it is more likely that the knots are meant as a device against sorcery. For the same reason among the Russians a net "from its affluence of knots" is sometimes flung over the bride or the bridegroom, and his companions are girt with pieces of net "or at least with tight-drawn girdles, for before a wizard can begin to injure them he must undo all the knots in the net, or take off the girdles."¹

The magic significance of the girdle is not unknown to the Macedonian peasants. In a popular song a love-lorn prince Meets on the way two witches, mother and daughter.
The daughter wist his woe and thus to her mother spoke:
'Seest thou, mother mine, this youth so worn with care?

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 390. Cp. G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, p. 344.

He loves a maiden fair, but she loves him not.
 The mother then addressed the prince and thus to him she spoke:
 'What wilt thou give me, my son, that I may make her consent?'
 'If silver thou desirest take it, or take pearls.'
 'Neither silver do I desire nor even pearls,
 Only the girdle which thou wearest, that thou must give me.'
 He unfastens his girdle and gives it to the witch.¹

The influence of knots and girdles over matters matrimonial is not to be denied or disputed. But a knot is a symbol that cuts both ways. In the above instances it is the 'tying' of one that safeguards the newly-married pair against sorcery. The belief in the 'loosening' efficacy of a knot or a girdle is equally popular.²

The two parties then form one procession and set forth on their way to the church.

The bride on leaving her 'corner' makes the sign of the cross; when she has reached the threshold of the room, she bows three times to the ground—a solemn farewell,—upsets a glass of wine with her right foot and moves out of the house with feigned reluctance, supported on either side by her maids or by her brothers, or, in some districts, by the best man and the best woman who, being of the enemy's camp, thus keep up the semblance of carrying her off as a captive. So the procession moves on, the bride walking slowly with downcast eyes (*καμαρώνει*) and stopping to kiss the hands of her elders on the way. The bridegroom and his *cortège* lead the van with the band at the head, and the bride's party brings up the rear. In some districts this party includes a person carrying a gigantic spit with a lamb on his shoulder. Through the din of fire-arms, with which the procession is greeted by the bystanders, may be heard the voices of the bridesmaids singing:

¹ For the original see A. Δ. Γουστόν, 'Τὰ Τραγούδια τῆς Πατρὶδος μου,' No. 35.

² J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. i. pp. 394 foll. The sorcery dreaded by Greek married couples usually takes the form of rendering the husband incapable of fulfilling his conjugal mission. This is technically called "binding." The process by which he is freed from the fetters of witchcraft is termed "loosing." Prescriptions for the latter ceremony will be given in the sequel of this work.

*The Faithful Wife.*¹ (From *Shatista*.)

The dawn has risen and the Pleiades have set.
 The nightingales repair to their pastures and the fair ones to the fountain.
 I take my black steed and go to give him to drink.
 I meet one maid, I meet two, I meet three and five.
 I find a young woman washing her husband's handkerchief.
 I beg her for water to give my black steed to drink.
 Forty cups she gave me; but in the eyes I could not look her,
 But after the fortieth I looked and saw them tearful.
 "What ails thee, my dear girl, wherefore dost thou shed black tears?"
 "I have a husband who is in foreign parts, a husband who is abroad.
 I have waited for him twelve years, I will wait three more,
 And after the three years a nun will I become,
 I will array myself in black, to the convent will I go."
 "I, my dear girl, am thy husband, I am thy beloved."
 "If thou truly art my husband, if thou truly art my beloved,
 Show tokens of my body, tokens of my home."
 "There is a mole between thy breasts, a vine in thy court-yard."

In some parts of Macedonia it is the custom for the bride and the groom to go to the church on horseback. As the distance seldom justifies the habit, that may be taken as another reminiscence of times when the bride was carried off by force on her abductor's steed. In other parts again, especially among the Wallachs, a pole with an apple on top and a white kerchief streaming from it (*φλάμπουρο*) is carried by a kilted youth in front of the wedding procession.²

¹ This is one of the most wide-spread songs in Modern Greek folklore. I myself collected no fewer than six different versions in different parts of Macedonia. There is another in the 'Τραγούδια τοῦ Ὀλύμπου,' by A. K. Οἰκονομίδης, p. 132; also one from Zakynthos in Bernhard Schmidt's *Liebeslieder*, No. 57 (see also references there), and six more in Passow, Nos. 441-6. They all agree on the main incident, though they vary widely in the setting, and equally in diction. The above I have selected not as the best, but as being the shortest of my MSS.

² This custom is also common among the Gipsies of Spain. "First of all marched a villainous jockey-looking fellow, holding in his hands, uplifted, a long pole, at the top of which fluttered in the morning air a snow-white cambric handkerchief, emblem of the bride's purity." George Borrow, *The Zingali*, Part II. Ch. vii.

When the procession is within sight of the church the following song is sung—a kind of triumphal paeon reminding the bride that her resistance was in vain :

The Boastful Partridge.¹ (From Kiup-Kioi.)

Μιὰ πέρδικα παινέθηκε τουφέκι δὲ' φοβᾶται.
 Σὰν τ' ἄκουσε κὴ ὁ κυνηγὸς πολὺ τον βαρυφάνη.
 Στήνει τὰ βρόχια 'ς τὰ βουνά, τὰ 'ξόβεργα 'ς τοὺς κάμπους,
 Πιάνουν τὰ βρόχια πέρδικαις, τὰ 'ξόβεργα τρυγώνης,
 Καὶ τοῦτα τὰ μεταξωτὰ πιάνουν τῆς μαυρομμάτης.

A partridge boasted that she feared not the gun.
 When the fowler heard that, he was exceedingly offended.
 He spreads his nets over the hills, the lime-twigs on the plains.
 The nets catch partridges, and the lime-twigs turtle-doves,
 And these silken toils catch the black-eyed maids.

In the Church and After.

At the entrance of the church the bride halts and bows thrice. Then the procession enters and marches up the nave.

In front of the pair is set a table with the bridal cake and a cup of wine upon it, from which the priest prepares the holy communion, and administers it to the pair.

The best man, or his wife, exchanges the wreaths (*ἀλλάζουν τὰ στέφανα*) which in some places are woven by the bridesmaids out of vine twigs, currants, and cotton-seed. In other—less primitive—districts they are made of artificial flowers and are provided by the best man, or lastly they are silver garlands belonging to the church.²

While performing this task the best man throws over the bride's shoulders the stuff brought in the basket.

When the 'crowning' is over, the bride pins bunches of a yellow mountain flower (*χαντρολούλουδο*, lit. 'bead blossom')

¹ Cp. Passow, Nos. 493, 494.

² The 'crowning ceremony' (*στεφάνωμα*) has been borrowed by the Russians who, just as the Greeks, use the word "coronation" (*vyenchanie*) as a synonym for a wedding.

on the guests' coats. The parents and all the guests in turn embrace the newly-married couple, kissing them on the forehead and wishing them 'unbroken felicity' (στερεώμένα). In some districts these wishes take a quaint turn: "May you live, may you grow white and old" (Νὰ ζῆστε, ν' ἀσπρίστε, νὰ γηράστε), each wish being accompanied with a jump. In the villages near Mount Olympus to the above expressions is added "—like Olympus, like Kissavos" (σὰν τὸν Ἑλυμπο σὰν τὸν Κίσσαβο).

A bronze ewer (γκιοῦμι) and basin (λαγῆνι or ληγένι), which form part of the bride's dowry, are then produced. The bridegroom holds the basin, and the bride the ewer, and they both help the best man and the best woman to wash their hands—a service which is requited with money thrown into the basin.

The bridegroom then takes the bride by the arm, and they march slowly and decorously homeward. The crowd which lines the streets offers them loud congratulations. On approaching the house the bridesmaids burst into song:

I. (From Thasos.)

Γιὰ ξέβγα, μάνα τοῦ γαμπροῦ καὶ πεθερὰ τῆς νύφης,
Νὰ διῆς τὸ γυιό σ' σταυραετὸ τῇ πέρδικα ποῦ φέρνει.
'Απὸ φλουρὶ δὲ φαίνεται κῆ ἀπὸ μαργαριτάρη,
Κῆ ἀπὸ γαλάζιο καμπουχὰ δὲν ἔχει νὰ λυγίσῃ.¹
Γαμπρὲ ἀξιώτατε,² νὰ ζήσης νὰ γηράσης,

¹ Var. Κῆ ἀπὸ γαλάζιο καμπουφέ ποῦ λάμπει σὰν τὸν ἥλιο.

"For velvet blue which shines like the sun."

In some versions two more lines are given :

Θά σε χωρίσ' ἀπὸ τὸν γυιό σ', ἀπὸ τὸν ἀγαπημένο σ',
Αὐτὸς μάνα δέ' σ' ἔχει πλειά, καὶ σὺ γυιὸν δέ' τον ἔχεις.

(Α. Δ. Γουσίον, 'Τὰ Τραγούδια τῆς Πατρίδος μου,' No. 40.)

"She will sever thee from thy son, thy beloved one:

He no longer calls thee mother, nor dost thou call him son!"

² Cp. the classical mode of addressing the bridegroom (προσφώνημα) in epithalamian songs: "Ὀλβιε γαμβρέ, τίμιε γ. etc. Sapph. 50, 56; Theocr. *Id.* xviii. 16, etc. The modern epithets ἄξιος, ἀξιότατος etc., which are also applied to the sponsor at a baptism and to the best man at a wedding (see below Toasts II. p. 180), seem to be survivals of the Coronation ceremony of the

Τὴ νύφη ποῦ σε δώκαμε καλὰ νά τη κυττάξης,
 Καλὰ νά τη στολίζεσαι γιατί δὲν ἔχ' μητέρα.
 Γαμπρὸς εἶναι βασιλικὸς κ' ἡ νύφη μας κανέλλα,
 Γαμπρὸς εἶναι βασιλικὸς κ' ἡ νύφη μαντζουράνα.
 Κουμπάρος ποῦ στεφάνωσε εἶναι χρυσὴ λαμπάδα.
 Σήκωσ', νύφη μ', τὸ χέρι σου καὶ κάνε τὸ σταυρό σου,
 Καὶ περικάλει τὸ θεό, νὰ ζῇ τὸ στέφανό σου.

Come forth, O mother of the groom and the bride's mother-in-law,
 To see thy young eagle what a partridge he is bringing home!
 She cannot be seen for gold and pearls,
 She cannot bend for brocade of gold.¹
 Most worthy bridegroom, mayest thou live to a great age,
 The wife we have given thee, be very attentive to her,
 Watch tenderly over her for she has no mother.
 The bridegroom is basil and our bride cinnamon,
 The bridegroom is basil and the bride sweet marjoram.
 The best man who held the crowns is a taper of gold.
 Lift, dear bride, thy hand and make the sign of the cross,
 And pray unto God that thy partner may live long!

II. (*From Nigrita.*)

The bride's mother sings:

Μὰρ κυράτσα συμπεθέρα, τί κακό σε πῆκα γώ,
 Κ' ἔστειλες τὸ σταυραηγτό σου,
 Καί με πῆρε τὸ πουλί μου,
 Καὶ ξανόστην' ἡ αὐλή μου;

Byzantine Emperors. There we find the epithet "Ἀξιος used in the acclamations of the people. It is still used by the Greeks at the Consecration of Bishops, who in many respects may be considered as representing in Turkey the old secular heads of the Greek nation, and are popularly called by the royal title of *Despots* (Δεσπότης). When the congregation greet a Bishop with the cry 'Ἀνάξιος, it is time for the unpopular pastor to seek a new flock and pastures fresh.

¹ These expressions are not always to be taken as empty hyperboles. They often represent reality. But as every peasant cannot afford to deck out his daughter in brocade of gold and pearls, these gorgeous articles as well as the bridal coronal and girdle are the property of the parish, temporarily used on the payment of a fee. So that even the humblest maid can boast of having appeared for once in her life in robes fit for a queen.

O thou fellow-mother-in-law, what harm have I done to thee,
That thou shouldst send thine eagle
To snatch away my dear bird
And to rob my courtyard of its beauty?

III. (*From Liakkovikia*.¹)

Τώρα τοῦ γαμπροῦ ἡ μάνα περφανεύεται καὶ λέει·
Περφανεύεται καὶ λέει· Γώ 'χω γυιὸν κὴ ἄλλος δὲν ἔχει,
Γώ 'χω γυιὸν κὴ ἄλλος δὲν ἔχει, γώ 'χω καὶ μιὰ θυγατέρα
Γώ 'χω καὶ μιὰ θυγατέρα, δέντρο ἔχω 'ς τὴν αὐλή μου,
Δέντρο ἔχω 'ς τὴν αὐλή μου, κυπαρίσσι 'ς τὴ γωνιά μου.
Πράσινα κάνει τὰ φύλλα, νερογάλαζα λουλούδια.

Now the groom's mother swells with pride and says:
I have a son and none else beside me (*bis*).
I have also a daughter (*bis*),
A tree in my courtyard (*bis*),
A cypress in my home.²
It brings forth green leaves and sea-blue blossoms.

The bride on reaching the bridegroom's house bows three times low, makes the sign of the cross with butter upon the door-post, and then steps over the threshold, right foot foremost.³

On entering her new home the bride sets her right foot upon a ploughshare purposely placed inside the door. This is obviously an emblem of plenty, but it may also have a deeper meaning, steel in any shape or form being a notorious preservative against evil spirits.

In some parts of Macedonia she breaks upon her own head one of the honey cakes and scatters the pieces over her shoulder into the yard. In places where two ring-shaped cakes are used instead, she throws the pieces of one up the stairs and those of

¹ A. Δ. Γουσίου, 'Τὰ Τραγούδια τῆς Πατρίδος μου,' No. 41.

² Lit. 'my corner.' The corner by the hearth is considered as the most important part of the house, with which it is identified and for which it is often used as a synonym. On the sacredness attaching to the 'upper corner' in the Russian folk household see Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 135.

³ This observance has given rise to a proverb "'Throw out thy right foot, my bride,' 'As though I meant to stay for good!'" ('Ρίξε, νύφη μ', τὸ δεξι. Σὰν νάχω σκοπὸ νὰ κάτσω πολὺ!).

the other into the yard. Sometimes these cakes are given to her on leaving her father's roof. In that case she breaks one on the way, and the other on entering her husband's house. The pieces of the cake are picked up and kept by the bystanders for a reason already stated.

At the foot of the staircase a ewer is handed to the bride, and she pours some water on the steps as she mounts them, or a jug full of water is placed in her way, and she upsets it with her foot.

The bridegroom's mother and the bride's father, who are not present at the wedding,¹ stand the while upon the landing and throw upon the couple, as they ascend, sugar-plums, rice, cotton-seed, barley, chick-peas, and coins which are scrambled for by the urchins.² In like manner among the ancient Greeks and Romans a bride on entering her new home, and thus passing from the *patria potestas*, was welcomed with showers of nuts, figs, sugar-plums, and the like, a custom closely associated with the idea of a bargain, as is shown by the fact that even newly-bought slaves were treated to similar showers.³ The custom survives among us in the rice with which the bride is saluted.

When the pair have reached the topmost step, a woollen blanket is spread on the floor with a pomegranate beneath. The bride is obliged to stand upon it and crush it with her foot. The pomegranate is a well-known symbol of fruitfulness often occurring in Eastern folklore, especially Hebrew and Arabic.⁴

When fairly in the hall, the bride bows to her parents-in-law, kisses their hands, and receives from them, into her mouth, golden pieces which they hold to her between their teeth. This is a pledge that nothing but 'words of gold' will ever

¹ Cp. a Suffolk custom: "It is very remarkable that neither father nor mother of bride or bridegroom come with them to church." *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 723.

² Cp. Catull. *Epithal.* 130 *Da nuces pueris*; Virg. *Ecl.* viii. 30 *sparge, marite, nuces*, etc.

³ Aristoph. *Pl.* 768; Demosth. 1123. For other references, see Liddell and Scott, s. v. *καταχύσματα*.

⁴ For a typical instance, see 'The History of Prince Codadad and his brothers' in the *Arabian Nights*.

pass between them. Then she salutes all the guests, great and small, who also give her presents in money.

When all the guests have partaken of refreshments (*κεράσματα*), the priest reads aloud the inventory of the trousseau, which is then ratified by him and the bridegroom, and witnessed by some of those present. It is subsequently handed to the bride's father who keeps it carefully, so that in the event of his daughter's premature death, he may claim back the dowry. Thus these practical peasants, while intent on symbolism and allegorical ceremonial, do not lose sight of the prosaic realities of life.

The bride's kinsmen then offer to the bridegroom a cock, accompany her parents home with music, and amuse themselves there till evening.

The bride is shown into a room by an elderly female relative and is made to sit on a chair placed for her in a corner by her sisters-in-law. As she is sedately strutting to that corner, one of the latter holds over her head a loaf of bread with a salt-cellar on the top of it. She is surrounded by the best woman and other female friends, and they all feast and sing songs together, while the bridegroom and his comrades make merry in the hall outside, and often become so elevated that they must needs express their joy in the form of broken crockery.

In the midst of this uproar someone rushes downstairs, catches the biggest cock in the yard and whirls it round twice. Then he flings it off and they all run after it.

During this banquet many songs are sung:

I. (*From Sochos.*)

Νὰ φᾶμε νὰ πιοῦμε ν' ἀνάψ' ὁ χορός,
Νὰ ποῦμε νὰ ζήσ' ἡ νύφη κῆ ὁ γαμπρός.

"Let's eat and drink and shake the room,
And wish long life to bride and groom."

II. (*From Salonica.*)

Μαργαριτάρ' εἶν' ὁ γαμπρὸς καὶ μάλαμα ἡ νύφη,
Κῆ ὁποιός τους ἐστεφάνωσε πολλὰ χρόνια νὰ ζήσῃ.

"A pearl the groom, and golden is the bride;
Who held the crowns, long he on earth abide."

After the banquet, late in the afternoon, the guests go out with the band and set up a dance in the village 'middle space,' leaving the bridegroom to enjoy his bride's society in the company of her elderly chaperone.

Wedding Banquets.

In the evening a dinner is given at which the bride assists veiled. The guests drink different toasts of which the following are characteristic examples:

I. *To the newly married couple.*

Νὰ ζήσουν, στερεωμένα, πάντα τέθιοι νᾶχουν, λίγο κρασί καὶ πολλή ἀγάπη.

"May they live long, secure; may they ever be engaged in feasting: little wine and much love!"

II. *To the best man and the best woman.*

Πάντα ἄξιος ὁ Καλητάτας κ' ἡ Καλημάννα.

"Everlasting honour to them."

III. *To the priest.*

Κ' εἰς τὰ ἱεροπαῖδια σας.

"Same luck to your holy children."

IV. *To lay guests.*

Κ' εἰς τ' ἀρχοντοπαῖδια σας.

"Same luck to your princely children."

V. *To the host's family.*

"Ὅσα καρφοπατήματα 'ς τοῦ Βαρδαριοῦ τὸν κάμπο, τόσα καλὰ νὰ δώσ' ὁ θεὸς 'ς τὸ σπίτ' ποῦ τραγουδοῦμε.

"As many as are the nail-prints on the plain of the Vardar, even so many blessings may God bestow upon the house within which we are singing."

The bride pours out wine for the guests, while they sing :

I. (*From Kiup-Kioi.*)

“Περιστεροῦδά μ’ ἔμορφη καὶ χαμαγδῇ τρυγῶνα,
 ’Σ ὅλον τὸν κόσμον ἡμερὴ ’σὲ μένα ἦρθες ἄγρια.
 ’Ρίξε τὴν ἀγριοσύνη σου κ’ ἔλα κάθου ’ς τὸ γόνα μ’.
 Νά με κερναῖς γλυκὸ κρασὶ καὶ σὺ νὰ λάμπης μέσα,
 Νὰ λάμπης σὰν τὸν ἥλιο, νὰ λάμπης σὰν τὸ φεγγάρι.”
 “Πῶς νᾶρθω, βρὲ λεβέντη μου, αὔριο θὰ βγῆς ὅξω,
 ’Οξω ’ς τὰ παλληκάρια καὶ θὰ παινηθῆς μπροστά τους.
 Κόκκινο χεῖλι φίλησα κ’ ἔβαψε τὸ δικό μου,
 Μὲ τὸ μαντηλὶ μ’ σφουγγίσθκα κ’ ἔβαψ’ τὸ μαντηλοῦδί μ’
 Σὲ τρία ποτάμια τᾶπλυνα κ’ ἔβαψαν τὰ ποτάμια
 Τρία περ’ στεροῦδια κόνηψαν κ’ ἔβαψαν τὰ νυχούδια τ’ς.”

“My pretty pigeon, my low-flying turtle-dove,
 To all the world tame, to me thou hast come wild.
 Cast off thy wildness and come and sit on my knee.
 Pour me out a cup of sweet wine and shine thou in it,
 Shine like the sun, shine like the moon.”

“How can I come, O my gallant youth? to-morrow, methinks, thou wilt go forth

Among thy comrades, and amongst them thou wilt boast :
 I have kissed a pair of red lips and mine became red ;
 I dried them on my handkerchief, and my little handkerchief became red,
 I washed it in three streams and the streams became red,
 Three little doves alighted there, and their little claws also became red.”¹

II. (*From Liakkovikia.*²)

“’Αφέντη μου, ’ς τὴ τράπεζα θέλω νὰ σε τιμήσω,
 Νά σε τιμήσω ζάχαρι, μὸσχο, καὶ καροφύλλι.
 ’Οσ’ ἄστρά ’ναι ’ς τὸν οὐρανὸ καὶ φύλλ’ ἀπάν’ ’ς τὰ δέντρα
 Τόσα καλὰ νὰ δώσ’ ὁ θεὸς ’ς τ’ ἀφέντη τὸ τραπέζι.”
 “’Οσ’ ἄστρά ’ναι ’ς τὸν οὐρανὸ καὶ φύλλ’ ἀπάν’ ’ς τὰ δέντρα
 Τόσ’ ἄσπρα ξώδεψα ἐγώ, ἀγάπη μ’, νὰ σε πάρω.”

¹ With this conceit cp. Τὸ διαζύγιον (l. 11 foll.) in E. Legrand, *Recueil de Chansons Populaires Grecques*, p. 222.

² A. Δ. Γουστῶ, ‘Τὰ Τραγούδια τῆς Πατρίδος μου,’ No. 34.

“Δὲν τῶξερα, ἀφέντη μου, πῶς ξώδεψες γιὰ μένα,
 Νὰ γένω γῆς νά με πατᾶς, γεφύρι νὰ διαβαίνης,
 Νὰ γένω χρυσοτράπεζα μπροστὰ ’ς τὴν ἀφεντιά σου,
 Νὰ γένω χρυσοπότηρο μὲ τὸ κρασί γεμάτο,
 ’Εσὺ νὰ πίνης τὸ κρασί κὴ ’γὼ νὰ λάμπω μέσα.”

Bride: “My lord, I wish to honour thee at this board,
 To honour thee with sugar, musk, and clove.
 As many as are the stars in the sky and the leaves upon the
 trees,
 So many blessings may God bestow on my lord’s board!”

Groom: “As many as are the stars in the sky, and the leaves upon the
 trees,
 So many pieces have I spent, my love, to secure thee.”¹

Bride: “I knew it not, my lord, that thou hadst spent money for me,
 Or I would have become earth for thee to tread upon, a
 bridge for thee to pass over,
 I would have become a golden table before thy lordship,
 I would have become a golden goblet filled with wine,
 That thou mayst drink from it and I shine within it!”

In this way the convivial party amuse themselves. Nor are the humble musicians forgotten. The guests now and again rise from table, fix pieces of money on their foreheads and pledge them with bumpers.

Cooking and eating continue all night promiscuously and alternately, so that no one may have reason to complain that he was not able “to put off from himself the desire of meat and drink.” But in the course of the evening, soon after the main banquet is over, the bride’s father arrives with his own guests, and dancing commences. The bridegroom dances at the end of the male chain, the best man holding him by the right hand, while he clasps his bride’s hand with the other.

¹ Extremely curious is the recurrence of folk ideas. Cp. the following note from Suffolk: “The bridegroom sometimes considers it his duty to profess that he considers the job a very dear one—not particularly complimentary to the bride—and once a man took the trouble to pay my fee entirely in threepenny and fourpenny pieces; which was, I suppose, a very good joke; not so much so, however, as when a friend of mine had his fee paid in coppers.” *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 723. Is this a survival from the times when a bride was purchased in real earnest?

Next after the bride comes the best woman, and then follow the bridegroom's kinswomen in due order. Another chain, formed by the bride's female relatives, winds its way behind the bridegroom's ranks. The dance is a mere matter of form and ceases after the third round. The new-comers help themselves to refreshments, and then depart. When the majority of the guests have gone, the bride takes off her veil, and remains with the flowers and gold threads on her head. Towards morning they all leave, and the band accompanies the best man and his female colleague home.

After the Feast.

On Monday morning the bride enters upon her new duties of housekeeper in a manner that emphasizes the state of mild servitude, which is the peasant wife's lot in Macedonia. She begins by helping all the members of her husband's family in their matutinal ablutions (*νίψιμο*), then kisses their hands respectfully and prepares their breakfast. They, in their turn, give her presents. Later in the day she distributes her bridal threads of gold among the little girls of the neighbourhood.

About noon her nearest relatives call, the bridegroom's return the visit, and thence go to the best man's. The band of groomsmen, with music, first call on the bride's parents, then on the best man and subsequently on the other guests, who are invited to another banquet. But they each have to contribute their shares, chiefly a pie (*πουργάρσα*), a tray of roast meat, and a flagon of wine. These dishes and drinks are borne to the bridegroom's house by the youths with much solemnity and music. The best man is expected to contribute a larger share than anyone else, and he generally sends a lamb roasted whole, and a jar of wine. In the evening the banquet is spread, and all the remnants of it are given to the poor.

After dinner an invitation is sent to the bride's relatives to come and dance with her. The feast lasts through the ambrosial night, and the guests do not depart until long after the rosy-fingered Morn has spread her saffron-veil over the village housetops.

In some places a curious custom is observed on this day. The cook, who superintends the culinary department of the festivities at the bridegroom's, armed with a huge ladle hanging from his girdle sword-fashion, and followed by his assistants, comes to the bride's old home. Her father and mother in feigned alarm hide away their goods and chattels, and take refuge on the hearthstone. But the inexorable cook claims money. They refuse to pay. A brawl ensues, and at last the old couple are seized and suspended from the beams. They then begin to offer fowls, water-melons, wine, and the like, as a ransom. But they are not let down until the cook is satisfied. This is undoubtedly one more reminiscence of the distant ages when such scenes were acted in grim earnest.

On Tuesday morning the bride presents each of the musicians with a kerchief, and each of the groomsmen with a suitable gift (*δαρός*). At midday her nearest relatives assemble, and help her make a cake with milk and rice. She stands behind a table in the middle of the hall, and as she moulds the dough the others dance round her, and at intervals pause to cut it with coins. When the cake is ready, it is taken in procession, with music, to a public oven. In the evening it is fetched home in like manner, and is eaten at dinner.

On Wednesday the bride, arrayed in her second best apparel, and accompanied by two of her husband's nearest kinswomen, or by her own mother and mother-in-law, repairs to the village fountain. She carries thither a new pitcher, resting upon a gorgeously embroidered rug on her left shoulder and held with the right hand bent overhead, or, in some districts, two bronze ewers. Similar vessels are borne by her companions, and the procession looks not unlike a representation from an old Greek vase: one of those living pictures which are as common in Hellenic countries at the present day as they were in the time of Apelles. Into these vessels are thrown cloves, flowers, or wheat and barley, and coins, which are then poured out into the fountain as propitiatory offerings to the presiding nymph. The vessels are washed, filled with water, and emptied outside the entrance of the house. This act is repeated thrice at three different fountains in succession.

On Thursday the bride "is churchéd" (ἐκκλησιάζεται), that is, she attends divine service for the first time in her new capacity as a married woman. Early in the morning married relatives escort her to church (βγάζουν τὴ νύφη ἔς τὴν ἐκκλησιά), and after matins accompany her back home, where refreshments are served.

On Friday evening she goes to her mother's home and has her hair washed by her with water medicated with yellow flowers and walnut leaves, purposely gathered and dried. The bridegroom joins her later, and the newly-wedded pair stay to dinner and remain there till Sunday. This visit is termed a 'Return' or 'Counter-Wedding' (ἐπιστροφή, πιστροφία, ἀπογύρισμα, or ἀντίγαμος). On Sunday, at midday, they are fetched back by the bridegroom's father and closest relatives of both sexes.

Eight days after the same ceremony takes place at the best man's, where a banquet is spread, songs are sung, and gifts exchanged. This is the conclusion of the Macedonian peasant's marriage festival. In many of its details it bears a strong analogy to the Albanian wedding,¹ and on the whole differs little from the corresponding customs prevalent in Southern Greece.²

SONGS SUNG AT THE 'RETURN' BANQUETS.

I. 'Ο φυλακισμένος κ' ἡ Βασιλοπούλα.

(From Eleutheroupolis).

Ἵς τὴ βρύσι πῆγα γιὰ νερό, κρύο νερό νὰ πάρω.
 Βαρειά ἀδίκια μ' ἔβγαλαν πῶς φίλησα κοράσι.
 Μὰ γὼ μαῦρος δέ' τῶξερα ἔς τὰ μάτια δέ' το εἶδα.
 Ἵς τὴ φυλακὴ μὲ ρίξανε διὰ τριάντα μέραις
 Καὶ παραπέσαν τὰ κλειδιά, κάνω τριάντα χρόνια,

¹ See descriptions of the latter in Hahn, *Albanesische Studien*, and in Auguste Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, pp. 189 foll.

² A short sketch of the Thessalian folk marriage is given in *Songs of Modern Greece*, pp. 90 foll. See also Rennell Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, ch. iii., and cp. 'Marriage Superstitions and Customs' in *The Book of Days*, vol. i. pp. 719 foll.

Κ' ἔκανα πῆχες τὰ μαλλιά καὶ πιθαμαῖς τὰ νύχια.
 Λεφτοκαριάνε ἔσπειρα 'ς τῆς φυλακῆς τὴ πόρτα
 Καὶ λεφτοκάρυα ἔφαγα μὰ λευτεριά δὲν εἶδα.
 Μόν' μιὰ Λαμπρή, μιὰ Κυριακή, μιὰ 'Πίσσημη ἡμέρα,
 Θυμήθηκα τὰ νειάτα μου καὶ τὴ παλληκαριά μου,
 Κῆ ἀρχίνησα νὰ τραγούδῳ 'ς τῆς φυλακῆς τὴ πόρτα.
 Βασιλοπούλα μ' ἄκουσεν ἀπὸ ψηλὸ παλάτι·
 "Ποιὸς εἶν' αὐτὸς ποῦ τραγουδεῖ 'ς τῆς φυλακῆς τὴ πόρτα;
 Νά τον χαρίσ' ἔννεα χωριά καὶ δεκαπέντε κάστρα."
 "Δέ' θέλω 'γὼ τὰ 'ννεα χωριά, οὔτε τὰ δεκαπέντε κάστρα,
 Μόν' θέλω τὸ κορμάκι της νά το σφιχταγκαλιάσω."

The Prisoner and the Princess.

I went to the fountain, to draw cool water.
 They brought against me a heavy charge: that I kissed a maid, forsooth.
 I, the hapless one, knew her not, had never seen her with my eyes.
 They cast me into prison for thirty days.
 But the keys were mislaid, and I remained there thirty years.¹
 My hair grew yard-long, my nails span-long.
 I planted a hazel-tree at the prison gates,
 I tasted hazels therefrom, yet freedom I tasted not.
 But on a Bright Day, on a Sunday, on an Easter Day,
 I bethought me of my past youth and of my youthful prowess,
 And I began to sing at the prison gates.
 A Princess heard me from a lofty palace:
 "Who is he that sings at the prison gates?
 I will grant him nine villages and fifteen castles."
 "I wish not for thy nine villages, nor for thy fifteen castles,
 But I wish for thy beauteous body, to clasp it in mine arms!"

II. Ἡ κακοπαντρεμένη.

(From *Zichna and Pravi*.)

Μάνα μ' μὲ κακοπάντρεψες καὶ μ' ἔδωκες 'ς τοὺς κάμπους.
 Ἐγὼ 'ς τὸ κάμα δέ' βαστῶ, νερὸ ζεστὸ δέ' πίνω,
 Ἐδῶ τρυγόνια δέ' λαλοῦν κ' οἱ κοῦκκοι δέ' το λέγουν,
 Τὸ λέ'ν οἱ βλάχοι 'ς τό ἱβουνό, τὸ λέ'ν σὰν μυριολόγι·

¹ With the incident of the lost keys and consequent undue prolongation of imprisonment cp. E. Legrand, *Recueil de Chansons Populaires Grecques*, No. 145, the opening lines.

“Ποιὸς ἔχ’ ἄντρα ’ς τὴ ξενιτειά, μικρὰ παιδιὰ ’ς τὰ ξένα,
Πές ταις νὰ μὴν τοὺς καρτεροῦν, νὰ μὴν τοὺς περιμένουν.
’Ξήντα καράβια βούλιαξαν ’ς τῆς Πόλης τὰ Μπουγάζια
Γιώμωσ’ ἡ θάλασσα πανιά, κ’ ἡ ἄκραις παλληκάρια.
Κλαίγουν ἡ μάταις γιὰ παιδιὰ κ’ ἡ χήραις γιὰ τοὺς ἄντρες.”

The Unhappy Bride.

Mother mine, thou hast wedded me ill, in giving me away to the lowlands.
I cannot bear the heat, warm water I cannot drink.
Here are no singing turtle-doves, the cuckoo is not heard here,
The shepherds sing on the hills, they sing a mournful lay:
“Who have husbands abroad, little children in foreign parts,
Tell them to expect them not, to wait for them no more:
Sixty ships have sunk in the Straits¹ of the Great City²,
The sea is covered with rent sails and the shores with the dead swains.
Mothers weep for their children, and widows for their husbands.”

Adopted Brothers.

In some districts of Macedonia the bridegroom's comrades, who play so important a rôle throughout the marriage festivities, are his 'adopted brothers' (ἀδερφοποιοί, σταυραδερφοί, βλάμιδες, or μπράτιμοι). The custom of forming fraternal friendships, once very common in the Balkan Peninsula, is now dying out; but in some parts it is still kept up. A number of youths enter into a solemn compact to aid each other in all circumstances even unto death. The relationship thus contracted is more sacred than natural kinship. Nor is it confined to one sex. Three or four 'brothers' sometimes agree to take an orphan girl and adopt her as their 'sister' (μπρατμίνα). The ceremony takes place in the church. The parish priest sanctifies the compact by administering the sacrament to them and binding them together with a blessed or 'holy belt' (ἀγία

¹ The Bosphorus.

² Constantinople. It is interesting to recall that these are the straits dreaded by the ancient mariner as the site of the Justling Rocks (αἱ Συμπληγάδες), which, according to the fable, closed on all who sailed between them on their way to the Inhospitable Sea. In historic times there stood on the Asiatic shore a temple dedicated to Zeus Ourios or 'Giver of fair winds,' in which voyagers to the Black Sea were wont to register their vows.

ζώνη) wound round their waists. The damsel henceforth looks upon the youths as her brothers, washes their clothes for them, and ministers to their comforts, while they, on their part, are bound by their vow to protect her and finally to contribute towards her settlement in marriage.

The name *μπράτιμος* is of Slav origin. The same custom prevails among the Albanian tribe of the Mirdites, where the ceremony of initiation is practically the same.¹ The name given to the 'brothers' in Albania is *pobratim*, the same as among the Servians.²

Right and Left.

In treating of the superstitions concerning Birth, we have noticed that the favourites of Fate are believed to have been blessed in infancy with her right hand, and the unfortunate ones with her left. In the wedding ceremony also, the bride is bound to enter her husband's dwelling right foot foremost for luck. These are only two of a great number of examples of the widespread association of ideas which connects right and left with good and evil respectively. Further instances abound among the Macedonians, as well as other members of the Greek race. "May things turn out *right*" (*ἄμποτε νᾶρθουν δεξιά*) is a common wish. The Holy Virgin is sometimes worshipped under the name of 'Right-handed' (*Παναγία Δεξιά* or *Δέξα*), and is depicted carrying the Child in her right arm. To her are offered up prayers by all those who are about to embark on a new enterprise, "that she may conduct it to a right, that is, auspicious issue" (*γιά νὰ μᾶς τα φέρη δεξιά*).

The idea was extremely common among the ancient Greeks, as the use of the words 'right' (*δεξιός*) and 'left' (*σκαίος*) in the sense of 'lucky' and 'unlucky' shows. A bird was "of good omen" if it flew on the right, that is from the East, the reverse if it flew from the left. Wine and lots were handed round from left to right (*ἐνδέξια*), and a beggar begging round a table

¹ Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. i. pp. 309 foll.

² Among the Slavs of the North, this "mutual brotherhood by adoption" is known as *pobratimstvo*. See Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 217.

ought to move from left to right.¹ Among the Romans similar ideas prevailed, *dexter* and *laevus*² being the equivalents for 'propitious' and the opposite.

The same idea is found underlying the Celtic folk-belief in *Deiseal*, that is, doing everything with a motion from left to right,³ and the German *rechtshin*. Moreover, German folk-lore contains a rule forbidding getting out of bed left foot first, as of ill omen⁴—a superstition likewise expressed in the English phrase "getting out of bed wrong foot foremost," and still entertained in many parts of the English-speaking world.⁵

In addition to classical and modern civilized nations, as might be expected, we meet with the same idea among savage races. Like the ancient Greek and Roman augurs, the modern savage interprets the flight of birds as boding good or evil, according as it is on his right or left.⁶

Other superstitions connected with marriage.

It is not good to sit on the door-step, or the match-maker, who may perchance be coming, will turn back.

A newly-wedded woman is not allowed to sweep the floor of her house during the first week, lest she should "sweep members of her husband's family out of this world"—an idea derived from symbolic magic.

She is also forbidden to look upon a corpse, or to assist at a wedding. The first act, it is believed, will bring death into her own household; the second will cause separation by death or divorce to the pair who are just joined in the bonds of matrimony.

Rain during a wedding is considered a good omen: it bodes prosperity and fertility on the principals of the ceremony. It

¹ Hom. *Il.* i. 597; vii. 184; *Od.* xvii. 365.

² This Latin word survives in Western Macedonia. At Shatista they call a left-handed person *λαδβος*.

³ J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 229.

⁴ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 85.

⁵ *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 85.

⁶ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 120.

is with a like intent that the bride is made to overturn a vessel containing water, or to besprinkle the stairs, on stepping into her new home, as has been noticed already. But in some districts, if it rains during the ceremony, it is said that the bride is in the habit of crying¹ or that the newly-married pair in their childhood used "to lick the frying-pans" (*ἐγλυφαν τὰ τηγάνια*).²

Unlucky Days.

The world-old and world-wide belief in unlucky days, known to the ancient Greeks as *ἀποφράδες ἡμέραι* and to the Romans as *dies nefasti*, survives in Macedonia. Indeed, nearly all the days of the week, except Sunday, are considered bad for some occupation or other, differing only in the degree and direction of their badness.

Monday. Married people must abstain from paring their nails on this day. If one of them does so, the other will die.

Nor is it advisable to pay debts on a Monday, or they will be doubled (*δευτερώουν*).

Tuesday, as a bad day, corresponds to the Western superstition regarding Friday.

It is unlucky to make purchases on a Tuesday, especially to buy a trousseau. No dress—certainly no bridal gown—is cut out on this day, nor any enterprise or journey entered upon.

Some explain the superlative ill-luck attending this day as being due to the fact that Constantinople fell on a Tuesday.³

¹ Cp. in America, "If it rains on the wedding, the bride will cry all her married life." *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 61.

² A. Δ. Γουσίου, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,' p. 74.

³ This is historically true. Constantinople was taken by the Turks on May 29th, 1453, on the Third day of the week. The event is commemorated in the following old ballad:

Ὁ θάνατος τοῦ Κωνσταντίνου Δράγαζη.
'Σ τὰ χίλια τετρακόσια καὶ 'ς τὰ πενήντα τρία,
'Ἡμέρα Τρίτη, τοῦ Μαΐου 'ς ταῖς εἴκοσι ἑννέα,
'Ἐπῆραν οἱ Ἀγαρηνοὶ τὴν Κωνσταντίνου πόλιν.
The Death of Constantine Dragazi.

In the year one thousand four hundred and fifty-three,
On a Tuesday, the twenty-ninth of May,
The sons of Hagar took Constantine's City.

E. Legrand, *Recueil de Chansons Populaires Grecques*, No. 48.

The fall of the 'City' being justly regarded by the Macedonians and the rest of the Greeks as the fount and origin of all their national woes, and the day on which it occurred as a black-letter day in their annals.

Wednesday and *Friday*. These two days are considered as relatively holy. During Lent, the fast is severer on these two days. Those who are religiously inclined observe them throughout the year as fasting days, that is, they abstain from meat. It is generally held unlucky to pare the nails on either of them. Clothes are not washed on a Wednesday, and on a Friday neither clothes nor their owners must come in contact with water. Women in childbed are especially warned not to indulge in ablutions on a Friday. The following rhymes embody this superstition :

Τετράδῃ καὶ Παρασκευῇ τὰ νύχια σου μὴν κόψῃς.
Τῇ Κυριακῇ μὴν λούξῃσαι¹ ἀν θέλῃς νὰ προκόψῃς.

On Wednesday and Friday forbear to cut thy nails.²

On Sunday wash thou not, if thou wishest to prosper.

It will be seen that they are here compared in sacredness to Sunday itself. How much of the modern Greek's veneration for Friday is a remnant of the Roman respect for the "Day of Venus" it is difficult to say. It is worth while, however, to note

¹ Var. μὴν ξουριστῇς, "do not shave."

² The superstition is as old as Hesiod, who in his allegorical style warns us
On the goodly feasts of the gods not to cut from the five-pointed

The dry from the quick with flashing iron.

W. and D., 742—3. Cp. also Pliny's directions regarding nail- and hair-cutting. The Nones are good for the former, the 7th and the 29th day of the month for the latter operation. *Nat. Hist.* xxviii. 2. And the old English rhymes on the subject of nail-cutting :

A man had better ne'er been born
Than have his nails on a Sunday shorn.
Cut them on Monday, cut them for health;
Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for news;
Cut them on Thursday, for a pair of new shoes;
Cut them on Friday, cut them for sorrow;
Cut them on Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow.

The Book of Days, vol. i. p. 526; and Sir Thomas Browne's remarks on it. *Cp. Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 144.

that the Slavs also hold similar occupations as sinful on that day. According to an old tradition "it is a sin for a woman to sew, or spin, or weave, or buck linen on a Friday."¹

It is needless to refer to the mythological significance of the Teutonic 'Freya's Day' or the Roman *Dies Veneris*, whence the Germanic and the Latin races derive their respective names of this day of the week, and partly their superstitious dread of it.²

Whatever may be the origin of the sacred character of Friday in the eyes of the modern Greeks, there can be little doubt that Wednesday owes its privileged place to Christian influence; Wednesday, like Friday, having been early associated by the Church with some of the most tragic events in the life of Jesus Christ.

Saturday. It is unlucky to finish any work, especially a wedding dress, on a Saturday; the end of the week being considered as in some way connected with the end of the owner's life.

It is equally unlucky to cut out a new dress, lest the life of the person for whom it is intended should be cut short.³

¹ Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 199.

² How far-reaching this superstition is, is shown by the fact that even the Brahmins of India share in it. They say that "on this day no business must be commenced." Dr Buchanan, *Asiat. Res.*, vol. vi. p. 172 in *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 42.

³ On lucky and unlucky days generally cp. *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. pp. 79, 144 foll.

CHAPTER XII.

FUNERAL RITES.

IN the funeral rites of the modern Macedonians can still be discerned vestiges of primitive ideas concerning death, and the state of the soul after death. These beliefs and practices may be said to connect the present with the past, on one hand, and the remnants of an ancient civilization with contemporary savagery, on the other. Many popular observances, which are here kept up as mere matters of traditional ceremonial, find their true interpretation in like observances among races in a lower stage of culture. It is only by investigating the latter that we are enabled to recover the half-forgotten meaning of the former. In other words, what in Macedonia are but the lifeless fossils of old superstition, embedded in the new religion, can, by comparison with analogous specimens still living elsewhere, be reconstructed into something resembling their original forms.

The operation, however, is far from being an easy one, and it is rendered all the more difficult by the multitude and diversity of the extraneous elements, which in the course of ages have accumulated round these remnants, have been assimilated by them, and have often disguised them to a degree which defies all attempts at analysis and classification. As will be seen, some of the ceremonies described in the sequel are a continuation of Hellenic or Roman ritual, but slightly affected by Christianity; others can be connected with the practices of the Slav populations who, on being admitted into the communion of the Greek Church, retained a great deal of their

pagan forms of belief and helped to modify classic tradition—a process facilitated by the close similarity of their own early culture with that of the early Greeks and Romans. Yet, both classes of ceremonies, whether directly traceable to a classic or to a Slavonic origin, bear a strong likeness to ceremonies in vogue among races with which neither the civilized Hellene nor the homely Slav ever came in contact.

It is precisely from this point of view that an attempt can be made to establish the relation of Macedonian belief and custom to savage culture, and thus assign to the former their proper place in the field of universal folklore.

The lying in state.

After confession and absolution, the dying partakes of the sacrament. When he is breathing his last, or, to use the local phrase, when “his soul is breaking out of his mouth” (*βγαίνει ἡ ψυχὴ του* or *ψυχορραγεῖ*¹), only one or two of the nearest relatives are allowed to remain by the bedside. Upon them devolves the duty of closing the eyes and mouth of the deceased. As soon as the latter has given up the ghost, the face is sprinkled with a piece of cotton wool soaked in wine—a dwindled remnant of the ancient custom of washing the body. He is then arrayed in his best clothes or in a brand-new dress (*ἀλλάζουν τὸν πεθαμένο*). If he is betrothed or newly married, the wedding wreath is placed on his head. In the case of young women and children, their heads are crowned with flowers, and flowers, occasionally mixed with sugar-plums, are also scattered over the body. In some districts, Charon’s penny is still put under the tongue or in the lap of the deceased.

¹ Cp. the idiom *μέ τῇ ψυχῇ ’s τὰ δόντια*, “with the soul between one’s teeth,” i.e. to be at one’s last gasp. This is one of the many popular expressions to be found in many languages, all pointing to the prevalent idea that the soul at death escapes through the mouth. On this subject see J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. I. p. 252. It may be interesting to note here that in Modern Greek the word *ψυχὴ* “soul” is often used by the ignorant to denote that which we call “stomach”; for instance, a Greek will say *μέ πονεῖ ἡ ψυχὴ* and clap his hands over his stomach in a manner which shows that his ailment is not of a spiritual nature. Hence *ψυχόπικτος* = *κοιλόπικτος*.

This is, of course, a survival of the Hellenic custom of providing the dead with the ferry-boat fee, and has no direct relationship with the similar practice of Western peasants. The money offerings to the dead in Germany, France, and other parts of Europe are intended to furnish the spirit of the departed with the means of buying refreshments on his weary journey.¹

Thus arrayed and provided for, the corpse is laid out facing East—the head and shoulders resting upon a cushion, the hands folded upon the breast—and is covered over with a winding sheet or shroud (*σάβανον*). Three candles are lit, two at the head and one at the feet. All these duties are usually performed by the nearest female relatives and not by paid strangers, except when unavoidable. The same relatives also watch and bewail the dead. The body is especially watched lest a cat should jump over it, and that for a reason to be explained later.

The laments or dirges (*μυριολόγια*) in some cases are improvised by the mother, wife, or sisters of the deceased; in others, they are sung by professional wailers (*μυριολογίστραις*), who make a business of composing or committing to memory suitable songs, and are paid for their mournful labour in food, rarely in money. In the majority of cases it is some old woman, who has witnessed many a funeral in her own family and has, by bitter experience, acquired the gift of fluency, who volunteers to sing the dirge. If the deceased is a youth or damsel, the laments are sung by young maidens. But in all cases the best of the wailers, or the most nearly related to the deceased, leads the dirge, in which the other women join with a refrain ending in exclamations of ah! ah!

It is almost superfluous to refer for parallel cases to the *θρηνηδοὶ* of the ancient Greeks and the *præficae* of the Romans. Yet anyone who has assisted at the funeral lamentations of the modern Greeks, whether in Macedonia or in Greece proper, cannot but have recalled to mind the pathetic picture of the Trojan women wailing over the body of Hector.² The very

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. I. p. 494.

² *Il.* xxiv. 720 foll.

words used by Homer ("she led their sore lament") are illustrated in a forcible manner by these modern performances.¹

The following song is perhaps the most wide-spread of all traditional dirges. In my wanderings through Macedonia I collected four different versions from Melenik, Nigrita, Kozani, and the island of Thasos respectively.

I give below a translation of that one of my copies which bears the least resemblance to published versions.²

I.

All the mothers were sending off their sons to prosper,
 Except one mother, a bad mother, Yanni's mother.
 She sat at the window and uttered bitter curses:
 "Go to foreign lands, O Yanni, and mayst thou never return home!
 The swallows will come back year after year,
 But thou, O Yanni, mayst thou never appear, never return home!"
 "Hush, my dear mother, hush! curse thou me not!
 There will come round, my mother, the Feast of St George, the holiest
 day of the year,
 And thou wilt go, my mother, to church, thou wilt go to worship,
 And there thou wilt see maids, thou wilt see youths, thou wilt see the
 gallant lads,
 Thou wilt see my own place empty and my stall tenantless,
 And thou wilt be seized with remorse and shame of the world;
 Thou wilt take thy way over the hills and through the woods,
 To the sea-shore thou wilt descend, and of the seamen thou wilt ask:
 'O seamen, my dear lads, and ye friendly clerks:
 Have you seen my dear Yanni, my right noble son?'
 'Lady, there are many strangers in foreign lands and I know not thy son.
 Show tokens of his body; what was he like?'
 'He was tall and slender and had arched eyebrows,
 And on his off-finger he wore a betrothal ring.'
 'We saw him, lady, stretched upon the sand.
 Black birds devoured him and white birds circled over him.
 Only one sea-bird paused and wailed:
 Ah! perchance he had a mother; perchance he had a wife!'"

¹ Professional crieresses (*PlakaV'shehitsu* or *Voplénitsa*) are also employed by the Russians, and their funeral wailings (*Zaplachki*) bear a strong analogy to the Greek *μυρ(ι)ολόγια*. See Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 332 foll.

² See Bernhard Schmidt, Nos. 67, 68 (from the Ionian Islands); Passow, Nos. 343—349; Chassiotis, No. 18 (from Epirus); Jeannarakis, No. 195; Legrand, *Recueil des Chansons Populaires Grecques*, No. 123, etc.

II. (*From Cavalla*.¹)

Μιὰ μάνα μυριολόγαε γιὰ τὸν μονάκριβό της·
 “Παιδάκι μου τὸν πόνο σου καὶ ποῦ νά τον ἐρίξω;
 Νά τον ἐρίξω ’ς τὸ ἱβουνό τον παίρνουν τὰ πουλάκια,
 Νά τον ἐρίξω ’ς τὸν γιαλό τον τρώγουν τὰ ψαράκια,
 Νά τον ἐρίξω δίστρατο θά τον πατοῦν διαβάταις.
 “Ἄς τον ἐρίξω ’ς τὴ καρδιά ποῦναι γεμάτη πόνους,
 Νὰ κάθουμαι σάν σε πονῶ, νὰ γέρνω σάν με σφάζη,
 Σάν πέφτω ’ς τὸ προσκέφαλο νὰ λαχταρῶ τὸν ὕπνο.”
 Κῆ ὁ Χάρος ’πηλογήθηκε, κῆ ὁ Χάρος ’πηλογᾶται·
 “Ὅλον τὸν κόσμον γύρισα, τὴ γῆς, τὴν οἰκουμένη
 Κ’ εἶδα μανάδες ’ς τὸν γκρημνός, εἶδ’ ἀδερφαῖς ’ς τὸν βράχο,
 Γυναῖκες τῶν καλῶν ἀντρῶν ’ς τὴν ἄκρη ’ς τὰ ποτάμια.
 Μὰ πάλι ξαναπέρασα συνάντημα τοῦ χρόνου,
 Κ’ εἶδα μανάδες ’ς τὸν χορό, εἶδ’ ἀδερφαῖς ’ς τὸν γάμο,
 Γυναῖκες τῶν καλῶν ἀντρῶν ’ς τὰ ’μορφα πανηγύρια.”
 Ματάκια ποῦ δὲν γλέπονται γλήγορα λησμονοῦνται.

The Mother's lament.

A mother was lamenting her only son:

“My darling child, my grief for thee where shall I cast it?
 If I cast it on the mountains, the little birds will pick it,
 If I cast it into the sea, the little fishes will eat it,
 If I cast it on the highway, the passers-by will trample it under foot.
 Oh, let me cast it into my own heart which swells with many sorrows,
 Let me sit down with my pain, lay me down with my pangs,
 And, when I rest my head upon my pillow, pine for sleep!”
 Death made answer to her, Death answered thus:
 “Over the world have I wandered, over the universal earth;
 I have seen mothers on the brink of the precipice, sisters on the edge of
 the rock,
 And wives of brave men on the margin of the stream.
 Yet once more I went that way, in the course of the meeting years,

¹ This dirge was dictated to me by M. J. Constantinides of that town, a gentleman well-versed in folklore and himself a poet of merit. He described it as of Epirotic origin.

And lo ! I beheld the mothers in the dance, the sisters in the wedding-feast,

And the wives of brave men in the merry fairs."

Eyes which are not seen are soon forgotten.¹

These laments are also repeated round the grave before the coffin is lowered into it.

The funeral.

The corpse is never kept for more than twenty-four hours, and seldom even so long. As a general rule the funeral takes place on the day after death. At the moment when the coffin is carried out of the house, the women break forth into loud piercing cries (*ξεφωνάγματα*). Those amongst them who have recently lost a relative bid the newly-departed bear greetings (*χαιρετήματα*) and affectionate messages to their friend in the other world. Some of them also thrust an apple, or a quince, or some other kind of fruit, between the feet of the dead. This gift may be regarded either in the light of an offering to the departed, to serve as food on the way to Hades, or as a gift committed to his care and meant for the relative who preceded him on the dread journey. Objects dear to the deceased are also frequently placed in the coffin and buried with the body, such as a child's playthings, a young scholar's books and inkstand, or a maiden's trinkets.

Now, it is not clear to the spectator, and hardly to the performers themselves, what is the motive which prompts these touching acts. If a by-stander is questioned, he will most likely explain them as befitting tributes of affection, or as the results of custom handed down from "olden times." Nevertheless, it is not unprofitable to compare these customs with similar practices, prevailing in countries where an adequate motive can still be assigned to the action. Both the messages and the offerings delivered to the dead are well known among savages. The natives of Guinea, for example, are in the habit of sending messages to the dead by the dying, while the

¹ This verse is a popular proverb, corresponding to our own "Out of sight out of mind," the French "*Loin des yeux, loin du cœur*" etc.

offering of fruit and other articles figures in the funerals of innumerable nations. In many cases these offerings can be proved to be the outcome of a widely-held belief according to which objects considered by civilized man as inanimate are by the savage and barbaric mind endowed with a soul which, on the dissolution of the objects in question, either by fire or by the decomposing influence of the earth, is set free and at the disposal of the disembodied spirit. This belief is again connected with the similar, and to the ordinary European more intelligible, superstition which is responsible for the sanguinary sacrifices of human beings and animals, prevailing in ancient times among the Greeks, as is shown by Homer's description of the burial of Patroklos¹; among the Thracians, who slaughtered the favourite wife of the deceased over his tomb²; among the Gauls, Scandinavians, and Slavs; and in more recent times among the nations of America and Eastern Asia, especially India, where it assumed the well-known form of widow-burning; a practice which is still carried on by the aborigines of Africa and elsewhere.³

How closely the kindly ceremonies of the modern Macedonians are related to these ferocious funeral rites, and how far they owe their origin to a long-forgotten doctrine of object phantoms, it is too late in the day to establish with certainty. Yet one thing can safely be asserted, namely, that they are based on beliefs never taught or countenanced by the Christian Church.

When the coffin is borne out of the house, an earthenware vessel, or a tile, is thrown and smashed after it. With this practice may be compared the custom of the Russian Chuwashes who "fling a red-hot stone after the corpse is carried out, for an obstacle to bar the soul from coming back," and of the Brandenburg peasants who "pour out a pail of water at the door after the coffin to prevent the ghost from walking."⁴ A still closer parallel is to be met with in parts of Russia, where "after a man's body has left the house his widow takes a new

¹ *Il.* xxiii. 170 foll.

² *Hdt.* v. 5.

³ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. pp. 458 foll.

⁴ *Ib.* vol. ii. pp. 26, 27.

pitcher and breaks it to pieces on the earth, and afterwards strews oats over the ground traversed by the funeral procession."¹ In all these instances the object is to prevent the departed spirit from returning to its earthly habitation, and we should not be far wrong in ascribing a like motive to the Macedonian mourners.

The funeral procession offers little food for speculation. Yet it is not devoid of interest. The coffin is carried uncovered, a custom said to be due to an old decree of the Turkish Government, issued in order to prevent the clandestine transmission of arms and ammunition in a closed coffin; but this explanation is rendered improbable by the fact that the same custom prevails in Russia, where the decrees of the Turkish Government would be of little avail. The custom probably dates from Byzantine, if not from older, times.

The appearance of the corpse is the subject of reverent comment on the part of the spectators. The beauty and calmness of a dead youth or maid call forth the ill-suppressed admiration of the crowd, and one often hears such remarks as "What a lovely, or what a gentle relic!" (τί ὥραϊο, or τί ἡμερολείψανο), whispered in awestruck tones. This gratification of the aesthetic instinct of the Greek is, however, not unfrequently checked by superstitious fear. It is popularly believed that if a corpse wears a smile, it is a sign that it will "draw after it another member of the family" (θὰ τραβήξῃ καὶ ἄλλον).

At the head of the procession marches the bearer of the lid, holding it upright and followed by boys carrying bronze candlesticks (μανουάλια), with burning tapers, a cross, and six-winged images of the cherubim (ξεφτέρια = ἑξαπτέρυγα). Then come the priests and chanters with lit tapers in their hands, singing the funeral service. The coffin is borne by means of bands

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 318.

² Similarly in Suffolk "if a corpse does not stiffen after death, or if the *rigor mortis* disappears before burial, it is a sign that there will be a death in the family before the end of the year." *The Book of Days*, vol. II. p. 52. The same superstition is alluded to by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar Errors*, Bk. v. ch. xxiii. In America also "if a corpse remains soft and supple after death, another death in the family will follow." *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 126.

passed underneath, by four or six men, according to its weight and size. The chief mourners march close behind. In country districts it is the custom for both sexes to attend, excepting newly-married women and women who happen to have lost their firstborn. But in the towns the female mourners keep decorously aloof. In these places the guilds of artisans (*ισνάφια*) are paid to swell the train. People along the road rise at the approach of the *cortège* and stand bareheaded, until it has gone by.

The coffin is first taken to the church where the burial service is held; and a profoundly affecting service it is. The solemn chant and the twinkle of many candles amidst clouds of frankincense involuntarily dispose the mind to reflections on the hereafter—a mood intensified by the sonorous hymn:

“Vanity are all human things that exist not after death” (*Ματαιότης πάντα τὰ ἀνθρώπινα ὅσα οὐχ ὑπάρχει μετὰ θάνατον*).

Service over, the procession resumes its march to the burial ground.

When the coffin is lowered into the grave, a pillow filled with earth is placed under the head, the shroud is drawn over the face, wine is sprinkled upon it, and a handful of earth is thrown in by the priest, after which the coffin is covered with the lid. All the bystanders, relatives and friends, make a point of casting in a handful of earth, uttering such wishes as “May Heaven forgive him or her” (*θεὸς σ’χωρέσῃ τον or την*); “May his or her memory live for ever” (*αἰωνία του or της ἢ μνήμη*); “May the earth lie light upon thee!” (*γαῖαν ἔχῃς ἐλαφράν*)—a wish taken from the burial service and recalling classical times.¹

¹ Cp. *κούφα σοι χθὼν ἐπάνωθε πέσοι, γύναι*, Eur. *Alc.* 463; *Sit tibi terra levis*, Mart. ix. 29. 11, etc.

The custom of throwing a handful of earth into the grave exists among the Russians, and is considered by them as a remnant of a still older custom, according to which “everyone who was present at a funeral deemed it a religious duty to assist in the erection of the mound.” Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 330.

Allusions to the funeral service are contained in the following popular imprecations:

After the grave is closed in, the mourners spread over it baskets full of pieces of bread or buns, also plates of parboiled wheat (*κόλλυβα*), bottles of wine or arrack, and in the case of young persons, sweetmeats. All comers are free to partake of this sad repast, and express a wish that "his or her soul may repose in bliss."

All the details of the funeral described above are vividly set forth in the following song, which is often sung as a lament.

(From Eleutheroupolis.)

Περιπλεμένη λεμονιά μέσ' 'ς τ' ἄνθη στολισμένη,
 Τὴν ὥρα ποῦ σ' ἀγάπησα δὲν ἦταν βλογημένη.
 Ἀρρώστησα καὶ ἔκανα σαράντα μιὰ ἡμέρα.
 Τ' ἀκούσανε κ' οἱ φίλοι μου καὶ κλαῖνε γιατί' ἐμένα,
 Τ' ἄκουσε κ' ἡ μάνα μου καὶ μπήκε μέσ' 'ς τὰ μαῦρα.
 "Ἐλα, τρανταφυλλένια μου, καὶ πιάσε μ' ἀπ' τὸ χέρι,
 Καὶ ρώτα τὴ μανούλα μου, "Κυρά μ', τί κάν' ὁ γυιός σου;"
 Καὶ κείνη θὰ 'πηλογηθῇ μὲ τὴ καρδιά καμένη.
 "Γιὰ τους, γιὰ τους ποῦ κείται καὶ λέ' πῶς ἀποθαίνει."
 "Ἐλα, τρανταφυλλένια μου, κάτσε 'ς τὴ κεφαλὴ μου,
 Καὶ πιάσε τὸ χεράκι μου ὅσο νὰ βγῇ ψυχὴ μου.
 "Οντας θὰ βγῇ ψυχίτσα μου, τρανταφυλλιᾶς κλωράνι,
 Βάλε με τὸ ζουνάρι μου, τὸ πειδὸ λαχοῦρ' ζουνάρι.
 "Οντας θὰ βγῇ ψυχοῦλά μου, σὺ νὰ με σαβανώσης,
 Νὰ κλείσης τὰ ματάκια μου, τὰ χέρια μ' νὰ σταυρώσης.
 "Οντας θάρθῃ φημέριος μὲ θυμιατὸ 'ς τὸ χέρι,
 Νὰ κλαῖς, νὰ λές, τρανταφυλλιὰ μ', "ποῦ πᾶς, γλυκό μου ταῖρι;"
 "Οντας θὰ με σηκώσουνε τέσσαρα παλληκάρια,
 Νὰ κρούης τὸ κεφάλι σου μὲ πέτραις μὲ λιθάρια.

Νά τον πῇ ὁ παπᾶς 'ς τ' αὐτί,
 Κῆ ὁ διάκος 'ς τὴ κορυφή.

"May the priest mutter in his ear, and the deacon over his head!"

Νά σου πῇ τὸν ἀπίλογο, "May (the priest) utter over thee the epilogue,"
 i.e. "For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory!"

Νά τον ἰδῇ τὸ 'ξόδι, "May he submit to the carrying out service" (*ἐξόδιος ἀκολουθία*), hence the epithet *'ξουδιάρικος* "one deserving death."

"Οντας θά με περάσουνε ἀπὸ τὸ μαχαλᾶ σου,
 Ἔβγα κρυφὰ ἀπ' τῇ μάνα σου καὶ τράβα τὰ μαλλιά σου.
 "Οντας θά με πηγαίνουνε ἔς τῆς ἐκκλησιᾶς τῇ πόρτα,
 Νὰ βγάλῃς μιὰ ψιλλὴ φωνή, νὰ μαραθοῦν τὰ χόρτα.
 "Οντας θά μ' ἀκουμπήσουνε ἔς τῆς ἐκκλησιᾶς τῇ μέσῃ,
 Νὰ βγάλῃς μιὰ ψιλλὴ φωνή, ὁ κράββατος νὰ πέσῃ.
 "Οντας θά με μοιράσουνε τὰ ἔρ'μα κόλυβά μου,
 Φάγε καὶ σύ, ἀγάπη μου, γιὰ τῇ παρηγοριά μου.
 "Οντας θά με μοιράσουνε παπάδες τὰ κέρια μου,
 Τότες, τρανταφυλλένια μου, χωρίζεις ἅπ' τῇ καρδιά μου.¹

O well-trained lemon-tree, in blossoms arrayed,
 The hour in which I became enamoured of thee was not a propitious hour.
 I fell ill and suffered for forty and one days.
 My friends heard of it, and wept for me.
 My mother also heard of it and put herself in black.
 Come, my rosy One, take me by the hand
 And ask of my dear mother, "Lady, how fares thy son?"
 She will answer thee from a heart charred with grief:
 "Behold him, behold him, he is lying yonder, and says that he is dying."
 Come, my rosy One, sit by my pillow,
 And hold my hand until my soul has flown forth.
 When my poor soul has flown, O thou bough of a rose-tree,
 Gird me with my sash, my best Lahore sash;
 When my poor soul has flown, 'tis thou must wind me in the shroud,
 Close my poor eyes and cross my hands upon my breast;
 When the priest is come, censer in hand,
 Weep thou, O my rose-tree, and say:
 "Whither art thou going, O my sweet mate?"
 When four lads have lifted me up,
 Smite thy head with rocks and stones;
 When they carry me past thy neighbourhood,
 Come thou forth, without thy mother's ken, and tear thy tresses;
 When they have taken me to the church-door,
 Give thou a shrill cry that the plants may wither.
 When they have laid me down in the nave of the church,
 Give thou a shrill cry that the coffin may collapse;
 When they are distributing the wretched boiled-corn,
 Eat thou also, my love, for my soul's sake.
 When the priests are distributing the candles,
 Then, my rosy One, thou wilt be severed from my heart.

¹ Cp. Passow (*Myrologia*), Nos. 377, 377 a. Somewhat similar in tone and structure is No. 122 in E. Legrand, *Recueil de Chansons Populaires Grecques*.

The funeral-feast.

When the mourners who have escorted the corpse to its resting-place return to the house, they are met at the door by a servant holding a ewer and basin, in which they all wash their hands by turns before crossing the threshold. Then, inside the house, takes place the funeral banquet (*μακαριὸν* or *μακαριά*,¹) to which they all sit down, offering their consolations to the survivors, "Life to your worships" (*ζωὴ 'σὲ λόγου σας*), and their wishes for the welfare of the departed, whose deeds and virtues form the chief subject of conversation. Toasts and libations are sometimes indulged in so heartily that the banqueters are apt to forget the mournful occasion of the feast. "The dead with the dead, and the living with the living" (*Οἱ πεθαμέν' μὲ τσοὶ πεθαμέν' κ' οἱ ζουντανοὶ μὲ τσοὶ ζουντανοὶ*)—the Macedonian equivalent for our "Let the dead bury their dead"—was the pithy way in which I once heard a merry mourner trying to defend his boisterous resignation to the common lot.

The funeral feast of the modern Greeks may reasonably be regarded as a lineal descendant of the classic *περίδειπνον*, by Homer called *τάφος*, and the lustration preceding it as a survival of the ablution, which in ancient times took place before the "carrying out" of the corpse (*ἐκφορά*). Even the excessive indulgence in funereal pleasures can be shown to be a matter of ancient tradition. Solon's regulations about funerals include a strict limitation of the quantity of meat and drink admissible for the banquet, whence Grote justly infers that "both in Greece and Rome, the feelings of duty and affection on the part of surviving relatives prompted them to ruinous expense in a funeral, as well as to unmeasured effusions both of grief and conviviality."²

¹ From the ancient *αἱμακονπλαί* 'offerings of blood' made upon the grave to appease the manes, Pind. *O.* i. 146. The word has probably been modified by false analogy to *μακαρία* 'bliss.' Cp. *μακαρίτης* still commonly used in the sense of 'one blessed,' i.e. dead, 'late,' just as in *Æsch. Pers.* 633 etc.

² *History of Greece*, vol. ii. p. 506.

Similar survivals from olden times are to be found among the Slavs. An old woman, with a vessel containing live coals, meets the mourners on their return from the funeral, and they pour water on the coals, taking one of them and flinging it over their heads. In this instance the purification is performed with both fire and water. Water is likewise used by the Lusetan Wends in their funeral rites. The repast on the tomb and the subsequent banquet are also essential accompaniments of the Slav funeral, the participators in which "eat and drink to the memory of the dead,"—a relic of the ancient Strava.¹

If we go further afield, we find the concluding features of the Macedonian funeral in striking accordance with the practices of some rude tribes of North-East India, who after the burial "proceed to the river and bathe, and having thus lustrated themselves, they repair to the banquet and eat, drink, and make merry as though they never were to die."² The Macedonian's philosophy, it will be observed, is somewhat more advanced and in closer agreement with the doctrine expounded on a like occasion by the inebriated demigod:

All mortals are bound to die,

.

Therefore, having learnt wisdom from me,

Make merry, drink, the passing day

Regard as thine, the rest as Chance's.³

After the funeral.

The attentions to the dead do not end with the funeral ceremonies. The sense of bereavement is kept alive by the mourning, which varies in duration according to the district, the average being one year. During that twelvemonth men and women appear in old clothes, the former let their beards grow, and the latter draw their head-kerchiefs round their faces more closely than usual. The mother and the widow of the deceased avoid going out of doors altogether.

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 319–20.

Hodgson, quoted by Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. II. p. 31.

³ Eur. *Alc.* 782 foll.

On the third day after the funeral, the friends call on the mother of the deceased, and comfort her with mournful music. The song given beneath is an example:

(From Kozani.)

“Καλὴ μέρα σ’ αὐτοῦ ’ς τ’ ἀνάθι ὅπου εἶσαι.”
 “Τί καλὴ μέρα ἔχω γώ, ἐδῶ ’ς τ’ ἀνάθι ποῦμαι;
 Τὴ καλὴ μέρα ἔχτε σεῖς ποῦ γλέπετε τὸν ἥλιο,
 Ποῦ γλέπετε τὴν Ἀνοιξι, πᾶτε ’ς τὰ πανηγύρια,
 Καὶ γὼ τὸ ἔρ’μο κλείστηκα μέσα ’ς τὸ μαῦρ’ ἀνάθι.
 Περικαλῶ σε, Μαύρη Γῆ, περικαλιὰ μεγάλη·
 Αὐτὸν τὸ νειὸ ποῦ σ’ ἔστειλα, καλὰ νὰ τον κυττάξης.
 Νάρθῃ Σαββάτο νὰ τον λούσ’ς, τὴ Κυριακὴ ν’ ἀλλάξῃ,
 Καὶ τὸ ἀργὰ ἀργούτσικα νὰ πᾶτε ’ς τὸ σεργιάνι.’
 Δὲν εἶμαι μάνα νὰ πονῶ, πατέρας νὰ λυποῦμαι,
 Μένα με λένε Μαύρη Γῆ καὶ ’ραχνιασμέν’ ἀνάθι.”¹

“Good day to thee who dwellest in this cave!”

“What kind of a good day can be mine in my cave-home?

The good day is yours who behold the light of the sun,²

Who behold the Spring, who go to the fairs,

Whereas I, the hapless one, am imprisoned in a black cave.

‘I offer up to thee, O Black Earth, a great prayer:

The youth whom I have committed to thy care, tend him lovingly.

When Saturday comes, wash him; on Sunday clothe him in holiday attire;

¹ With the last six lines cp. a short piece (6 lines) from Zakynthos included as a Myrologue (No. 9) in Bernhard Schmidt’s *Griechische Märchen, Sagen und Volkslieder*. It is an address to the marble slab (πλάκα) or tombstone, praying to it to spare the youth and “wither him not.” The slab answers:

“Μηγάρις εἶμαι μάνα του, μηγάρις ἀδερφή του,
 Μηγάρις εἶμαι πρωτοθειά, νὰ μὴν τονε μαράνω;”

“Am I his mother, am I his sister,
 Am I his aunt, that I should wither him not?”

Also cp. Passow, No. 384, a Myrologue, “The Stranger’s Tomb” (Ὁ τάφος τοῦ ξένου).

² Cp. *δρὸν ἐν ζῶειν καὶ ὄρᾱν φάος ἡελιοιο*, *Hom. Hymn.* iv. 105.

To *live* and to *see the light of the sun* are to the modern, as they were to the ancient, Greek synonymous terms; conversely, death and darkness are ideas indissolubly associated in the Greek mind, despite the belief in a Paradise “resplendent with light”; v. *infra*, p. 210.

Late in the afternoon take him to the village-feast.'

'I am no mother that I should care for him, I am no father that I should feel for him.

The names by which men call me are: Black Earth and gloomy cave!'"

This grim ballad in a few bold strokes presents to us a most vivid picture of the modern Greek's conception of death—a conception which differs little from that of his far-off ancestors.

Another song, or rather the broken pieces of a song, which I picked up at Nigrita, may be worth quoting for the sake of the idea which it embodies:

Ἦταν ἐννεὰ ἀδέρφια καὶ μιὰ καλὴ ἀδερφή,

Πολὺ ἦταν μαυρομμάτα.

Ἐβαλαν βουλὴ τὰ ἐννεὰ ἀδέρφια νὰ βγοῦν ἀπὸ τὸν Ἅδη.

“Τὸ ποῦ θὰ πᾶτε, ἀδέρφια μου, θάρθῶ κὴ γὰρ κοντά σας.”

“Τὸ ποῦ θὰ πᾶς, μωρ’ ἀδερφή, πολὺ εἶσαι μαυρομμάτα,

Ἡμεῖς θὲ νὰ περάσουμε ’π’ τοῦ Χάροντα τὴ πόρτα,

Φὰ βγῇ ὁ Χάροντας νὰ μας ἀπαντυχαίνει....”

There were nine brothers who had a beauteous sister,

A maiden with deep black eyes.

The nine brothers resolved to escape from Hades.

“Whithersoever you go, my dear brothers, thither will I follow you.”

“Thou canst not follow us, O sister, maiden with the deep black eyes.

We shall pass through Death's gates,

Death will come out and accost us....”

Unfortunately my informant had only a confused and imperfect recollection of the sequel. But the above few lines are sufficient to show that the idea, as well as the name of Hades, has undergone little modification in the course of ages. Time has not prevailed against “the gates of Hell.” They are still closed to the Shades, who still make attempts to escape.¹ Charos, however, appears less as a ruler than as a porter of the subterranean kingdom, and seems to keep watch near its gates, ready to pounce upon the would-be fugitive. In fact, we have here a confusion—not unintelligible—between the rôles of the ancient Pluto and the monster

¹ A like idea is embodied in some songs published by Passow (Nos. 420—425), and translated by Sir Rennell Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, p. 121, and Mr Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. II. p. 327.

Cerberus. Nor are these the only two functions attributed to Death by the popular imagination. He is also a messenger and a soul-abductor, moving on the back of a fiery steed. He is sometimes armed with a sword or with a deadly bow and arrows, sometimes he makes his appearance as a black bird of prey or as a black swallow, bearing the fatal summons. No place is inaccessible to him, except the lofty peaks of the mountains. Generally he is represented as a gaunt, cruel and crafty old man clad in black, deaf to the prayers of parents, and blind to the charm of beauty. His heart is not to be softened by appeals for mercy, not even by those of his own mother. On one occasion she bids him:

Spare thou mothers who have young children, brothers who have sisters;
Spare thou also newly-wedded pairs.

But he grimly replies:

Wherever I find three I carry off two, and where I find two I carry
off one,

Where I find one alone, him also do I carry off.¹

A picture of Death, sombrely magnificent, is drawn in a well-known ballad (*Ὁ Χάρος καὶ αἱ ψυχαί*).² The poet depicts Charos on horse-back, driving troops of youthful souls before him, dragging crowds of aged souls after him, while his saddle-bow is loaded with the souls of little children. At his passage the earth quakes beneath the hoofs of his steed, and the mountains are darkened by his shadow.³

Feasts of the Dead.

At fixed periods, such as the eighth (*ἡ ταῖς ὀχτώ*) and the fortieth day (*ἡ ταῖς σαράντα*) after burial, as well as on the anniversary (*ἡ τὸν χρόνον*) of the death, a "feast of remembrance" (*μνημόσυνο*) is celebrated. The grave is decorated with flowers, a mass is sung, and offerings are made in the church. These

¹ *Ὁ Χάρος καὶ ἡ μάνα του*, Passow, No. 408.

² Passow, No. 409, translated by Sir Rennell Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, p. 286.

³ For a brief study of the Modern Greek conception of Death see *Ἑθνικὸν Ἡμερολόγιον*, Μαρίνου Π. Βρετοῦ, Paris, 1866, p. 217.

offerings consist of a tray of parboiled wheat (κόλλυβα) mixed with pounded walnuts, raisins and parsley, and covered over with a coating of sugar, with the sign of the cross, and sometimes the initials of the deceased, worked on it in raisins. The wheat is interpreted as a symbol of the resurrection: as the grain is buried in the earth, rots, and rises again in the shape of a blooming plant, so will the soul rise from its tomb. An occult meaning is also attached to the sugar and the raisins: the sweetness of the one representing the sweets of the heavenly paradise, and the shrivelled appearance of the other suggesting the state of the soul before it is admitted to the bliss of the Christian Elysium.

In addition to these ceremonies, held in everlasting remembrance of individuals, there are certain days in the year set apart for the celebration of feasts of the dead collectively. These are called "Souls' Sabbaths" (ψυχοσάββατα), and the times in which they occur coincide roughly with the seasons of spring and harvest, of the decline and death of the year. Two of these Sabbaths are especially dedicated to "those gone to rest" (τῶν κεκοιμημένων). The first falls on the eve of Meat Sunday, and the other on the eve of Whitsunday, that is in February and May respectively—their exact date depending, of course, on the date of Easter—thus corresponding with the Feralia and Lemuralia of the Romans, which were held in those two months. The eve of Cheese Sunday and the first Saturday of Lent are likewise devoted to the same purpose, the latter being also a Feast "in commemoration of the miracle performed by means of parboiled wheat" (Μνήμη τοῦ διὰ κολλύβων θαύματος). The Saturday preceding the feast of St Demetrius (Oct. 26 O. S.) is another of these "Souls' Sabbaths."

On the above days sweetmeats, parboiled corn, small loaves of pure wheat (λειτουργίαι) stamped with a wooden stamp (σφραγίδι or σφραγιστερό), which bears the sign of the cross with the words "Jesus Christ prevaieth" abbreviated, and cakes are laid on the graves that the people, especially the poor, may eat thereof and "absolve the dead ones" (γιαὶ νὰ σ'χωρέσουν τὰ πεθαιμένα). The relatives kneel and cry beside the tombs

and employ the priests to read prayers over them.¹ The fragrance of flowers mingles with the fumes of frankincense. The piercing wails of the women are blended with the whining benedictions of beggars; and the cemetery is a vast scene in which the living and the dead seem to meet in a holiday of mourning. But from amidst the cries of uncontrolled sorrow rises the voice of the praying priest, giving utterance to "the hope that keeps despair alive."

Similar customs prevail in Russia, but they are cast after Greek models, the very names in common use being either translated or borrowed directly from the Greek (*e.g.* "chants of remembrance" = *μνημόσυνα*; *kolyvo* = *κόλλυβο*, etc.). The corresponding rite in Western Europe is the celebration of All Souls' Day. By comparing these feasts of the dead with analogous ceremonies among races in a primitive state of culture, ethnologists have arrived at the conclusion that they rest upon the view that the souls of the deceased come back to the world to visit their living relatives and receive from them offerings of food and drink.² This seems to have been the idea underlying the *νεκύσια* of the ancients, and it can still be dimly recognized in the formalities and ceremonies of the Greek Church.

A practice connected with these celebrations brings into relief the meaning which the Macedonian peasants unconsciously attach to the feasts of the dead. It shows how far they believe in the actual presence of the spirits of the departed at the banquets prepared for them. It is said that, if on going to bed on a Souls' Sabbath you place under your pillow a few grains of parboiled wheat taken from three different plates of those offered at church, you will dream something true. This superstition tallies with that part of the animistic doctrine according to which the ghosts of the dead appear to their surviving friends in dreams, a theory shared by many widely separated races.³ How firmly the ancient

¹ Cp. analogous practices in the islands of the Aegean, W. H. D. Rouse, 'Folklore from the Southern Sporades' in *Folk-Lore*, June 1899, pp. 180—181.

² Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. II. pp. 30—43.

³ *Ib.* vol. I. pp. 442 foll.

Greeks and Romans held this superstition is shown by the dreams recorded in classical literature from Homer onwards.¹

Exhumation.

Three years after burial the body is disinterred and, if found thoroughly decomposed, the bones are carefully washed with wine and placed in a linen bag, or a wooden box, labelled with the name of the deceased and the date of death. The receptacle of the remains is then deposited in a mortuary chapel or charnel-house, emphatically called cemetery (*κοιμητήριον*) that is "sleeping place"; the name "burial-ground" (*νεκροταφείον*) being applied to the graveyard. This performance is designated the "Lifting of the remains" (*Ἀνακομιδὴ τῶν λειψάνων*).

Great importance is attributed to the appearance of the dead at the opening of the tomb. Complete dissolution is a certain proof that the soul of the deceased is at rest. The colour and odour of the bones are also critically observed, and a yellow redolent skeleton fills the relatives with the assurance that their dear departed is enjoying everlasting bliss "in the regions resplendent with light and flowers,"² as described by the Church in language which sounds not unlike an echo of the classic notions concerning

the Elysian lawns,
Where paced the Demigods of old.

Nor is this a mere popular belief. The Church officially recognizes it, and a petition that the body may "be dissolved into its component elements" (*διάλυσον εἰς τὰ ἐξ ὧν συνετέθη*) forms an essential part of the burial service. It follows as a logical corollary that the partial or total absence of decomposition indicates the sinfulness and sad plight of the deceased. In that case the body is buried again either in the same or in a new grave, and special prayers are offered up for its

¹ Hom. *Il.* xxiii. 59 foll.; Cic. *De Divinat.* i. 27, etc.

² Ἐν τόπῳ φωτεινῷ, ἐν τόπῳ χλοερῷ is the expression in the Mass or Prayer for the Dead (*ἐπιμνημόσυνος δέησις*).

speedy decay. It is especially held that this disaster overtakes those who committed suicide, or who died under a parent's curse,¹ or under the ban of excommunication, or of a Bishop's anathema. This last cause of a soul's misery is expressly mentioned in the Mass for the Dead and is prayed against in the words "Unbind the curse, be it of priest or of arch-priest" (*Δύσον κατάραν, εἴτε ἱερέως εἴτε ἀρχιερέως*).

How great is the dread of an ecclesiastic's wrath can be realized from the following anecdote related to the writer as a "true story" by a person who entertained no doubts as to its authenticity. "Many years ago there was an Archbishop of Salonica who once in a moment of anger cursed a man of his diocese: "May the earth refuse to receive thee!" (*ὦ γῆς νὰ μὴ σε δεχτῇ*). Years went by, and the Archbishop embraced Islam. Owing to his erudition and general ability, he was raised by the Mohammedans to the office of head Mullah. Meanwhile, the individual who had incurred the prelate's wrath died, and was buried in the usual fashion. Now it came to pass that when, at the expiration of three years, the tomb was opened, the inmate was found intact, just as if he had been buried the day before. Neither prayers nor offerings availed to bring about the desired dissolution. He was inhumed once more; but three years later he was still found in the same condition. It was then recalled to mind by the widow that her late husband had been anathematized by the apostate Archbishop. She forthwith went to the ex-prelate and implored him to revoke the sentence. This dignitary promised to exert his influence, which it appears had not been diminished a whit by his apostasy; for once a bishop always a bishop. Having obtained the Pasha's permission, he repaired to the open tomb, knelt beside it, lifted up his hands and prayed for a few minutes. He had hardly risen to his feet when, wondrous to relate, the flesh of the corpse crumbled away from the bones, and the skeleton remained bare and clean as if it had never known pollution."

¹ On the terrible power ascribed by the Slavs to a parent's curse see Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 358.

In perfect agreement with the foregoing tradition is the account of an experiment, made at Constantinople in the 15th century by order of Mohammed the Conqueror, and recorded in a Byzantine chronicle recently published. According to this authority the first Sultan of Constantinople was distinguished as much by his liberal curiosity as by his prowess in the battle-field. He took an enlightened interest in the religion of the people whom he had conquered and delighted in enquiries concerning the mysteries of their faith. "Among other things," says the chronicler, "he was informed about excommunication,—namely that those who have died in sin and cursed by an Archbishop the earth dissolves not; but they remain inflated like drums and black for a thousand years. At hearing this he marvelled greatly and enquired whether the Archbishops who have pronounced the excommunication can also revoke it. On being told that they can, he forthwith sent a message to the Patriarch bidding him find a person who had been long dead under the ban. The Patriarch and the clergy under him could not at first think of such an individual, and demanded a period of several days in which to find one. At last they recollected that a woman, a presbyter's wife, used once upon a time to walk in front of the church of the All-Blessed. She was a shameless wench and, owing to her personal charms, had had many lovers. Once, on being rebuked by the Patriarch, she falsely accused him of having had improper relations with her. The rumour spread, and some credited it, while others disbelieved it. The Patriarch, not knowing what to do, on a certain great festival pronounced a heavy sentence of excommunication against the woman who slandered him. This was the woman of whom they bethought themselves; for she had been long dead. On opening her grave they found her sound, not even the hair of her head having fallen off. She was black and swollen like a drum and altogether in a lamentable condition. They reported the fact to the Sultan, and he sent men of his own to inspect her. They were astonished at the sight and related to their master how they had found her. He thereupon sent other officials with his seal, who deposited the corpse in a chapel and sealed it. The Patriarch appointed a day on which

he intended to sing a special mass, when she would be taken out, and he also drew up a letter of forgiveness. The Sultan's messengers came on the appointed day and took her out. After divine service, the Patriarch standing with tears in his eyes read aloud the letter of forgiveness, and all at once, oh wonder! while the Patriarch was reading the letter, the joints of her hands and feet began to dissolve, and those who stood close to the remains heard the noise. At the conclusion of the mass, they lifted the corpse and deposited it again in the chapel, which they sealed carefully. Three days later, when they came and broke the seals, they found her completely dissolved and in dust, and were astonished at the sight. They returned to their master and informed him of all they saw, and he on hearing their account marvelled greatly and believed that the faith of the Christians is a true faith."¹

The following occurrence, narrated by Csaplovics as an eyewitness and quoted by Mr Ralston, brings out more vividly the similarity between the Greek practice of exhumation and some customs prevailing among the Slavs: "A Slovene, whose mother had died, dug up the corpse of his father, collected his bones, washed them with red wine, tied them up in a clean white towel, placed the bundle on his mother's coffin, and then buried the remains of his two parents together." The writer goes on to remark that in Bulgaria also "it is said," "if no relative dies within the space of three years, the family tomb is opened, and any stranger who happens to expire is buried in it—a custom due to the lingering influence of the old idea, that the grave required a victim."²

The opening of the tomb, the collecting, washing, and tying up of the bones witnessed among the Slovenes, and the period of three years observed by the Bulgarians, taken together, constitute a complete parallel to what happens in Macedonia,

¹ *Ecthesis Chronica*, ed. by S. P. Lambros, Methuen and Co., 1902, pp. 36—38. The same story is quoted by Sir Rennell Rodd from Augustine Calmet's book on magic, and another similar tale is given on the authority of Sir Paul Ricaut, British Ambassador at Constantinople during the latter part of the 17th century. See *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, p. 193.

² *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 332.

and among the Greeks generally, as a regular, time-honoured, and officially recognized practice. Indeed, so general and prominent is the custom that there is hardly any burying ground which does not boast a "cemetery" in which the bones of past generations are preserved, neatly ranged on shelves, like so many deed-boxes in a solicitor's office. Visitors to the monasteries on Mount Athos, and other convents both in Macedonia and elsewhere in the Near East, are familiar with the crypts, the walls of which are covered with a multitude of skulls duly labelled, while the centre is often taken up by a miscellaneous heap of thigh-bones, ribs, and other minor constituents of human anatomy. The washing of the bones with wine and the depositing of them in a bag or box, to be kept for ever, are probably survivals of the ancient practice of extinguishing the pyre with wine, collecting and washing the bones after cremation and then preserving them in a cinerary urn (*κάλπις*).¹ In connection with the significance attached to the state of the body in the grave, it is well to refer to a similar belief entertained by the Slavs: "The bodies of vampires, of wizards, and of witches, as well as those of outcasts from the Church, and of people cursed by their parents, are supposed not to decay in the grave, for 'moist mother-earth' will not take them to herself."²

Before concluding these remarks on the burial-customs, it may be worth while to notice a practice which, though not confined to the Macedonians, is popular among them. The parings of the nails both of fingers and of toes are collected and put into a hole, that, in the resurrection of the dead, they may easily join the body again.³ The Jews of Salonica also preserve the parings of their nails and are careful not to mislay them, for they must be buried with them. This custom is said to be due to the belief that on the Day of Judgment the nails will help the owner to dig his way out of the grave. The Russian

¹ See the Homeric funeral in *Il.* xxiii. 236 foll. The bones of Patroklos are there put in a golden urn or bowl (*ἐν χρυσέῃ φιάλῃ*) and folded up in fat (*δῖπλακι δημῶ*) of the sacrificial victims.

² Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 412.

³ Α. Δ. Γουστου, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,' p. 76.

peasants also place the parings of a dead person's nails along with the body in the grave, in the belief that the soul has to climb a steep hill-side in order to reach the heavenly Paradise situated on the summit of a hill.¹ The Jewish habit, however, may be explained as being due to the fear lest these cuttings should fall into the hands of an enemy who might do a mischief to the owner by means of magic—a consideration which induces the Parsis to have their cut hair and nails buried with them,² and other races to hide them in various ways.³ But the first explanation seems to be the more correct one, as the same custom exists among the Turks who keep the parings of their nails “in the belief that they will be needed at the resurrection.”⁴

The Wild Boar Superstition.

In the district of Melenik I met with a superstition which presents some of the features of the world-wide belief in the power possessed by certain individuals to transform themselves into wild beasts, such as lions, leopards, hyaenas, or wolves. The “were-wolf” of English and the “loup-garou” of French folklore find in the Macedonian “wild-boar” (ἀγριογούρουνο) a not unworthy cousin. The belief, though not quite so general at present as it used to be, cannot be considered extinct yet. According to it, Turks, who have led a particularly wicked life, when at the point of death, turn into wild boars, and the ring worn by the man on his finger is retained on one of the boar's forefeet. The metamorphosis takes place as follows: the sinner first begins to grunt like a pig (ἀρχινάει νὰ μουνγκρίζη), he then falls on all fours (τετραποδίζει), and finally rushes out of the house grunting wildly and leaping over hedges, ditches, and rivers until he has reached the open country. At night he visits the houses of his friends, and more especially those of his

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 109.

² Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. I. p. 116.

³ J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. I. pp. 382 foll.

⁴ *The People of Turkey*, by a Consul's daughter and wife, quoted in J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. I. p. 385. Mr Frazer discusses the whole subject of hair and nail superstitions at great length. *Ib.* pp. 368 foll.

foes, and knocks at their doors for admittance. He chases with evil intent all those whom he meets in the way, and generally makes himself disagreeable. This he continues doing for forty days, and at the end of that period he betakes himself to the mountains, where he abides as a wild beast.

The ring noticed above reminds one forcibly of the ear-ring worn by the tribe of Budas in Abyssinia, a tribe much addicted to turning into hyaenas. It is said that this ornament has been seen "in the ears of hyaenas shot in traps," and it has been suggested that it is put there by the Budas in order "to encourage a profitable superstition."¹ It is not unlikely that in the case of the Macedonia boar also the ring might be traced to a similar origin.

This superstition is closely related to a Slav belief, quoted as an instance of metempsychosis. The Bulgarians hold that Turks who have never eaten pork in life will become wild boars after death. It is related that a party assembled to feast on a boar was compelled to throw it all away, "for the meat jumped off the spit into the fire, and a piece of cotton was found in the ears, which the wise man decided to be a piece of the *ci-devant* Turk's turban."²

The Bulgarian superstition is practically the same as that of the Melenikiote peasantry, but the latter presents the curious point that the transformation of the Turk into a boar is supposed to occur *before* death and to be gradual. This peculiarity seems to identify it rather with a process of metamorphosis than of metempsychosis, especially as the doctrine of transmigration is so rarely found in Christian countries. This belief concerning the future state of the Turks is one of several superstitions held by other races both geographically and ethnologically allied to the Macedonians. The Albanians believe in some strange beings which they call *liougat* or *liouvgat*, defined by Hahn as "Dead Turks, with huge nails, who wrapped up in their winding sheets devour whatever they find and throttle men."³

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 311.

² *Ib.* vol. ii. pp. 15 foll.

³ *Stud. Alb.* i. p. 16.

Akin both to the above superstition and to those that follow is the Wallachian belief in a being called *priccolitsch* and described as "a man who wanders by night in the shape of a dog over the fields and commons and even villages, and as he passes kills by touching horses, cows, sheep, pigs, goats and other animals, and derives from them a vitality which makes him look always healthy."¹

Vampire.

A short step from the strange beliefs recorded in the last chapter brings us to the equally strange, though better known, superstition concerning the vampire. The name given to this hideous monster in Macedonia is, generally speaking, the same as that by which it is known in some parts of Greece proper; but its form is slightly modified in various districts. Thus at Melenik (North-East) it is called *Vrykolakas* (ὁ βρυκόλακας or τὸ βουρκολάκι), or *Vampyras* (ὁ βάμπυρας); whereas at Kataphygi (South-West) it appears as *Vroukolakas*, or *Vompiras*, the latter form being also used as a term of abuse. The name has been variously derived by philologists, some holding that it comes from the ancient Greek *μορμολυκεῖον*, a hobgoblin. This is the view of some modern Greek scholars, followed by Hahn. Others, like Bernhard Schmidt,² more plausibly assign to it a Slavonic origin.³

The Macedonian *Vrykolakas* is conceived of as an animated corpse throttling people and sucking the blood of men and beasts, or damaging household utensils, ploughs, etc. He is described as being in personal appearance like a bull-skin full of blood, with a pair of eyes on one side, gleaming like live

¹ Schott, *Walachische Märchen*, p. 298. On this and the following superstitions see also Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. II. pp. 80 foll.

² *Das Volksleben der Neugriechen*, p. 159.

³ The following are some of the Slavonic forms of the name: *ulkodlak* (Bohemian), *vukodlak* (Servian), *vrkolak* (Bulgarian). The Albanians call it *vurvulak*, and the Turks *vrkolak*. The form *βάμπυρας* or *βόμπυρας* also may be compared with the Russian *vampir* or *upuir* (anc. *upir*), and the Polish *upior*.

coals in the dark.¹ The Macedonian, and the modern Greek Vrykolakas generally, agrees in his attributes with the Slavonic creature of the same name, and with the ghouls of the *Arabian Nights*. Like them it is imagined as being a corpse imbued with a kind of half-life, and actuated by murderous impulses and by an unquenchable thirst for blood. This conception does not differ materially from the kindred beliefs of the Scandinavians and Icelanders, yet on the whole it is nearer to the Slavonic than to any other version of the vampire superstition. But we need not, therefore, conclude that the modern Greeks have borrowed much more than the name from their Slav neighbours. The superstition is closely related to the lycanthropy and to the belief in spectres of the ancient Greeks, and the fact that in the Greek islands it is known by other and purely Hellenic names² goes far to prove that the idea has originated among the Greeks independently, though those of the mainland who have come into contact with the Slavs may, in adopting the Slav name, have also modified their own views and customs respecting the vampire in harmony with those of their neighbours.

The accordance between the Greek and the Slavonic conceptions of the vampire is nowhere more apparent than in Macedonia, a province which for many centuries past has been the meeting point of Slav and Hellene. It is believed that a dead person turns into a vampire (*βρυκολακιάζει*),³ first, if at the unearthing of the body the latter is found undecayed and turned face downwards. In such an emergency the relatives of the deceased have recourse to a ceremony which fills the beholder with sickening horror. I was creditably informed of a case of this description occurring not long ago at Alistrati, one of the principal villages between Serres and Drama. Someone was suspected of having turned into a vampire. The corpse was taken out of the grave, was scalded with boiling oil,

¹ It will be seen from this that Mr Tylor's description of the Vrykolakas as "a man who falls into a cataleptic state, while his soul enters a wolf and goes ravaging for blood" (*Prim. Cult.* vol. i. p. 313) is scarcely accurate.

² *καταχανᾶς*, in Crete and Rhodes; *ἀναικαθούμενος*, in Tenos; *σαρκωμένος*, in Cyprus.

³ *βρυκολάκιασε!* is said in jest of one who cannot sleep of nights.

and was pierced through the navel with a long nail. Then the tomb was covered in, and millet was scattered over it, that, if the vampire came out again, he might waste his time in picking up the grains of millet and be thus overtaken by dawn. For the usual period of their wanderings is from about two hours before midnight till the first crowing of the morning cock. At the sound of which "fearful summons" the Vrykolakas, like the Gaelic *sithche*, or fairy, vanishes into his subterranean abode.¹

Another cause leading to the transformation of a human being into a Vrykolakas is the leaping of a cat over the corpse while lying in state. To guard against such an accident the body is watched all night by relatives and friends, who consider it a deed "good for their own souls" (*ψυχικό*) to wake by the dead. If, despite their watchfulness, a cat does jump across the body, the latter is immediately pierced with two big "sack-needles" (*σακκορράφαις*) in order to prevent the dread calamity. The visits of a vampire are further guarded against by scattering mustard seed² over the tiles of the roof, or by barricading the door with brambles and thorn-bushes.

The superstition regarding the leaping of the cat is shared

¹ Tournefort, the eighteenth century French traveller, narrates a similar occurrence which he witnessed in the island of Myconos. The body in that case was not simply scalded, but actually burnt to ashes. *Voyage to the Levant*, Eng. Tr. i. pp. 103 foll., in Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. ii. pp. 92 foll. See also Leake, *Travels in Northern Greece*, vol. i. p. 492; vol. iv. p. 216.

² The mustard, like the millet mentioned already, is intended to make the Vrykolakas waste his time in counting. The same fatal weakness for arithmetic seems to beset the Kalikantzari of Southern Greece. If a sieve is handed to one, he will set to work to count the holes, as though his life depended on it. As his mathematics do not go beyond the figure two, he is overtaken by morning. The Italians use a similar antidote on the Eve of St John's Day, when they carry about an onion-flower or a red carnation. This flower is meant for the witches, who are believed to be abroad on that evening. When it is given to them, they begin to count the petals, and long before they have accomplished this feat you are out of their reach. See Sir Rennell Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, p. 201. In America also a sieve placed under the door-step, or hung over the door, keeps the witches out of the house, for they cannot enter until they have counted, or even crawled through, every hole: *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vii. p. 16.

by both Servians and Bulgarians, for which reason a corpse is always carefully watched while it is in the cottage before the funeral. But the Slavonic races go even further than the Greeks: "In some places the jumping of a boy over the corpse is considered as fatal as that of a cat. The flight of a bird above the body may also be attended by the same terrible result; and so may—in the Ukraine—the mere breath of the wind from the Steppe."¹ This belief survives in the northern counties of England, although its explanation has been long forgotten. If a cat or dog pass over a corpse, the animal must be killed at once.²

The piercing of the corpse is also a practice well-known to the Slavs. In Russia they drive a stake through it, and in Servia, after having pierced it with a white-thorn stake, they commit it to the flames.³ Likewise in Iceland, we are told, in order to prevent a dead person from "going again" needles or pointed spikes should be driven into the soles of his feet. The same end would be attained by driving nails into the tomb during high-mass, between the reading of the Epistle and the Gospel.⁴ With the scattering of millet or mustard-seed in order to obstruct the vampire's progress may be compared the funeral practice of the Pomeranians, who on "returning from the churchyard leave behind the straw from the hearse, that the wandering soul may rest there, and not come back so far as home."⁵ Also the Russian custom of the widow, who, after the body is carried out, "strews oats over the ground traversed by the funeral procession."⁶

With the blood-sucking Vrykolakas is somewhat distantly connected the *murony* of the Wallachs, which has also the

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 412.

² Henderson, *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England*, p. 43, in Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 323, n. 2; Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. II. p. 84, n. 10.

³ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 413. It is with a like intent that the negroes of America sometimes drive a stake through a grave, as soon as one is buried. *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. VII. p. 15.

⁴ *Islenzkar þjóðsögur*, I. 224, 3—7.

⁵ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. II. p. 27.

⁶ *Ib.* p. 318.

power of assuming many shapes, such as that of a cat, frog, flea, or spider.

In addition to the ordinary Vrykolakas who delights in human blood, the Macedonians believe in the existence of a Vrykolakas of sheep and cattle. He is represented as riding on their shoulders, sucking their blood, and killing them. Quacks, especially Mohammedan dervishes, profess to have the power of exterminating these inferior vampires, whence they are known as "vampire-killers," and go about ostentatiously parading an iron rod ending in a sharp point (*shish*), or a long stick armed with a small axe on the top.

People born on a Saturday (hence called Σαββατιανοὶ or Sabbatarians) are believed to enjoy the doubtful privilege of seeing ghosts and phantasms, and of possessing great influence over vampires. A native of Sochos assured the writer that such a one was known to have lured a Vrykolakas into a barn and to have set him to count the grains of a heap of millet. While the demon was thus engaged, the Sabbatarian attacked him and succeeded in nailing him to the wall. The story presents several points of interest. First, the nailing of an evil being to a wall is a notion familiar to the Macedonian mind. It may even be found embodied in folk-songs. Some children's rhymes, which I heard from a girl of the same village, began with the words :

Στοιχειὸ παραχωμένο,
'Σ τὸν τοῖχο καρφωμένο.

O thou Ghost buried
And to the wall nailed !

This notion is closely connected with the ancient Roman practice of warding off evil by driving a nail into a wall, and the kindred superstitions still prevalent among the peasants of European countries.¹ The Macedonian belief may be regarded as more primitive than any of these parallels; for it is based on the idea that personal and, so to speak, substantial spirits can thus be transfixed; not only abstract calamities. Another interesting point offered by the above tale is the belief in the

¹ For illustrations see J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. III. pp. 33 foll.

exceptional endowment of people born at a certain time. With this superstition may be compared the one mentioned by Mr Andrew Lang as prevailing in Scotland,—namely, “that children born between midnight and one o’clock will be second-sighted.”¹ Furthermore, as Saturday—the birthday of the Macedonian Sabbatarians—is the seventh day of the week, these favoured mortals may claim kinship with the seventh sons, who among ourselves are credited with the faculty of curing diseases by the touch, and the like.² In this connection it may also be noted that a firstborn child is in Macedonia supposed to possess supernatural powers over a hail-storm. If such a child swallows a few grains of hail, the storm will immediately cease.

At Liakkovikia it is held that the Sabbatarian owes his power to a little dog, which follows him every evening and drives away the Vrykolakas. It is further said that the Sabbatarian on those occasions is invisible to all but the little dog.³ Perhaps it would not be a mistake to explain the little dog as representing the “Fetch” or natal spirit of the Sabbatarian, a spirit which to this day is fond of assuming a canine form in Iceland.⁴

¹ *Cock Lane and Common Sense*, p. 238; cp. the American superstition that “a person born on Halloween is said to be possessed of evil spirits” (*Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 149), and that “those born with a caul over the face can see ghosts,” *Ib.* vol. vii. p. 22.

² For several curious instances of this belief in England see *The Book of Days*, vol. i. pp. 166 foll.

³ Α. Δ. Γουστόβ, ‘Η κατὰ τὸ Παγγαῖον Χώρα,’ p. 75.

⁴ The northern term “Fylgja” has two meanings: *after-birth* and *fetch*, which was believed to inhabit the after-birth. It generally assumed the shape of some animal: birds, flying dragons, bears, horses, oxen, he-goats, wolves, foxes; but in modern times in Iceland its favourite guise is that of a dog. This spirit followed through life every man of woman born. See *Islenzkar þjóðsögur*, i. 354—357; Finn Magnússon, *Eddalaeren*, iv. 35 foll. For this note I am indebted to the kindness of my friend Mr Eiríkr Magnússon, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

CHAPTER XIII.

SPIRITS AND SPELLS.

DISEASES of men and beasts are often regarded as evil spirits to be expelled by means of incantations, prayers, and other rites analogous to those practised against the Evil Eye.¹ In this belief the Macedonian peasants are not singular. It is a belief chiefly prevailing among races in the lowest stage of culture and thought, but surviving in many forms among peoples which have long out-grown that early state. The Russian peasant, for instance, maintains the same attitude as the Macedonian and endeavours to drive away disease "by purification with fire and water, and so the popular practice of physic is founded on a theory of fumigations, washings, and sprinklings attended by exorcisms of various kinds."²

At Nigrita, in Southern Macedonia, I had an opportunity of witnessing a ceremony of this description—a Benediction of Beasts. The cattle of the district had been attacked by a disease which was, as a matter of course, set down to the agency of the Evil One. The people, therefore, resolved to have it exorcised. On a Saturday evening the town-crier (*διαλαλητής*, Turk. *dellal*) proclaimed that the cattle affected should be driven next morning to the enclosure of the church. On the morrow many head of cattle of all ages and complexions, and of both sexes, congregated in the churchyard, awaiting the special ceremony, which was to be performed for their benefit. When the ordinary Sunday service was over, the priest came out and, with the hand of St Dionysios, the patron saint of the village,

¹ *v. supra*, p. 143.

² Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 379 foll.

before him, read the customary prayer, recommending each particular ox, cow, and calf by name to the mercy of Heaven. At the mention of the bovine names—such as Black, Red, Dapple, Moraite, etc.,—the officiator was so strongly moved by the humour of the situation that he could hardly refrain from bursting into laughter—an emotion in which some of the farmers themselves were not disinclined to join. But, though far from blind to the ludicrous side of the affair, they were too much in earnest about their cattle to interrupt the rite.¹

Another method of delivering suffering cattle from an evil spirit is the following. A dervish, or Mohammedan mendicant friar, is called, and he draws a circle round the afflicted herd, uttering the while some mystic words, or pure gibberish, in an undertone. He then proceeds to cast amid the close-gathered cattle a charm consisting of a verse of the Koran sewed up in leather (*nuska*). The animal hit by the *nuska* is the one harbouring the evil spirit. The *nuska* is, therefore, hung round its neck. In the case of sheep, they are likewise circumscribed with a magic circle, but the *nuska*, instead of being thrown at random, is forthwith suspended from the neck of the leader of the flock.

In the same district I came across several instances of people who attributed their physical ailments to the malignity of the "Spirits of the Air" (Αγερικά).² An old woman was complaining to me of a chronic low fever. I naturally asked her whether she had consulted a physician. "What can physicians do?" she answered, peevishly, "it is an Ayeriko, and physic avails nothing against it."

The marshes and fens which stretch unchecked over the valley of the Struma, where the village is situated, are the prolific nurseries of malaria and other disorders alike fatal to

¹ Cp. similar religious services performed on St Anthony's Day in Roman Catholic countries. *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 126.

² The Turks also regard diseases as coming "from the air" (*hawadan*) and to be cured with a *nuska* containing a verse of the Koran. This prescription is either worn round the neck as a phylactery, or is burned and the patient is fumigated with the smoke thereof, or, still better, it is washed in a bowl of water which is afterwards drunk by the patient. See 'Η Κωνσταντινούπολις' by Scarlatos D. Byzantios, vol. i. p. 94.

bipeds and to quadrupeds. But the people are firmly convinced that these things have nothing to do with the disease, which can have none but a supernatural origin—a belief corresponding to the superstition known throughout Northern Europe as *elle-skiod*, *elle-vild*, and in some parts of England as *elf-shot*.

Women belated on the road are sometimes seized with sudden terror, which results in temporary loss of speech, moping madness, or malignant ague. These ailments, too, are promptly set down to the invisible agency of an *Ayeriko*.¹ Recourse is immediately had to some renowned dervish or *khodja* (Mohammedan religious minister) of the neighbourhood, who pretends to trace the evil to its source, and to discover the exact spot where the attack occurred. That part of the road is sprinkled with *petmez*, or boiled grape-juice, on three consecutive nights, that the "Spirit's temper may be sweetened" (*για να γλυκαθῇ τ' Ἀγερικό*).

It should be observed that the Mohammedan ministers and monks enjoy a far higher reputation as wielders of magical powers than their Christian *confrères*. Likewise the most famous fortune-tellers of either sex belong to the Mohammedan persuasion. This is partly due to the fact that the Mohammedans, being as a rule far more ignorant than their Christian neighbours, are more strongly addicted to superstitious belief and practice; but it may also arise from the universal tendency to credit an intellectually inferior race with greater proficiency in the black arts.²

The dervishes, however, have formidable competitors in old Gipsy women, and other hags, suspected of intimate relations with the powers of darkness, and propitiated with presents accordingly. To these sorceresses (*μαύστραις*) the peasants

¹ Cp. the ancient Greek belief that a trance or spiritual ecstasy was due to the Nymphs, a belief vividly illustrated by the words of Socrates: "Verily the place seems to be god-haunted. Therefore, if in the course of our discourse I often chance to become entranced (*νυμφόληπτος*, lit. *caught by nymphs*), wonder thou not." Plat. *Phaedr.* 238 D. The Latin epithet *lymphaticus*, frantic, panic-struck, crazy, also embodies the same idea and accurately describes the symptoms attributed to the agency of the *Ayeriko* by the Macedonians.

² For illustrations of this principle see Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. I. pp. 113 foll.

often have recourse for the recovery of lost and for the cure of ailing cattle, as well as for the interpretation of dreams.¹ Also people who believe themselves to be under the influence of an enemy's witchery (*μάγεια*) go to these sibyls for a countercharm in order to break the first. Their concoctions (*madjoon*) are likewise supposed to remove barrenness, to restore youth and beauty, and to work many other wonderful effects. Their methods can best be illustrated by a personal experience.

An old Gipsy woman at a fair at Petritz, after having told the writer his fortune, by looking upon a shell, assured him that he was the victim of an enemy's curse, and that she had the means of defeating its operation. It appears that "when I was leaving my country, a woman and her daughter had cast dust after me and pronounced a spell." The "casting of dust" as an accompaniment of an anathema, by the way, is a well-known practice of Hindoo witches. The Prophetess then taking me aside offered to supply me, for a consideration, with a liquid which I ought to make my enemies drink or to pour outside their door.

These hags provide young people with various philtres which sometimes are less innocent than pure water. But lovers need not always resort to a professional magician. There are a few recipes familiar to most of those who have ever suffered from an unrequited passion. One of the most popular philtres is to

¹ There is little originality in the dreams of the modern Greeks or in their interpretation. Some of them are interpreted symbolically, e.g. to dream of an ugly old hag forebodes illness; a serpent indicates an enemy; raw (indigestible) meat signifies trouble. Very often dreams among the Greeks, and in these remarks I include the Greeks of Macedonia, are interpreted just as among the Zulus, the Maoris and others, on the principle of contraries, e.g. if you dream that you are the possessor of a hoard of gold pieces, you are destined to die a pauper. Lice, which so often go with extreme poverty, on the other hand, are regarded as omens of wealth. The ancient rule that "he who dreams he hath lost a tooth shall lose a friend" still holds its place in modern Greek oneiromancy as it does in the chap-books of modern Europe. See Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. pp. 122 foll. The dreams concerning treasure-trove are governed by the same law of secrecy as in Southern Greece. A breach of this rule involves the transformation of the treasure into coals. Cp. W. H. D. Rouse, 'Folk-lore from the Southern Sporades,' in *Folk-Lore*, June 1899, p. 182. The dream of Saturday night must come true before Sunday noon.

be obtained by the following simple but efficacious method : Take three live fishes and place them in a row upon a gridiron over the fire. While the fishes are broiling, hit them in turns with two small sticks, repeating this incantation :

“As these fishes are panting, even so may the maiden whom I love pant with longing” (*Ὅπως λαχταροῦν αὐτὰ τὰ ψάρια ἔτσι νὰ λαχταρήσῃ κ’ ἡ νεὶὰ π’ ἀγαπῶ*).

When they are thoroughly charred, pound them in a mortar and reduce them to fine powder, out of which concoct a potion and then endeavour to make the maid drink of it.

Folk-Medicine.

Besides the official operations, which are performed by the recognized ministers of the Crescent and of the Cross, the peasantry have recourse to a good many expedients on their own account. An amateur method of curing mild complaints, such as swollen glands and the like, is to write an exorcism—any passage from the Bible will do—upon the patient’s cheek or neck.

At Cavalla I was shown an old manuscript of the New Testament. It seemed to have been used a great deal. To my comment to that effect, my hostess eagerly replied :

“Oh yes, we have been lending it out a lot.”

“It is a pity so many pages have been torn out,” I remarked.

“That couldn’t be helped. You can’t use the leaves, unless you tear them out,” was her naïve answer, and it enlightened me on the meaning of the word “use.” The leaves of the manuscript were used as the leaves of the lemon-tree are used for medicinal purposes, that is, by soaking them in water, and then washing the ailing part with the juice thereof, or drinking the latter

Like him that took the doctor’s bill,
And swallowed it instead o’ th’ pill.¹

The charm of the red and white thread used in Spring has already been mentioned. It should be added here that the

¹ *Hudibras*, Part I, Canto I.

same amulet is considered highly efficacious against agues, fevers, and sun-strokes. The practice is also very common among the Russians who sometimes use merely a knotted thread, sometimes a skein of red wool wound about the arms and legs, or nine skeins fastened round a child's neck, as a preservative against scarlatina.¹ The efficacy of these tied or knotted amulets depends to a great extent upon the magical force of their knots.² This is illustrated by the very important part played by the 'binding' and 'loosing' processes in popular magic, and by the prominence given to these knots in the marriage ceremonies of the Macedonian peasantry described elsewhere. Another point relating to this amulet and deserving attention is the fact that in Macedonia it is especially used during the month of March, that is in early spring. This circumstance connects it with the other springtide observances dealt with in a previous chapter, and particularly with the children's Feast of the Rousa, the object of which it is to ward off scarlatina.³

A practice not confined to young people is resorted to by all those who suffer from the irritating little red pimples, which burst forth upon the skin in the dog-days of a southern summer. These pimples are known as *hararet* at Melenik; elsewhere as *δροτσιδια*. Relief from them is sought in a very queer fashion: the sufferer, male or female, repairs before sunrise to a lonely spot, where there is a quince-tree, and, standing naked beneath its boughs, pronounces three times the following formula:

"I want a man and want him at once!" (*Ἄντρα θέλω, τώρα τον θέλω*)—a phrase which has passed into proverb, applied to people who will brook no delay.

Then they pick up their clothes and walk off forty paces, without looking back. Having reached that point, they stop and dress. This must be done three days in succession.⁴

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 388.

² On the subject of 'Knots as amulets' see J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. i. pp. 398 foll.

³ *v. supra*, pp. 40—42.

⁴ The formula employed seems to suggest that the ceremony was at one time confined to women alone. In that case the custom can be connected with numerous similar customs prevalent in various countries and explained as owing their origin to "the belief of the fertilising power of the tree spirit." For

The mystic "forty paces" reappear in a recipe against no less an ill than lightning. It is believed that if one struck by lightning is immediately removed from the spot, where the accident befell him, to the prescribed distance, he will recover.

At Cavalla I came across a cure of rheumatism by the sand-bath. There is a spot a little way from the beach, to the east of the town, remarkable for its light colour. It is a patch of fine yellowish sand which looks very much as though it once was the bed of a salt pond, whose waters have been evaporated by the sun. A local legend, however, ascribes to it a miraculous origin.

In olden times, it is said, there was a shepherd who had a flock of beautiful white sheep. He once made a vow to sacrifice one of his sheep, but he failed to fulfil it.¹ The gods in their wrath waited for an opportunity of punishing him, and this soon offered itself. One fine afternoon, as the shepherd stood on that spot, tending his beautiful white sheep, a monstrous wave rose out of the sea and swallowed up both shepherd and flock. The spot has ever since remained white, and the flock were transformed into fleecy white wavelets, hence called "sheep" (πρόβατα).²

The spot is now known as the "White Sand" (called "Ἀσπρος Ἄμμος" by the Greeks, *Bias koom* by the Turks) and is supposed to possess healing virtues. People suffering from rheumatism and paralysis are cured if on three successive days they go there and bury themselves up to the waist in the sand. In fact "White Sand" of Cavalla is quite a fashionable health resort, especially among the Turks of the town and environs.³

illustrations see J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. i. p. 195. On the other hand, viewed as a cure, it may be compared with the widely-spread practice of transferring ills to trees discussed by Mr Frazer, vol. iii. pp. 26 foll. The injunction against looking back finds many parallels among the cases cited by Mr Frazer.

¹ The faithless shepherd appears in a Spanish story. The promise of a lamb is there made to March, who revenges himself afterwards by borrowing three days from April, see R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, p. 27.

² Our "white horses."

³ Cp. Mr Tozer's account of the same method as practised on Mount Athos, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. i. p. 75.

The cure recommended by the folk-physician for the bite of a mad dog is to apply to the wound a tuft of hair cut off from the dog that bit you. This is a relic of the ancient and once world-wide homœopathic doctrine, according to which the cause that produced the harm can also effect its cure (*similia similibus curantur*). It is mentioned in the Scandinavian Edda "Dog's hair heals dog's bite," and it also survives in the English expression "a hair of the dog that bit you," although its original meaning is no longer remembered.¹ A bleeding of the nose is stopped by a large key placed on the nape of the sufferer's neck.² In Russia the sufferer grasps a key in each hand, or the blood is allowed to drop through the aperture of a locked padlock—a practice connected by mythologists with the worship of *Perun* the Thunder-God.³ The key cure is not unknown in this country also.⁴

A small wart, which sometimes appears on the lower eyelid and which, from its shape, is known as a 'little grain of barley' (*κριθαράκι* or *κριθαρίτσα*), is cured if someone bearing a rare name barks at it like a dog.⁵

Nothing shows more clearly how strong and general is the conviction that physical ailments are due to non-physical causes than the fact that in systematic treatises on folk-medicine among the prescribed remedies are frequently included prayers and spells. The following are examples, literally translated from a tattered old MS. which I obtained in Macedonia.

*Useful Medical Treatise.*⁶

The above is the modest title of the MS. which is dateless, nameless, and endless. So far as the writing is a criterion of age, the document seems to be the work of an eighteenth

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 84.

² The same cure is used in America, see *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. iv. p. 99.

³ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 96.

⁴ For "superstitions about diseases" and folk medicine generally in England, see *The Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 732.

⁵ A. Δ. Γουστός, 'Η κατὰ τὸ Πάγκαλον Χώρα,' p. 76.

⁶ For the original Greek see Appendix III.

century scribe, whose identity, however, in the absence of direct evidence, must remain a problem unsolved and insoluble. But judging by certain points of similarity between the hand of the present and that of another MS. of a similar nature, bound in the same volume, I am inclined to attribute it to the author of the latter, who reveals his name in an apologetic note appended, by way of postface, at the end of his work: "Hand of Constantine Rizioti, by trade a physician. If aught be wrong in the book, set it right, and grant your forgiveness to me, as to one who is ignorant of the science of his own trade. Besides, I was a beginner when I wrote it."¹

The MS. begins with a recipe for sleeplessness. Says the author :

1. "He who wishes to watch and not feel sleepy : there is a bird named sparrow ; of this bird the eyes, and the eyes of the crab, and of the [blank] likewise, wrap them up in white linen and tie them to his right arm, and he shall not be sleepy."

This is followed by prescriptions, more or less unconventional, for tooth-cleaning, toothache, wounds, stomach-ache (lit. soul-ache),² pains in the abdomen, childbirth, headache ; for driving away caterpillars from a garden ; for pain in a man's body ; and for thirst.

The caterpillar remedy is characteristic and deserves reproduction :

9. "For the chasing of caterpillars : take 3 caterpillars from the garden, take also fire [?] and fumigate the garden or park, and they will go away."

Next comes another prescription for toothache :

12. "In the event of pain in the teeth make this sign, and plant the knife before the aching tooth, and say the 'Our Father,' and the sufferer must say the 'Kyrie eleison.' And when the pain is gone from the first tooth, let him put it in the second, likewise in the third, and, by the grace of God, he will be cured."

¹ χεῖρ κωνσταντίνου ριζιότι· καὶ τὴν τέχνην ἱατρο[ῦ]· καὶ ἥτι σφαλὲρ εὐσταταὶ ὀρθόσαστε αὐτὸ καὶ συγγνώ[μην] μοι δωρήσασται· ὡς ἀμαθεὶς ὑπάρχων τῆς ἰδέας τέχνης τὴν ἐπιστήμην· ἅμα δὲ καὶ ἀρχαῖος [=ἀρχάριος] εἰμι ὅτε τὸ ἔγραφα.

² ψυχόπονος.

There follow recipes for pains in the belly, pains internal and external, and for vomiting. To these ensues the heading "For loosing a man who is bound or a woman, write:" but the prescription does not actually occur till later. Instead of it, we here get two recipes for ague :

17. "In the event of ague-fever : write upon an apple or pear : 'Holy Angel, chosen of our Lord Jesus Christ, who presidest over ague and fever secondary [?], tertian, quartan, and quotidian, break off the ague-fever from the servant of God So-and-So, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

18. "In the event of fever quotidian and tertian : pound green sow-thistle, mix it with blessed water of the Holy Epiphany ; spread it well, and water it, and write on the first day at sunrise upon his right shoulder 'Christ is born' ; on the second day [likewise] ; also write upon an apple the Trisagion and the 'Stand we fairly,'¹ and let him eat it fasting."

After these come recipes for preventing the generation of lice, for knife-thrusts, for hemorrhage, and several other commonplace complaints, which are followed by the prescription :

23. "For loosing a man who is bound :² take a knife that has committed murder, and, when the person who is bound goes to bed, let him place the knife between his legs, and go to sleep. And when he awakes, let him utter these words : 'As this knife has proved capable of committing murder, that is to say, of killing a man, even so may mine own body prove capable of lying with my wife ; and he forthwith lies with his wife."

24. "When one disowns his wedded wife *coeatque cum scorto*, take *stercus uxoris simile stercoris scorti* and therewith fumigate the man's clothes secretly, and he will straightway conceive an aversion for her. Likewise in the event of the reverse."

25. "For one possessed of demons : let the sufferer wear the glands from the mouth of a fish, and let him be fumigated with them, and the demons will flee from him."

A somewhat similar treatment is recommended for the gout (*podagra*). Then comes :

¹ These are the words which the deacon says in the part of the liturgy known as the Anaphora.

² *v. supra* p. 171 n. Cp. analogous documents from the Aegean W. H. D. Rouse, 'Folk-lore from the Southern Sporades,' in *Folk-Lore*, June 1899, pp. 156 foll.

27. "For curing [?] the bite of serpents and other wild beasts, and that they may not touch him, not even the dogs, but flee from him : pound sorrel and [?], and strain [?] them well, and then smear with the juice of all, and you shall marvel."

28. "To succeed in fishing : let the fisher wear on him sand-fleas, bound up in dolphin skin, and he is always successful."

29. "To pacify one's enemies : write the psalm 'Known in Judaea,' dissolve it in water, and give your enemy to drink thereof, and he will be pacified."

31. "That wayfarers may not become weary : let them carry in their belts nerves from a crane's legs."

32. "For a startled and frightened man : take 3 dry chestnuts and sow-thistle and 3 glasses of old wine, and let him drink thereof early and late ; write also the 'In the beginning was the word' by the aid of Jesus, and let him carry it."

34. "For ague : cut 3 pieces of bread and write on the 1st 'Love the Father,' on the 2nd 'Life the Son,' on the 3rd 'Comfort the Holy Ghost. Amen.' And when the shivering and the fever commence, let the patient perform 3 genuflexions in the name of St John the Forerunner¹ and let him eat the 1st piece, and the fever will leave off. And, if it does not leave off at the first, do the same thing at the second. Truth for ever."

Omitting some comparatively ordinary remedies for ailments of the stomach, "for drawing a tooth without the use of forceps or iron," headache, and a "marvellous" cure for cough, we come to a humorous recipe :

40. "For a bleeding nose : say to the part whence the blood flows, secretly in the ear (!) 'mox, pax, ripx,' and it will stop."

The following is a remedy recommended to the attention of advocates of total abstinence :

41. "For preventing a man from getting drunk : put two ounces of [unfortunately the name conveys nothing to the present writer]; give it to him every morning to drink, and he will not get drunk."

41b. "To make a woman have milk : take a cow's hoof and burn it well, give it to the woman to eat or drink it."

42. "That thou mayst not fear thief or robber : take the herb named *azebotanon*, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and carry it wherever thou wishest to walk, and, with God's help, thou shalt not be afraid."

¹ *v. supra* p. 65 n.

43. "To stop a serpent coming towards thee : when thou seest it coming towards thee say these words : 'Moses set a javelin, deliverer from harmful things, upon a column and a rod, in the form of a cross, and upon it he tied an earth-crawling serpent, and thereby triumphed over the evil. Wherefore we shall sing to Christ our God ; for he has been glorified'."

47. "That a woman may become pregnant : take the gall of a he-goat, and let the husband smear his body therewith at the moment when he is going to lie with his wife."

49. "In case of a fright : write upon new paper : 'Elohim God,' and this character $\sigma\chi\sigma\chi$, and carry it."

50. "To cure a woman of hemorrhage write on a piece of papyrus, and tie it to her belly with 1 thread, and say the 'Our Father' and the following prayer : 'The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, the God who stayed the river Mortham on the 6th day, stay also the flowing of the blood of thy servant So-and-So, and the seal of our Lord Jesus Christ. Stand we fairly, stand we with fear of God, Amen. And may the Evangelists Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John cure the patient.' Write this on an olive leaf $\xi\bar{\iota}\bar{\sigma}\bar{\chi}\bar{\sigma}\bar{\nu}\bar{\phi}\bar{\theta}$."

Several recipes follow for toothache, eyesores, and swarms of ants. Then comes another prescription for the "loosing of a bound man" :

55. "Take cotton pods and bind them with 12 knots¹ and say over his head : 'In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,' and also say these words : 'Let the limbs of So-and-So be set free, as Lazarus was set free from the tomb'."

After an uninteresting prescription for earache we have another cure :

57. "For ague and fever : write on a cup the exorcism : these names : 'Christ was born, Christ was crucified, Christ is risen. Our Lord Jesus Christ being born in Bethlehem of Judaea, leave, O head-demon, the servant of God So-and-So ; in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, now and ever and in the aeons'."

After two more ordinary prescriptions, the text continues on the favourite subject :

59. "For the loosing of a man : write these words on a piece of bread, and give it to him to eat : 'akoel, eisvil, ampelouras, perimarias, kame-nanton, ektilen, ekpeilen, vriskadedeos, dedeousa.' Tosyphasatodios has discovered this loosing."

¹ v. *supra* p. 170.

A remedy for "heat in the head" and two for sore eyes come next, and then the following charm :

62. "For pain in the breast say this prayer: 'St Kosmas and Damian,¹ Cyrus and St John, St Nicholas and St Akindynos, who hold the scythes and cut the pain, cut also the pain of the servant of God So-and-So'."

63. "When a man is possessed of a demon, or [*illegible*], or phantasm, write on [*illegible*] paper on the 6th day, on a waning moon, and let him hold it; also say in his right ear: 'In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.' This phylactery was given to Moses in Egypt by the Archangel Michael. Afterwards it was given to King Solomon, that he might smite therewith every unclean spirit, either of illness, or of fear, or of fright, or of ague-fever, either tertian or quotidian, or of encounter, or of temptation, or infernal, or oblique [?], or created by magic, or deaf, or once [?], or speaking, or speechless,² or of epilepsy, or lying-by, or setting-forth, or of first and second encounter or of meeting. God is the helper of thy servant So-and-So. Through Diadonael, ebarras. Preserve in every time, day, and night, and hour; preserve him, O God, from all mischief and all peril. God hath reigned in the aeons. Amen. Stand we fairly, stand we with fear of God'."

Two pages of common prescriptions are followed by a dissertation on the virtues of various herbs, and more prescriptions for a large number of diseases. Fumigation is again recommended for people troubled with demons or phantasms, and special herbs are indicated. Then comes a variety of plasters, and the MS. ends with a fragment of a prescription :

106. "For a man whose wife has run away: write the name of the man and the woman on paper [*half a word*]."

The rest, most unfortunately, is missing.³

¹ On July 1st and Nov. 1st (O.S.) is held the feast of these two saints who are collectively known by the name of Anargyroi (Κοσμά και Δαμιανού τῶν Ἀναργύρων). In Russian mythology these two saints have usurped the functions of the old Slavonic Vulcan, or divine blacksmith (*Kuznets*), and are treated as one under the double name Kuz'ma-Dem'yan. See Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 199.

² Cp. "He rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee come out of him." Mark ix. 25.

³ For some more recipes of the same type see Appendix IV.

The Small-Pox.

Somewhat similar to the Scarlatina rite is the treatment prescribed for the Small-pox. This terrible scourge is both by the modern Greeks and by the Slavs conceived of, and personified, as a supernatural female being. The Servians call her *bogine* or "goddess," and the Greeks designate her by various flattering epithets, such as the "Gracious" or "Pitiful" (*Συγχωρεμένη*),¹ and *Vloga*, a name which is by some considered a euphemistic term meaning a "Blessing" (*Βλογιά* from *Εὐλογία*); others, however, take it to mean nothing more than a vulgar inflammation (*εὐφλογία*). Among the Greeks of Macedonia both the personification and the euphemism are emphasized by the term "Lady Small-Pox" (*Κυρά Βλογιά*), applied to the disease.

She is propitiated in the following manner: A stool or a small table, covered with a snow-white cloth, is placed beside the bed in which the patient is lying. Upon it are laid two or three buns (*σιμίτια*) and bouquets of flowers, adorned with gold leaf. The room is kept scrupulously clean and tidy, so that the "Lady" may not be offended. No spinning, knitting, weaving, or any other "woman's labour," is allowed in the dwelling throughout the "Lady's" presence in it; for it is believed that she likes to repose upon the wool and cotton. For a like reason there is no washing of clothes with hot water, lest the steam should disturb the goddess. These negative attentions are supplemented by the sprinkling of honey over the walls in various parts of the house, and especially in the sick-room, that the goddess may taste thereof, and her temper may contract some of its sweetness. She is further conciliated in some places by sugar-plums scattered over the stairs, and by instrumental music, though singing is strictly prohibited. These efforts at rendering the goddess sweet-tempered are reinforced by the benedictions used by visitors. Instead of the customary wish "May the illness be transient" (*περαστικά νάναι*), in case

¹ Cp. the Celtic appellation of the Small-Pox, 'the good woman,' J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 237.

of Small-pox people wish "May she be sweet as honey" (*μὲ τὸ μέλι της νᾶναι*).

The Bulgarians also treat the *bogine* with every token of fear-inspired respect. They also regard her in the light of a feminine deity; but, not content with making the best of her presence, they endeavour to speed her departure as delicately and politely as possible. According to an old tradition, when the Small-pox wishes to quit the village, she expresses her desire to someone in his sleep and points out the place to which she would like to be conveyed. "The person thus designated takes bread smeared with honey, salt, and a flask of wine, and leaves them, before sunrise, at the appointed spot. After this the epidemic disappears, having accompanied the bearer of the food out of the village."¹

The Russians, again, entertain the awkward superstition that vaccination is a sin equivalent to impressing upon children "the seal of Antichrist," and that whoever dies of small-pox "will walk in the other world in golden robes"—a superstition which Professor Buslaef has attempted to account for by tracing a relationship between the modern personification of the disease and the spectral creature known to the ancient Greeks by the name of *Ἀλφειτώ*,—a bugbear with which nurses frightened naughty children. He remarks that this name is supposed to be akin to that of the German *Elbe*, and the English *Elves*, and he refers to the kindred word *ἀλφός*, which means a skin disease, apparently a form of leprosy.²

From this it would seem that the Slavonic conception differs little from the modern Greek, and that both are possibly connected with a classical goddess, who, in her turn, may be regarded as a sort of cousin or aunt to our own *Elves*. This theory elucidates to a certain extent the family connexions of the terrible female, but it does not carry us very far towards ascertaining her more remote genealogy.

The Plague (*Πανούκλα*) is also pictured by popular imagination as a gaunt and grim old hag, with deep-sunk eyes, hair

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 401-2.

² *Ib.* p. 403.

dishevelled, and hollow cheeks. The name *πανούκλα* is applied as a term of abuse to females whose appearance corresponds with that picture. It is also used as a synonym for everything that is filthy and foul:

Ἄπ' ὄξω κούκλα,¹

Ἄπὸ μέσα πανούκλα

"Outward fair as a doll,
Within foul as the plague,"

a proverb conveying the same idea as the Biblical phrase "whited sepulchres."

Charms.

Protection against evil is sought in many other ways, the commonest being the use of phylacteries or charms. At Melenik I was favoured by a gentleman of that town with a view of a charm of this nature, drawn up by a priest of the eighteenth century for the use of the present owner's great grandfather. The document was dated 1774 and consisted of long strips of paper rolled in a piece of linen and originally sewed up in a leather bag, which again was kept in a small silver case. The exorcism begins with a long list of gentlemen saints and martyrs called upon to protect "the servant of God Ducas." Then follows an invocation of the "All-Blessed, All-Holy Lady Mother of God" to help "the s. of G. D." After this comes another long list of lady saints and martyrs; of prophets and of all the heavenly hosts of angels and archangels: dominions, cherubim, and seraphim. These powers are adjured to ward off many and manifold diseases, difficult to identify. After a doxology: "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost," comes a vigorous and exhaustive anathema against the enemies of "the servant of God Ducas":

¹ This is one of the very few words of Slavonic origin in modern Greek. In Russian *kùkla* (dim. *kùkolka*) designates any sort of puppet, or other figure representing either man or beast. By the modern Greeks it is chiefly applied to a feminine doll.

“As the leaders [or messengers, lit. spokesmen] of the demons were bound and bridled, even so may be bound the enemies of the s. of G. D.: their tongues, their lips, and their hearts; their nerves, and their joints, and their eyes to the end of his life. And, if any of them should assault the s. of G. D., bind ye their feet, that they may not be able to run; bind ye their hands, that they may not be able to handle musket or sword, or to hurl a spear upon the s. of G. D. May the bullet, which they may shoot at the s. of G. D., be turned by the herb¹ into cotton-wool, and may the Archangel Michael push it aside to a distance of three fathoms from the s. of G. D., and may the s. of G. D. escape scatheless, and may the enemies of the s. of G. D. be bound. As were bound the mouths of the lions before the holy martyrs, even so may their mouths be bound before the s. of G. D. May the fire of their muskets become ether, and their swords cotton-wool. Save, O Lord, the s. of G. D. and chase away the Eastern and Northern and Western and Southern demons, that they may hold aloof from the s. of G. D., and in the name of the Great God Sabaoth I exorcise the seventy-two diseases² from which man suffers. Flee from the s. of G. D.: whether you come down from the sky, or from a star, or from the sun, or from the moon, or from darkness, or from a cold wind, or from water, or from lightning, or from an earthquake, or from a wound, or from murder, or from valley, or from plain, or from river, or from field; either in garden, or orchard, or park, or in the crossing of two or three roads, or in the way-in or the way-out of a bath, oven, consecrated ground; either at a gate or a wicket, in attic or cellar, threshing-floor, etc.”³ [The strain continues in picturesque confusion.]

Next comes an adjuration of more subtle complaints. “From poison or envy, or jealousy, or from evil shameless

¹ This allusion is as obscure as the holy father's grammar and spelling. Perhaps a miraculous herb accompanied the exorcism originally.

² With the seventy-two diseases mentioned here cp. the seventy-two veins of the head referred to in a charm against sunstroke from the isle of Cos in W. H. D. Rouse, ‘Folk-lore from the Southern Sporades,’ *Folk-Lore*, June 1899, p. 166.

³ Cp. a charm against erysipelas *ib.* p. 168.

eyes, or from sorcery, or any other exalted calamity, or from Spirit of the Air, or Nereid, or one of those that flit through the air in darkness and have come to injure the s. of G. D. O Lord preserve him! O Lord guard him from rein-disease, hand-disease, etc., etc., etc. I exorcise you all; for it is not just that you should attack the s. of G. D." [The writer concludes with a conscientious, though somewhat tedious enumeration of all the parts of Mr Ducas's face, head, limbs, etc.]¹

This extraordinary document—in tone and style so like parts of the Litany—affords a good illustration of the compromise by which Christianity has adopted pagan beliefs too firmly-rooted to be swept away. The names of heathen gods, which must have figured in ancient charms of this kind, were superseded by those of saints and martyrs, of prophets and angels, and a Hebrew pantheon was established in the place of the Hellenic. The same process occurred in most countries where Christianity supplanted an older cult, as for example in Russia.² Although Pan has been chased off the highways of modern Europe, he is not dead, as has been prematurely reported. He has only retired to a quiet country life.³

The Prophet Elijah (Προφήτ' Ἡλίας or "Αἰ Ἡλίας) who among the Slavs has inherited the attributes of the Thunder-God Perun⁴—their representative of the Teutonic Thor—in the modern Greek Pantheon seems to fill the throne vacated by the ancient Ἥλιος, the Sun, or of Apollo the God of Light. The highest summits of mountains are generally dedicated to him and are often chosen for his shrines. He is also, like Apollo of old, regarded as a Healer—a capacity recognized by the Church in whose Hagiology he is described as empowered to "drive away diseases and to purify lepers, wherefore he

¹ For extracts from the original see Appendix V.

² Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 363.

³ Mr Tylor, *à propos* of tree-worship in India observes: "The new philosophic religion (viz. Buddhism) seems to have amalgamated, as new religions ever do, with older native thoughts and rites." *Primitive Culture*, vol. II. p. 218. We shall find further instances of this amalgamation in the case of the wood and water nymphs of the Macedonians.

⁴ Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, pp. 337 foll.

showers remedies upon those who honour him." (Νόσους ἀποδιώκει καὶ λεπρούς καθαρίζει, διὸ καὶ τοῖς τιμῶσιν αὐτὸν βρῦει ἰάματα.) The similarity between the names Ἡλίας and Ἥλιος seems to have helped, if not originated, this identification of characters.

Lunatics and all persons possessed (δαιμονισμένοι) are recommended to the mercy of St Anthony, whose celebrated exploits in the field of vision and demoniacal temptation render him an appropriate and duly qualified patron of patients similarly afflicted.¹

Cripples and the blind have a ready succourer in St All-Merciful ("Αἷ Παντελεήμονας), hence the popular saying: "Be they lame, be they blind, they all flock to St All-Merciful." (Κουτσοὶ στραβοὶ 'ς τὸν "Αἷ Παντελεήμονα.)

St Modestos, in accordance with the humility implied by his name, is content with a provincial practice as cattle-doctor, and he is deeply revered by shepherds and farmers.

St Nicholas is held in even higher esteem by sea-farers. There is no vessel, great or small, upon Greek waters, which has not the saint's icon in its stern, with an ever-burning lamp in front of it, or a small silver-plated picture of the saint attached to its mast. In time of storm and stress it is the name of St Nicholas that instinctively rises to the lips of the Greek mariner, and to him candles are promised, and vows registered. He is to the modern sailor all that Poseidon was to his ancestors.² The fires of St Elmo which the ancients ascribed to the *Twins* (Διόσκουροι, *Gemini*), the tutelar deities of sailors, are by the modern Greek mariners called *Τελώνια* or 'Devils' and treated as such: the sailors look upon them as presages of disaster and try to frighten them away by dint of exorcisms and loud noises—an instance of beneficent pagan deities degraded to the rank of malignant demons, a process of which we shall see several other illustrations in the sequel.

¹ This, it will be acknowledged, is a far more honourable rôle than the one assigned to the saint by the Roman Church, where St Anthony is the patron and protector of nothing more exalted than pigs.

² For further details concerning this substitution of Christian saints for Pagan gods in the Greek Church see Sir Rennell Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, pp. 140 foll.

Nymphs.

The Ayeriko is only one variety of a group of supernatural beings included in the generic name of 'Εξωτικά. Under this comprehensive head are classed many species of spirits, not always easy to differentiate. By far the most eminent of them are the feminine deities known as *Neraides* (Νεραΐδες) to the Southern Macedonians as well as to the rest of the Greeks, and as *Samovilas* to the inhabitants of the northern districts, such as Melenik—a name curiously compounded of two Slavonic words *Samodiva* and *Vila*. In default of a more accurate equivalent, we may call them Fairies, though, as will soon appear, they differ in many important points from the beings so designated in Northern Europe. These nymphs of modern Greek mythology are very closely related to the Naiads, Hamadryads, and Oreads of classical antiquity on one hand, and to the Rusalkas of the Russians, the Vilas of the Servians, and the Samodivas of the Bulgarians on the other. They are represented as tall and slim, clad in white, with flowing golden hair, and divinely beautiful, so much so that the highest compliment which can be paid to a Greek maiden is to compare her in loveliness to a Neraida—a form of adulation not neglected by the Greek lover.¹ In the same way “lovely as a Vila” is a common expression among the Servians.² In malice the Greek Neraides equal their Servian sisters. In an amatory distich the outraged swain can find no stronger language, in which to denounce his sweetheart’s cruelty, than by addressing her as “a Neraida’s offspring.”³

The beauty of these southern fairies is fatal to the beholder, and many are the stories told of people who, by exposing themselves to its fascination, were bereft of speech, or otherwise suffered. The dumbness of an old man near Nigrita was put down to an early encounter of this kind. He was returning home one night across the fields, when he perceived, under a

¹ See Passow, *Disticha Amatoria*, No. 692.

² Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 147.

³ Passow, *ubi supra*, No. 653.

tree by the path-side, a young woman adorned with pieces of gold (*φλουριά*), such as are usually worn by peasant maids on festive occasions. She looked "like a bride" (*σὰν νύφη*) and was exceedingly fair. But no sooner did the peasant accost her than he lost his power of speech; "his tongue was tied" (*δέθηκε ἡ γλῶσσά τ'*), and remained so ever after. You should on no account speak to a Neraida; if you do, "she takes away your voice" (*σὲ παίρνει τὴ φωνή*). A similar opinion was once held in England regarding the Fairies: "he that speaks to them, shall die," says Falstaff.¹

Unlike the fairies of the North, these beings are all of one sex, and they form no community, but generally lead an isolated existence, dwelling chiefly in trees and fountains. The traveller in Macedonia often sees newly-built fountains decorated with cotton or wool threads of many colours. These threads are torn by wayfarers from their dress on seeing the fountain for the first time. They alight, and, after having slaked their thirst in the waters of the fountain, leave these offerings as tokens of gratitude to the presiding nymph. In like manner the peasants of Little Russia propitiate the Rusalkas by hanging on the boughs of oaks and other trees rags and skeins of thread²; the negro tribes of West Africa adorn similarly the trees by the road-side, and even in distant Japan we find parallels to this all but universal custom. The peasants of that country are in the habit of decking out the sacred tree of the village with a fringe formed of a straw-rope and pendants of straw and paper.³

All springs and wells, all forests and trees, are haunted by these wood and water nymphs to-day, as they were in the days of yore. Christianity has degraded, but has proved unable to suppress their cult. In some cases the water-nymphs have not been banished, but only converted to Christianity. The Church has sanctioned the popular faith by substituting Christian saints in lieu of the old pagan deities. Many springs in Macedonia are known and venerated as 'sacred waters' (*ἁγιάσματα*)

¹ Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v. Sc. 5.

² Kalston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 141.

³ H. Munro Chadwick, *The Oak and the Thunder-God*, Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, Jan. 9, 1900.

dedicated to St Friday (Ἁγία Παρασκευή) and St Solomoné among feminine saints, or to St Paul and St Elias among their male colleagues. The water of such springs is regarded as efficacious against diseases, especially eye-complaints. They are generally enclosed within a stone parapet, and sometimes roofed in, as a protection from accidental pollution. Even so stood enclosed the "fair-flowing fountain built by man's hand, whence the citizens of Ithaca drew water," and close to it "an altar erected in honour of the Nymphs, upon which the wayfarers offered sacrifice."¹ Like the Homeric "fountain of the Nymphs," many a modern 'holy spring' is overshadowed by "water-bred poplars," or broad-leaved fig-trees, and weeping willows.

With regard to the Neraides as tree-spirits, the precise relation of the nymph to the tree is not easy to define. It is not clear whether the Macedonian folk look upon these spirits as dwelling in the trunks of the trees, animating them, as a man's soul animates his body, or whether they regard the trees as simply affording shelter to them.² The latter view seems to be the one most commonly held. Be that as it may, trees are most sincerely believed to be the haunts of nymphs, and this belief leads the peasant to many curious acts of omission and commission. Labourers working out in the fields are careful not to lie down in the shade of a tree. They especially eschew the plane, the poplar, and the fig-tree; for these are the favourite abodes of fairies. It is beneath the foliage of these trees that they love to repose at midday, and ill fares the mortal who dares disturb them. It is related that many, who, neglecting this rule, sought a refuge from the scorching rays of the midday sun under such a tree, had reason to rue their temerity. The fairy is apt to resent the liberty by inflicting a stroke upon the offender. This penalty is known

¹ Hom. *Od.* xvii. 206-211.

² The same ambiguity attends the worship of tree-spirits in all lands. According to one theory the spirit is viewed by the believer "as incorporate in the tree." "But, according to another and probably later opinion, the tree is not the body, but merely the abode of the tree-spirit." J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. i. p. 180.

as *ogratisma*. The person who has incurred the displeasure of the supernatural tenant, or guardian spirit, of the tree can only atone for his trespass by a special ceremony. This consists in sprinkling honey round the trunk of the tree and in depositing at its root a number of small sweet cakes prepared for the purpose. It is believed that the nymph on partaking of this expiatory sacrifice will be appeased and restore the patient to health.

In close analogy to this superstition stands the belief of the ancients, according to which Pan rested from his labours at noon-tide: "Tis not meet, O shepherd, for us, 'tis not meet to play the pipe at midday. We fear Pan; for in very truth at that hour he rests his weary limbs from the fatigue of the chase, and he is harsh and cruel: fierce wrath ever sits upon his nose!"¹ Similarly the Lusatians at the present day hold that the *Pripolnica*—a species of the *Rusalka*—appears in the fields exactly at noon, holding a sickle in her hand.²

It is a well-established fact that huts and houses and all more or less elaborate dwellings are the result of a relatively modern invention, and that our remote forefathers were content to live and die beneath the roofs afforded by the foliage of the trees. An extremely interesting, albeit unconscious, reminiscence of this primordial state of the human race is embedded in a Macedonian superstition. As the trees so the projecting eaves of the houses (*ἀστριχιαῖς*)—which correspond to the outspreading boughs—are believed by the Macedonians to be haunted by Nymphs. For this reason it is not lawful to commit a nuisance under them. Thus the Nymphs are made to fulfil the duties of policemen, and they do it most effectively. He who transgresses the regulations of these invisible powers is sure to pay for his disobedience with a broken limb or some other equally unpleasant experience (*θαὸ οὐγπατίση*).

The prevailing ideas as to the looks, habits, and character of the Macedonian *Neraides* are well illustrated by a widely-known legend which I heard at Melenik.

¹ Theocr. *Id.* i. 15 foll.

² Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 147.

The Shepherd and the Nymphs.

There was once a shepherd who one moonlit summer night tended his flock in a meadow. Suddenly he was startled by the sound of many musical instruments, such as drums and pipes, in the distance. The sounds drew nearer and nearer, and at last there appeared before him a long chain of maids dressed in long white robes and dancing to the tune. The leader of the dance (πρωτόσυρτος) was a youth carrying in one hand the wooden wine-flagon (*plotska* or *tchotra*) used by the peasants. He halted in front of the shepherd and held the flagon out to him. The shepherd accepted the offer, but before proceeding to raise the flagon to his lips, he, according to the custom of the country, made the sign of the cross. When lo and behold! both dancers and leader vanished, the music ceased, and the shepherd was left alone, holding in his hand in lieu of the flagon a human skull! His piety saved him from any consequences more serious than a wholesome fright.

One is strongly tempted to see in this legend a lingering memory of the Muses and their chorus-leader Apollo.

A story of a similar type was told me on another occasion at Cavalla by a native of Chios. There is in that island a bridge called the Maid's Bridge (τῆς κόρης τὸ γεφύρι) and popularly believed to be haunted by a Water-Spirit. Early one morning a man was crossing the bridge on his way from the village of Daphnona to the capital city (χώρα), when he met a tall young woman dressed in white. She took him by the hand and made him dance with her. He was foolish enough to speak and was immediately struck dumb. He recovered, however, some days after, thanks to the prayers and exorcisms of a priest.

One more feature these nymphs have in common with our Fairies, and that is their propensity to carry off new-born children. On this practice, and the means used to avert the danger, I have dwelt at some length in a former chapter.¹ Here I will try to make the conception of the Nymph a little more vivid by relating another story from Melenik.

¹ v. *supra*, p. 125.

The Prince and the Nymph.

There was once a young prince who had a mother, and who without her knowledge maintained relations with the sylvan nymphs (*Yougovitsas*) who dwelt in the palace-garden. He was wedded to the fairest of them. Neither she nor any of her companions would permit the prince to hold oral communication with any of his friends, or even with his own mother, nor would they allow him to admit a mortal into the garden. His mother, not knowing the cause of his strange behaviour, was deeply distressed, and had recourse to a friend of hers who had three daughters exquisitely beautiful. She took the eldest of them home to the palace to wait on the prince, in the hope that he might be induced by the damsel's charms to break his silence. But all her efforts were in vain. He remained dumb. The prince's mother then brought to the palace the second daughter; but she was equally unsuccessful. At last the youngest of the three maidens begged to take her sister's place. Her request was granted, and she began to wait on the prince. She made his bed, assisted him at his ablutions, laid the table for him, but she never addressed a word to him. Instead, she carried about with her a kitten, and addressed her remarks to it. The prince's mother, who listened at the keyhole, imagined that the maid had succeeded in overcoming the youth's taciturnity and carried on a conversation with him, and she was therefore overjoyed and happy. One day she begged the maid to ask permission from the prince for herself and her to take a walk in the garden. The maid on hearing this was plunged into grief, for she never hoped to loosen the prince's tongue. She went in and out of the room in very low spirits. The prince, who had already been fascinated by the maid's charms, on seeing her so sad began to speak to his candlestick—for, as has been said before, he was forbidden to address a human being. He spoke and said: "My dear candlestick, wherefore art thou so sad?"

The maid readily seized the opportunity, and answered: "My dear candlestick, I am so sad because thy mother wants permission for herself and me to take a walk in the garden."

The prince replied :

“My dear candlestick, you have my permission to go and walk in the garden to-morrow morning ; but you must quit the grounds before the sun rises.”

On the morrow, long before dawn, the prince's mother, accompanied by the maid and several female servants, entered the garden and walked about admiring its many beauties, for the Nymphs tended it. When the sun was on the point of rising, they hastened to depart ; but ere they could reach the gates the sun burst upon them. As they were drawing near the gates, they perceived a child's cot hanging from a tree, and in the cot there reposed a beautiful baby. Then the maid took off the red gauze kerchief, which she wore folded across her bosom, and covered the baby's face with it, in order to protect it from the rays of the sun. Soon after this they quitted the garden.

The prince later in the day came to the garden ; for he was compelled to spend most of his time with his nymph-wife and her friends. The latter was so deeply moved by the maid's kindness to her baby, that she gave the prince leave to break his silence and marry the fair maid, and all at once both she and her nymph-companions vanished from the garden, carrying off the baby with them. The prince, elated with joy, returned to the palace, embraced his mother with tears in his eyes, and explained the cause of his long silence. He solemnized his wedding with the poor maid, and they lived happy ever after.

In this story another trait common to the Gaelic *sitheche* or Fairy is brought out, namely the anxiety of the nymphs to form connexions with mortals who are held in love's sweet bondage sorely against their will.¹ These misalliances were familiar to the nymphs of old, but they never prospered. The reader will remember the romantic attachment of Kalypso, the fairy-queen of Ogygeia, to the elderly homesick hero, who scorned her love and all her promises of perennial youth and immortality, longing

¹ Cp. J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 41.

for nothing but his middle-aged spouse and the rugged shores of his native isle.¹

From the above sketch it will be seen that the Macedonian nymphs, though they bear a certain degree of resemblance to the Celtic Fairies, and to the Slavonic Rusalkas, Vilas and Samodivas, are really identical with the southern Neraides, who, notwithstanding a general likeness to the beings just mentioned, have an individuality of their own and are fully entitled to be regarded as direct descendants of the classical Nymphs.² It was not, of course, to be expected that the ancient idea should have remained unaltered, and we accordingly find that it has undergone such modifications as lapse of time and intercourse with other nations were bound to bring about. The principal point of difference between the old and the new nymph is one of character. The modern Neraida is as a general rule represented as a malicious fiend to be propitiated or conciliated, and failing that, to be exorcised as an unclean spirit. This degeneration is most probably due to the influence of Christianity. The Nymphs have shared the fate of their betters, the greater gods and goddesses of antiquity. Their honours, when they could not possibly or conveniently be abolished, were transferred to saints, and the poor Nymphs, like all dethroned deities, have had to sink to the level of demons: discredit a god and exorcise him.

Wood-Spirits and Water-Spirits.

In addition to the Neraides, the Macedonians recognize the existence of various other supernatural beings known as "Spirits of the Elements" (Στοιχειά). The word, in the sense of the four primary elements—namely, fire, water, air and earth—dates from the time of Plato.³ The Neo-Platonists subse-

¹ Hom. *Od.* i. 13 foll. ; v. 13 foll.

² See Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. II. p. 314; Bernhard Schmidt, *Das Volksleben der Neugriechen und das hellenische Alterthum*, passim; Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, preface to 2nd ed. 1872.

³ στοιχεῖα τοῦ παντός, 'elements of the universe,' Plat. *Tim.* 48 B. These are the ῥιζώματα or 'roots' of Empedocles.

quently applied it to the spirits which were supposed to animate the four elements. At a still later date, the name came to mean spirits or demons generally. Nowadays it is applied both to demons and to human souls or ghosts, in fact to spiritual beings of all denominations. The confusion is evidently due to the universal animistic doctrine, according to which "Souls of dead men are considered as actually forming one of the most important classes of demons or deities."¹ We shall first treat of the Στοιχειὰ as demons, and afterwards as ghosts, although it is not always easy to draw the line between the two classes.

These demons reside in woods, hills, dales, rivers and fountains. There is hardly a nook or corner of Macedonia so insignificant as not to boast one or more of these spirits, who make their presence felt and feared in various more or less ingenious ways. Thus Mount Ecato, near the village of Sochos in the Chalcidic Peninsula, reechoes both by night and by day with shrill laughter, loud wailing, and other weird sounds, which proceed not from mortal lungs. The best thing for the traveller to do in the circumstances is to make the sign of the cross, muttering: "Holy Cross assist me!" (Σταυρὲ βοήθα με!) and to hurry on his way.

Noises of this description are by the Russians attributed to the wood-demons. The same demons are also held responsible for whirlwinds. In Macedonia, whirlwinds and other injurious phenomena of a kindred nature are certainly set down to supernatural agency; but whether to wood-demons as among the Slavs, to Djins as among the Mohammedans, or to the Neraides as among the southern Greeks, it is hard to determine. In any case, they do not attempt to drive the evil being away by violent means, but are content to exorcise it. In the district of Liakkovikia, the whirlwind is called ἀνεμοσπλάδα,² and during one the people are accustomed to

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. II. p. 111.

² This term seems to be a compound of ἀνεμος, *wind*, and either σπιδάς, or σπληδός (= σποδός, *ashes*, or rather *dust*, as in Hdt. iv. 172: τῆς χαμᾶθεν σποδοῦ 'dust from the ground'). It is now the fashion among a certain school of philologists to ridicule the search for antique terms in Modern Greek. This

murmur the following curious incantation: "Alexander the Great liveth, aye he doth live and reign" (Ζῆ, ζῆ καὶ βασιλεύει ὁ Μέγας Ἀλέξανδρος)¹—a formula analogous to the one formerly uttered by old women at Athens for a similar purpose: "Milk and honey in your path."²

The inhabitants of Vassilika, a village in the valley of the river anciently called Anthemus, have some strange experiences to relate concerning a phenomenon locally known as the "Passage" (τὸ πέρασμα). It is a rush of wind which suddenly rising, as it seems, from the Well of Murat (τοῦ Μουράτη τὸ πηγάδι) at one end of the village, sweeps furiously through the village and then as suddenly sinks into the Tomb of Ali (τοῦ Ἀλῆ τὸ μνημόρι) on the edge of a watercourse at the other end. As it speeds on, it fills the countryside with horrible noises which sometimes are like the bellowing of cattle, sometimes like the bleating of goats or the grunting of pigs, and often like the shrieks and wails of human beings. It blasts everything, it blows upon. Whoever happens to be saluted by its blighting breath is instantly struck dumb. Some of the peasants boast of having followed these mysterious sounds, and affirm that they cease on the spot indicated above. Two reasons can be assigned for the alleged sudden ceasing of the

tendency is a natural reaction against the opposite extreme, which was in vogue some thirty or forty years ago. Still, no one who has explored the by-ways of the Greek world can fail to notice extremely old words and phrases turning up at unexpected corners. For the following example I am indebted to M. P. N. Papageorgiou. He one day met at Salonica a peasant woman from Koliakia, a small hamlet close to the estuary of the Vardar. She had brought her boy to town to consult a doctor. The lad had broken his head by falling 's τὰ δύσαλα, as she expressed it. The word being new to that scholar (as, I venture to think, it will be to most Greek scholars), he asked her what she meant by it, and she explained "νά, κεί ποῦ κολυμπούσε ἔπεσε μέσ' 's τῆς πέτρας." "Don't you see, as he was swimming he fell in among the stones." This explanation made it quite clear that the word was a survival of an extremely ancient term, which, in common with many others, did not happen to find its way into Hellenic literature. According to my authority it can be nothing but a compound of δυσ- (mis-) and ἄλς (the sea) meaning the dangerous or rocky parts of the sea.

¹ A. Δ. Γουσίου, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,' p. 79. On the lingering memories of Alexander and Philip of Macedon, v. *infra* ch. xv.

² Ross, *Inselreisen*, III. p. 182, in Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. II. p. 310.

noise at that place. If the "Passage" is to be regarded as the work or the vehicle of demons, it is bound to stop on the bank of the stream as no demon can cross "running water." It should be noticed, however, that the gust is said to rise from, and to sink into, places connected with the memory of a Turk; and, knowing as we do what is the Christian belief concerning the ultimate fate of a Turkish soul, we may reasonably surmise that the "Passage" is due to the joint efforts of the two dead Turkish worthies Murat and Ali. That it is the work of evil spirits none can be such a sceptic as to dispute. The fact rests on the unimpeachable authority of an old woman of the village who assured the writer in the most confident and confidential manner imaginable that her own father, "peace to his soul!" (θεὸς σ' χωρέσ' του), once as the wind was rushing through the village actually saw amid the clouds of dust a child carrying a pitcher on either shoulder—a feat of which no ordinary child is capable. He pursued the apparition (φάντασμα) down to the river-side and there lost sight of it—it vanished as a thing of air.

These manifestations correspond very closely to the gambols of the Lyeshy, or wood demon, of Slavonic mythology. He is said to be very fond of diverting himself after a similar fashion in the woods. "At such times he makes all manner of noises, clapping his hands, shrieking with laughter, imitating the neighing of horses, the lowing of cows, the barking of dogs..... sometimes by night a forest-keeper would hear the wailing of a child, or groans apparently proceeding from some one in the agonies of death."¹

It would not be difficult to fill a volume with stories illustrating the various forms under which these wicked spirits appear to the eyes of men. A caravan, it is said, was one night going to Yenidjé, a town to the west of Salonica. On the way they were joined by a little dapple dog (σκυλάκι παρδαλό), which, coming no one knew whence, kept worrying the mules. One of the muleteers mustered sufficient courage to dismount and try to catch it; but he failed ignominiously. This happened several times, and every time, as soon as the man

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 157.

stretched out his hand, the dog melted into air (γέγονταν αέρας). It did not cease to annoy the party until they reached the banks of the Vardar and then it vanished.

A peasant at Galatista, in the Chalcidic Peninsula, was known as Crook-neck (στραβοσνίχης) and was said to owe his deformity to a similar accident. One evening, as he was walking home from the fields, he perceived what he took to be a harmless, though erring, goat, browsing in a meadow. He approached it and was lifting the animal on his shoulder, with the laudable intention of taking it as a present to his wife, when the goat melted into space, leaving its captor a lasting souvenir of the adventure.

Another peasant told me the following experience. He one day alighted with his comrades under a fig-tree which stood close to a "Holy Spring" dedicated to St Friday. All of a sudden a ball of cotton-wool sprang from the ground and rolled down the slope. They pursued it until it stopped and shot up into a white column. There it stood for a while and then disappeared.

All these tales embody ideas familiar to the student of comparative folk-lore. For instance, the inability of some of the apparitions described above to cross a "running stream" is a well-known feature of the evil spirits and spectres of the Highlands of Scotland,¹ and it forms the basis of Burns's *Tam O' Shanter*:

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.

A similar superstition is alluded to by Scott in the well-known lines:

He² led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook;
The running stream dissolved the spell,
And his own elvish shape he took.

¹ J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, p. 50.

² Viz. the goblin page, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, c. III. 13.

The Karens of Birma, so little like the Scotch Highlanders or the Macedonians in other respects, entertain the same common notion and exemplify it by stretching threads across forest brooks for the ghosts to pass along.¹

Again, the shapes which the Macedonian phantasms occasionally assume remind one of the transformation of Celtic fairies into deer, of witches into hares, cats, and the like, of the devil into a he-goat, of the Glaistig of Ardnadrochit, which appeared in the guise of a dog,² or of the Slav Marui, who sometimes turn themselves into horses or tufts of hair.³

The mysterious apparition of a ball of cotton wool may also be compared with the practice of Russian witches to change into balls of thread and other objects connected, according to mythologists, with clouds.⁴

There are many songs illustrating the belief in Water-spirits haunting rivers and wells (στοιχειὸ τοῦ ποταμοῦ and στοιχειὸ τοῦ πηγαδιοῦ). The following is one of them.

Τὸ Στοιχειωμένο Πηγάδι.⁵

(From Zichna.)

Τὰ τέσσερα, τὰ πέντε, τὰ ἑννέαδερφα,
 Τὰ δεκοχτὼ ἑξαδέρφια τὰ ἑλιγόμοιρα,
 Τὰ ἦρθε μήνυμα ἀπὸ τὸν βασιλεῖα
 Νὰ πᾶν νὰ πολεμήσουν κάτου ᾽ς τὴ Φραγκιά.
 "Μὲ τὴν εὐκὴ σου, μάνα μ', νὰ πηγαίνουμε."
 "Νὰ πᾶτ' ἑννεὰ ἑδερφάκια καὶ νάρθητ' ὀχτώ.
 Ὁ Γιάννης νὰ μὴν ἔρθῃ ὁ μικρότερος."
 Σὰν κίνησαν καὶ πᾶνε ᾽ς τὸν μακρύκαμπο,
 Σαράντα μέραις κάνουν δίχως τὸ ψωμί,
 Κὴ ἄλλαις σαράντα πέντε δίχως τὸ νερό,

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 442.

² J. G. Campbell, *ubi supra*, p. 175.

³ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 133.

⁴ *Ib.* p. 405.

⁵ For a much shorter version of the same incident (17 lines = one half of the present text) see Passow, No. 523 Ἡ μάγισσα. I picked up another version at Nigrita; but it is inferior to the above both in length (26 lines) and in workmanship. At Cavalla I obtained a version of Τὸ στοιχειὸ τοῦ ποταμοῦ, different from the one embodied in *Songs of Modern Greece*, p. 178.

Καὶ βρίσκουν μιὰ βρυσίτσα, στοιχειοπήγαδο,
 Τριάντ' ὀργυιαῖς τὸ βάθος, πλάτος εἴκοσι.
 "Ἀστῆτε, ἀδερφάκια, νὰ λαχνίσουμε,
 Σὲ ποιὸν θὰ πέσ' ὁ λαχνὸς κείνος νὰ ἐμπῇ."
 'Σ τὸν Γιάννη πέφτ' ὁ λαχνὸς 'ς τὸν μικρότερο.
 Τὸν ἔδεσαν τὸν Γιάννη καὶ τὸν ἀπολνοῦν.
 "Τραβῆτε, ἀδερφάκια, νὰ με βγάλετε,
 'Εδῶ νερὸ δὲν ἔχ', μόν' ἔχει στοίχειωμα."
 "Τραβοῦμε, Γιάνν', τραβοῦμ' μὰ δὲ' ταραῖzesαι."
 "Μὲ τύλιξε τὸ φεῖδ', τὸ στοιχείο με κρατεῖ.
 Γιὰ βάλτε καὶ τὸν μαῦρο νὰ σας βοηθῇ."
 Σὰν ἄκουσε κῆ ὁ μαῦρος χιλιμέτρισε,
 'Σ τὰ γόνατα σηκώθηκε γιὰ νὰ τον βγάλῃ.
 Σὰν βγάξῃ τ' ἄρματά του, λάμπουν τὰ βουνά,
 Βγάζει καὶ τὸ σπαθί του, λάμπ' ἡ θάλασσα,
 Τὸν βγάλανε τὸν Γιάνν' μαζὺ μὲ τὸ στοιχείο,
 Σήκωσαν τὰ χαντζάρια νὰ το κόψουνε,
 Μ' ἀντὶς στοιχειὸ νὰ κόψουν, κόφτουν τὸ σκοινί,
 Καὶ πάῃ ὁ Γιάννης μέσ' μὲ τὸ στοιχειὸ μαζύ.
 "Ἄστε, ἀδέρφια, ἄστε νὰ πηγαίνετε,
 Μὴν πῆτε τῇ μανοῦλά μ' πῶς ἀπόθανα,
 Νά την εἰπῇτ', ἀδέρφια, πῶς παντρεύτηκα,
 Τῇ πλάκα πῆρα πεθερά, τῇ μαύρῃ γῆς γυναῖκα,
 Κῆ ἀντὰ τὰ λειανοχόρταρα ὅλα γυναικαδέρφια."

The Haunted Well.

Four and five, nine brothers,
 Eighteen cousins, lads of little luck:
 A message came to them from the King, bidding them
 To go forth and fight in the far-off land of the Franks:
 "Thy blessing, mother, that we may go forth!"
 "May ye go forth nine brothers and come back eight;
 May John the youngest never return!"
 They set forth, and as they crossed the vast plain,
 They lived forty days without bread,
 Forty-five more without water,
 And then they found a dear little fount; but 'twas a spirit-haunted well:
 'Twas thirty fathoms in depth; in breadth twenty.
 "Halt, dear brothers, and let us cast lots,

He on whom the lot will fall, let him go in."
 The lot falls on John, the youngest.
 They bind John and let him down :
 "Draw, dear brothers, draw me out,
 Here there is no water ; but only a Spirit."
 "We are drawing, John, we are drawing ; but thou stirrest not."
 "The serpent has wound itself round my body, the Spirit is holding me.
 Come, set the Black One also to help you."
 When the Black One heard, he neighed loud,
 He reared on his haunches to draw him out.
 When he drew out his arms, the mountains gleamed.
 He draws out his sword also, and the sea gleamed.
 They drew out John together with the Spirit,
 They lifted their knives to cut it asunder,
 But instead of cutting the Spirit they cut the rope,
 And John falls in together with the Spirit :
 "Leave me, brothers, leave me and go home,
 Do not tell my dear mother that I am dead,
 Tell her, brothers, that I am married,
 That I have taken the tombstone for a mother-in-law,
 Black Earth for a wife,
 And the fine grass-blades all for brothers and sisters-in-law."¹

In the ballad of *The Haunted Well*, as the reader may have noticed, there occurs a curious, though by no means uncommon, blending of ideas. The Spirit or Demon of the Well is confounded with the Water-Serpent. This confusion between the spiritual water-demon and the material water-monster pervades the folk-lore of many nations : "it runs into the midst of European mythology in such conceptions as that of the water-kelpie and the sea-serpent."² We shall meet with still more flagrant instances of it in dealing with the mythical being Drakos.

But ere we cross the fine line which divides the regions of living belief from those of idle mythological fiction, we must

¹ The sentiment contained in the last four lines is a commonplace of modern Greek folklore. The last two lines especially are repeated verbatim in many a ballad : cp. Passow, No. 381 last two lines ; No. 380 last line ; &c. It will be observed that the concluding two lines in the original of the above piece are in the fifteen-syllable ballad-metre, whereas the rest of the poem is in a twelve-syllable metre.

² Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. II. p. 210.

mention a monster which, like the Water-Spirit, is actually supposed to haunt wells, rivers, and fountains. This is the Black Giant (Ἀράπης), a crafty demon of Oriental origin who lures the guileless to destruction by various stratagems, as, for example, by assuming the form of a fair maid. He is a being most sincerely dreaded by the peasantry, and, though not half so popular as the Water-Spirit, he is to be met with here and there. At Dervinato, a village in the island of Chios, there is a spring, or, to use the common Greek expression, a "water-mother" (μάννα τοῦ νεροῦ, 'fountain-head'), called Plaghia. This spring is reputed to be the haunt of a Black Giant, and the natives have many adventures of the usual type to relate. The Στοιχειὸν and the Ἀράπης may be described as Kindred Spirits in every sense of the term.

House-Spirits.

Besides the spirit denizens of woods and waters, the Macedonian peasant owns his belief in a class of spirits which make themselves at home in the ordinary human habitations. He has no special name for them, but calls them Στοιχειά, and the house "haunted" by them στοιχειωμένο σπίτι. These domestic demons may be divided into two categories. First, there are the malignant spirits, which occasionally disturb the slumbers of the household by making terrible noises, by throwing bricks and stones down the chimney, by sitting on the sleepers' chests in the form of a hideous nightmare or 'shadow' (ἴσκιος or ἴσκιωμα),¹ and by teasing and worrying the inmates of the house at unreasonable hours. These seem to be the disembodied souls of people who have met with a violent death, or whose mortal remains have been buried secretly,

¹ The Macedonian women are in the habit of saying to their children: "Do not mock at your shadow, or it will come and sit upon you" (Μὴν περ' γελᾷς τὸν ἴσκιόν σου γιατί θά σε πλακώσῃ). M. X. Ἰωάννου, 'Θεμαίς,' p. 34. From this it appears that the shadow is by the Macedonians, as by so many other races, identified with the soul (see J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, vol. I. pp. 285 foll.), and as "the soul of a sleeper is supposed to wander away from his body" (ib. pp. 255 foll.), if you anger it, it may return and punish you in the form of a nightmare (πλακώσῃ in its technical sense).

without the usual funeral rites. Such persons become ghosts (*στοιχειώνουν*). They roam restlessly about and visit their old haunts, inspired with an intense longing for revenge. This idea, so strongly held by the ancient Greeks and Romans, survived through the middle ages into modern Europe; but at the present day it finds its most emphatic expression in the practices of savage races, such as the natives of Australia, North and South America, North and South Asia, etc.¹ The belief fully accounts for the extreme horror with which the modern Greeks contemplate the possibility of a body being denied Christian burial. It is partly this fear that makes exile so abhorrent to the Greek, and the danger of dying in a remote country or being shipwrecked at sea, far from those whose duty it is to accord to the remains the funeral rites, is frequently dwelt upon in the "Songs of Farewell" (*Τραγούδια τῆς Ξενιτειᾶς*).

The malevolent spirits belonging to this category can only be expelled by a religious ceremony. The papas, or parish priest, is summoned. He reads a special service over a bowl of water in which, thus sanctified (*ἁγιασμός*), he dips a cross and a bunch of basil, and with this brush besprinkles the dwelling, charging the while all evil and unclean spirits to depart. But it sometimes happens that the demons defy prayers, and, in spite of holy water and exorcisms, persist in vexing the inhabitants. In that case the house is deserted and henceforth shunned as 'haunted.'

Far different in disposition and behaviour are the spirits known and cherished as 'masters of the house' (*νοικοκύρηδες τοῦ σπιτιοῦ*). They are supposed to be the ghost-souls of ancestors still lingering in their old home and watching over the welfare of their posterity, according to a universal doctrine which "is indeed rooted in the lowest levels of savage culture, extends through barbaric life almost without a break, and survives largely and deeply in the midst of civilization."² These benignant beings manifest their presence at night by

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. II. pp. 27 foll.

² Tylor, *ib.* pp. 24 foll.

treading softly on the floor, which creaks under their ghostly footsteps.

The Macedonian spirits of the latter class are in all probability the degraded descendants of the Manes and Lares of classical antiquity, and the kindly feelings with which they are regarded may be the attenuated relics of ancient ancestor-worship. To these remnants of classical cult was perhaps at a later period superadded a coating of Slavonic colour.

In both the foregoing classes of spirits the English reader will recognize close relatives of the familiar ghosts, which haunt many an English house and form the subject of many a conversation, and of an occasional angry controversy between believers and sceptics. The Teutonic Brownie and the Celtic Glaitig are also branches of the same genealogical tree—a tree whose boughs may justly be said to overshadow the universe. But a closer relationship can perhaps be established with the Domovoys of the Russian peasant which, like their Macedonian cousins, are of two kinds: benevolent or malevolent, according as they belong to his own family or to that of his neighbour.¹

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 129 foll.

CHAPTER XIV.

MACEDONIAN MYTHOLOGY.

The Drakos.

IT is extremely difficult—much more so than folklorists sometimes imagine—in investigating the folklore of a country to fix with absolute certainty where real superstition ends and pure mythology begins. The peasant story-teller, though conscious of the fact that he is narrating a myth, is all the time more than half inclined to believe that the world which he describes is not an improbable world, that in the mysterious “times of old all things were possible” (‘ς τὸν παλῆδον κηρὸ ὅλα γέγονονταν). This was the expression with which one of that class once silenced my prosaic attempts at criticism. He went even farther, and, having once confessed his own belief in the historic truth of mythological creations, launched forth into a tirade against some “learned men and schoolmasters” (γραμματισμένοι καὶ δασκάλοι) of his acquaintance, who were so stupid as to deny that there ever were such beings as the Lamia and the Drakos. His words, which I quote from notes taken down at the time, will perhaps be of interest to the student of peasant psychology:

“Why,” he exclaimed in accents of triumph, “I myself remember seeing, as a child, monstrous horned snakes swarming on yonder plain (πέρα ‘ς τὸν κάμφο). Where are they now? There also used to be lions and bears; but they have disappeared before modern guns. The same thing must surely have happened to the Lamias and the Drakoi.”

Both these monsters may be said to dwell in the debatable borderland between the two worlds: Faith and avowed Fiction.

The Drakos (Δράκος or Δράκοντας) can be described as a cousin-german to the Black Giant already disposed of. Like him he haunts the wells (hence called Δρακονέρια), and works mischief on the people by withholding the water. This habit of the monster is alluded to in the following lines, which form the beginning of a song heard at Nigrita:

Κάτω 'ς τὸν "Αἰ Θόδωρο, κάτω 'ς τὸν "Αἰ Γεώργη
 Πανηγυρίτσι γένονταν, μεγάλο πανηγύρι.
 Τὸ πανηγύρι¹ 'ταν μικρὸ κ' ἡ πλάση 'ταν μεγάλη.
 Κρατεῖ ὁ Δράκος τὸ νερό, διψᾷ τὸ πανηγύρι,
 Διψᾷ καὶ μιὰ ἀρχόντισσα ποῦταν ἀποβαρυμένη.

Yonder at St Theodore's, yonder at St George's

A fair was held, a great fair.

The space was narrow and the crowd was large.

The Drakos held back the water and the people were athirst,

Athirst was also a lady who was heavy with child.

A similar circumstance forms the groundwork of a little tale from Southern Greece:

*The Drakos and the Bride.*²

Once upon a time there was held a wedding. The groom's party started from his house on their way to the bride's, who lived in a neighbouring village. They got there safely; but on their way back, when they reached the middle of the road, lo and behold! there sprang before the procession a Drakos. He was a lame one, 'tis true, but still he was terrible. He held them for half an hour in a ravine with the intention of hurting them, who knows? perhaps even of eating them. The people were all paralyzed with fear. The bride alone retained her presence of mind. She bethought herself of a means of escape, and stepping forth stood in front of the monster and said:

Bride: I am Lightning's child, Thunder's grandchild.

I am the Hurler of Thunderbolts, she who flashes and booms.

¹ It will be noticed that the word is used in three senses: *fair*, the *place* where the fair is held, and the *people* at the fair.

² 'Νεοελληνικά Παραμύθια,' Athens, I. Nicolaïdes, 1899, Part I. p. 63.

Once when I flashed I burnt up forty Dragons,
One was left, a lame one: can that be your lordship?

Dragon: I am he.

Bride: Stand aside, friends, that I may flash and burn him up.

Dragon (*frightened*): Come, pass on; come, go your way; good luck to your wedding.¹

So thanks to the bride's cleverness they all escaped.

In another popular legend, a bridegroom had bound himself by a solemn vow to go to a Dragon and submit to be treated as breakfast. I translate the version of the story current at Liakkovikia.²

B. Wherefore art thou sad, O Yanni, and rejoicest not?

Perchance thou art displeased with me, my person or my portion?

G. I am pleased with thee, my Fair One, both with thy person and with thy portion;

But the Dragon has asked me to go to breakfast.

B. Whithersoever thou goest, my Yanni, thither shall I come with thee.

G. Where I am going, my Fair One, no maid can go.

B. Whithersoever thou goest, my Yanni, thither shall I come with thee, I will cook for thee thy dinner, I will spread for thee thy mattress.

G. Where I am going, my Fair One, no maid can go.

There is nor cooking nor eating; nor mattress-spreading nor sleeping there.

So the two set forth to go, like a pair of pretty doves,
And they found the Dragon leaning against the fountain.

When the Dragon espied them, he said in high glee:

D. Double has come my breakfast, double has come my dinner!
When Yanni heard this, he said to his Fair One:

1

Νύφη

“Εγώμαι τ’ς άστραπής παιδί, τής βρονταράς έγγόνι.

’Εγώμαι άστραπόβολος ’π’ άστράφτω και μπουμπνίζω.

Μιά φορά σάν έστραψα σαράντα Δράκ’ ούλ’ τ’ς έκαψα.

“Ενας κουτσός άπόμεινε: μπάς κ’ είς’ ή άφεντεία σου;”

Δράκος

“Εγώμαι.”

Νύφη

“Παραμεράτ’, συμπεθεροί, ν’ άστράψω νά τον κάψω.”

Δράκος

(In his fear he apparently forgets the fifteen-syllable metre, and answers lamely)

“Αϊντε, περάστε, αϊντε ’ς τὸ καλό, καλορρίζικ’ ή χαρά σας.”

² A. Δ. Γουσίου, ‘Τα Τραγούδια τής Πατρίδος μου’ No. 130, ‘Ο Δράκοντας. Cp. Passow, Nos 509, 510, which refer to the same subject, treated in a different manner.

- G. Did I not tell thee, my Fair One, that thou shouldst not come with me?
- B. Go on, my Yanni, go on; go on and fear not.
Nine Dragons have I eaten up, and this one will be the tenth.
When the Dragon heard this, he was mortally afraid:
- D. Pray, friend Yanni, whose daughter is she?
- The Fair One answered and to the Dragon said:
- B. I am Lightning's daughter, Thunder's grand-daughter,
If I like, I may flash and thunder and overwhelm thee on the spot.
She flashed and thundered and overwhelmed the Dragon on the spot.

In these legends the Drakos figures as a large uncouth monster akin to the Troll of Norse, the Ogre of southern, and the Giant of our own folk-tales. His simplicity of mind is equal to his might, and he is easily outwitted. Indeed, the Drakos compares most unfavourably with the Devil of the Bible and the Koran. He has none of the subtlety of the Tempter of Hebrew and Christian tradition, or of the Mohammedan Afrit, who is considered the embodiment of cleverness, so much so that to call one *afrit* is the highest compliment a Mohammedan can pay to one's intelligence.

His similarity to the Teutonic Giant is accentuated by the fact that the Drakos, like his northern counterpart, is also regarded as the performer of feats beyond ordinary human strength. As in Ireland, for example, we hear of a Giant's Causeway, so in Macedonia we come across a "Drakos's Weight" (τοῦ Δράκου τὸ δράμι)—a big stone to the south of Nigrita; a "Drakos's Shovelful" (ἡ φκυμαρὰ τοῦ Δράκου)—a mound of earth near the other monument; a "Drakos's Tomb" (τοῦ Δράκου τὸ μνημόρι)—a rock in the same neighbourhood, in which peasant imagination detects a resemblance to a high-capped dervish, resting against the slope of the hill; and a "Drakos's Quoits" (Δρακόπετραις)¹—two solitary rocks standing

¹ Cp. "In the island of Carystos, in the Aegean, the prostrate Hellenic columns in the neighbourhood of the city are said to have been flung down from above by the Drakos.

In Tenos, a smooth rock, which descends precipitously into the sea, is called the Dragoness's Washing-board, from its resemblance to the places where Greek women wash their clothes."—Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. II. p. 294.

in the plain of Serres, not far from the village of Liakkovikia. Concerning these rocks is told the following tale :

*The Princess and the Two Dragons.*¹

There was once in the country a king who had an only daughter. She was a lovely, beautiful maiden, and her name was Photeinë. Two princes in the neighbourhood were enamoured of her. They both were marvellously tall and strong, and men called them Dragons. The king feared them greatly. One day they both came to Princess Photeinë's father and asked for his daughter's hand. The king, on hearing the object of their visit, was seized with alarm and knew not what to do. For he feared lest, by preferring one of them, he should incur the wrath of the other. He suddenly bethought himself of this plan. He proposed to his daughter's suitors to throw the quoit, saying that the one who beat the other should become Photeinë's husband. They agreed with pleasure, and they each took up a rock of an equal size and flung it with all their might from the same spot. But neither of them won; for the rocks both fell in the same place. Photeinë's father then bade them build each a castle of the same size, saying that the one who finished his first, should take his daughter for wife. Again the lovesick Giants began and ended their task at exactly the same time. They then decided to engage in single combat. They fought with so great a fury that they both fell. When the Princess Photeinë heard that these brave suitors had fallen victims to their love for her, she grieved profoundly and resolved to live and die a maiden. She retired to a lonely part of her father's dominions, and there spent the remainder of her life in saintly seclusion.

The Drakos when conceived of as a giant sometimes has a spouse (*Δράκαινα* or *Δρακόντισσα*), quite as big, strong, and stupid as himself. The family is occasionally increased by a number of daughters who are remarkable for size, strength

¹ A. Δ. Γουσίου, 'Ἡ Κατὰ τὸ Πάργαιον Χώρα,' pp. 27 foll.

and partiality for human flesh, and who inherit their parents' abundant lack of wit.

But the Drakos is very frequently identified with the serpent (δράκων, 'dragon'), out of whom he was possibly evolved in the course of time. The Scythic Nágas are similarly confounded with serpents,¹ while in Russian folklore the Snake "sometimes retains throughout the story an exclusively reptilian character; sometimes he is of a mixed nature, partly serpent and partly man."² In Albanian mythology also the Negro, who corresponds to the Greek Black Giant and, like the latter, owes his origin to the *Arabian Nights*, absorbs and is in his turn absorbed by the serpent, while in Wallachian folk-tales the serpent element has superseded entirely the giant attributes, and the Wallachian dragon, like the Russian Zmyei,³ appears in all the monstrous glory of wings and claws, breathing fire and threatening ruin to all whom it may concern.

Mythologists agree in regarding the Drakos as a member of a large family of children of death, darkness, and natural forces hostile to man. The Drakos is said to embody the idea of a thunderstorm,⁴ and from that point of view he may be considered as the modern representative of the ancient Python slain by Apollo, even as the thunder-cloud is dispelled and destroyed by the rays of the Sun. On the other hand, two of the legends given above rather suggest that the Drakos is a personification of the drought and therefore dreads the Bride, who wields the powers of thunder and lightning. But where all is so dark it would be rash to be dogmatic.

The Lamia.

The Lamia (Λάμια) is connected with the Drakos by affinity of disposition and very often by the bonds of matrimony. She shares to the full his cannibal propensities and his infantile simplicity of mind. Her voracity has given rise to the proverb

¹ Wheeler, *History of India*, vol. I. p. 147.

² Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 65.

³ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 173.

⁴ For an exhaustive disquisition on the Modern Greek Drakos see Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. II. pp. 294 foll.

"to eat like a Lamia" (τρώγει σὰν Λάμια). In spite of this unladylike trait, she is of noble descent and can point with pride to the pages of classical literature in proof of her pedigree, though, it must be added, the circumstances in which she figures therein are not such as a noble lady would be anxious to recall.¹

In Liddell and Scott's *Greek Lexicon* Lamia is defined as "a fabulous monster said to feed on man's flesh." This is true, but does not contain the whole truth. Lamia was not always a monster. She was once a fair maiden, so fair that Zeus himself succumbed to her charms. The result of this admiration was a number of beautiful children, which, however, Hera, the jealous spouse of the "Father of gods and men," snatched from their mother's arms. The latter went to hide her grief and despair amongst the rocks of the sea, and it was there that her beauty decayed, and she became a cruel, hideous monster, the terror of children and the laughing-stock of the Athenian play-goer. Another ancient tradition describes her as a beautiful sorceress who upon occasion assumed the form of a snake.

In the modern conception of the Lamia we recognize these ancient traits, and more especially the first. The sudden death of a child is sometimes attributed to her cruelty. But on the other hand she, like her modern husband, the Drakos, is often represented as withholding the water from a district, until a human victim is offered to her. In the tale given below she is pictured as "a great marvellous monster with crooked claws and a pair of wings, each of which reached down to yonder plain"—apparently a winged serpent of the mythical dragon species, although she is also given four legs and three heads.²

For this tale I am indebted to Kyr Khaidhevtos (lit. Mr Worth-to-be-petted) of Vassilika. Kyr Khaidhevtos is a

¹ For instance, the scandalous story of ὡς ἡ Λαμί' ἀλοῦσ' ἐπέρδετο (Ar. *Vesp.* 1177) seems to have been notorious at Athens in the year 422 B.C., and one can imagine the peals of laughter which must have greeted the comedian's allusion to it on the stage.

² Of the *Strigla*, an evil monster akin to the Lamia and equally popular in Southern Greek mythology, I found no vestiges in Macedonia, except the name, which is very common but only as a term of abuse, applied to wicked hags, pretty nearly in the same way as our *witch*.

character worth-to-be-studied as a type of a large class of Macedonian peasants, who to a plentiful share of native shrewdness add an equal portion of faith, if we accept the Sunday schoolgirl's definition of faith as a capacity for believing "what you know is not true."

Kyr Khaidhevtos enjoys the reputation of an ardent lover and eloquent retailer of folk-tales. Nor does Fame flatter him, as will presently appear. In my search after folklore I could not, therefore, do better than apply to Kyr Khaidhevtos for a few scraps from his rich store. He readily promised me that favour and, unlike some other local folklorists, did not forget to fulfil his promise. He called upon me one evening after the day's work was done, and regaled my ears till long after "the Moon and the Pleiades had sunk to rest."

Kyr Khaidhevtos is a great actor, as well as a great narrator. His hands, his head, his face were all in perpetual motion, and they kept pace with the narrative so well that even one deaf could have followed the drift of the story. His eyes now glittered in wrath, now vanished behind the swelling curves of his rosy cheeks, according as he was engaged in a fierce or funny episode. For instance, in order to express the hurly-burly of battle and the tug of war, he would hook his two forefingers together and, with eyes flashing and bristling moustache, tug ferociously at them. To describe the majestic flight of an eagle, he spread his arms and swayed them slowly upwards, accompanying the action with a solemn look at the beams of the ceiling. If he wanted to give an idea of a hero's physique, he would square his own broad shoulders and swell his chest. The rapid movement of a man running away from danger was indicated with a quick opening and closing of the fingers of the right hand. The roar of rushing water was likewise made real by a deep rumbling noise which issued from Kyr Khaidhevtos's inner self.

It was easy to see that he had worked himself into sincere self-delusion—the privilege of genius and the secret of success. Though he occasionally helped himself to a pinch of snuff, he did not allow this indulgence to interfere with the performance. Like a true artist he knew the value of a spell and was anxious

not to break it by interrupting the narrative, except now and again to moisten his lips with a drop of arrack and water.

Let us now listen to the *raconteur* himself.

*The Story of the Prince and the Eagle.*¹

"Here begins the tale. Good evening to you.

Once upon a time there was a king who had three sons. The youngest was the bravest and handsomest of the lot. A time came when the king was taken dangerously ill. He was at the point of death, and the doctors said that, in order to recover, he should eat the fat of a male hare. He called to himself the princes and said to them :

"My children, I am dangerously ill, and the doctors have said that, in order to recover, I must eat the fat of a male hare. So I beg of you to go out to hunt and to bring me a male hare."

"Very well, father," said the boys and, having taken their bows and clubs, they set out on their way to the far-off forests, in order to find hares.

The two elder sons did not succeed in killing one, but the youngest killed three. Unfortunately, none of them were male. His brothers began to be envious of him, because he had proved abler than they. Next day they went out once more to hunt, and again the same thing happened. The two elder ones failed to do anything, while the youngest killed two hares, and one of these two hares was a male. Their envy grew thereat, and they said one to the other :

"Let us kill him and then say to our father that robbers came and slew him."

Close by there was a well, a very ancient well with marble slabs round about, and the water issued forth from within and flowed over the marble slabs. When the younger brother joined them, they said to him :

"May we not drink some of the water of this well, especially as we are so thirsty?"

"Right," answered he, "let us drink."

¹ For the original Greek see Appendix II.

"We must, however, drink in due order," said the eldest, "First one, then the other, and next after him the third."

So first drank the eldest, next the second, and last of all the youngest. He put his club and his bow under his arm and laid himself down upon his face, in order to drink of the water which flowed over the marble-slabs. Then one of them seized him by one foot, and the other by the other, and they flung him into the well. So the prince fell in, and his brothers fled and returned to the palace. When they got home, they took the hare to their father and said:

"Father, behold, we have succeeded at last in finding a male hare; but we have lost our brother"—and they pretended to be overwhelmed with sorrow.

"What! what did you say? how has that happened?" asks the king, rushing out of bed; for he loved his youngest son more dearly than the others.

"What can we say, father?" answered they. "As we were hunting, suddenly a band of robbers came, and they meant to destroy us all: we two managed to escape; but our poor brother perished."¹

Then great wailing arose in the palace. The king and the queen put on black, and wept bitterly.

Now let us leave those wailing, and let us go to the prince. The well into which they threw him was exceedingly deep. He fell for three years before he touched bottom. After three years he set foot on the ground and came out at the other end. He opens his eyes and sees that he is in another world: it was the Nether World. Far, far away he espies a light. He walks on and on and at last arrives at a cottage. Within there was an old woman kneading dough in a small trough, in order to make a cake. The prince noticed that the old woman had no water, but only wept and kneaded the flour with her tears, and she also spat. And as she wept and spat and kneaded the dough, she sang a sorrowful dirge.

The prince wondered greatly at seeing her spitting and weeping, and took pity on her.

¹ This part of the narrative recalls, and perhaps is an echo of, the history of Joseph. Gen. xxxvii.

"Good evening, grandmother," says he.

"Good be to my child," says she, and she looked at him in amazement; for he was a big, brave-looking youth and carried the club in one hand and his bow on his shoulder. "Whence comest thou my son? Thou art not one of these parts. Art thou perchance come from the Upper World?"

"Yes, I come from the Upper World; but how did you find that out, grandmother?"

"Oh, we have no such men like thee here. It is easy to see that thou art from above. And how didst thou get down here?"

Then the prince told her everything: how his brothers had thrown him into the well and all the rest.

"But wilt thou not tell me," he says to the old woman, "Wherefore dost thou not get some water wherewith to knead the bread, but thou kneadest it with tears and saliva, and wherefore dost thou weep and wail?"

"Ah, my son, water we have none in these regions. There is a well; but it is guarded by a Lamia, a monster with four legs and three heads,¹ and it demands every month a maiden to devour, in order to let the water issue forth. This month the lot fell upon my only daughter Maruda, and she is now bound with chains to a plane-tree. To-morrow the monster will come out and eat her. Therefore do I weep and wail."

When the Prince heard these words, he said:

"I will kill this monster and rescue both thy daughter and the whole country.² Only give me a morsel of this cake, when it is baked."

¹ This description sounds like a reminiscence of Cerberus, the three-headed dog which guarded the gates of the nether world of the ancients. It is not impossible that the *raconteur's* mind had come under classical influence; for he told me that one of the despised tribe of schoolmasters obliged him with occasional readings from Greek History, which an artist like Kyr Khaidhevtos would find no difficulty in assimilating and turning to good account.

² The incident of a monster withholding the water, until a maiden is given to him, and the hero killing the monster and rescuing the maiden, is a commonplace in the folklore of many nations.

[Cp. *Le petit Rouget sorcier*, a Modern Greek tale in a French translation first published by J. A. Buchon, in his *La Grèce Continentale et la Morée*,

"Ah, my son, how canst thou kill the monster, since even the king of this city and his army have been fighting it so many years and have not prevailed?"

"I will kill it," answers the Prince.

"Go thou not, or it will devour thee also."

"I fear it not. Either shall I destroy this monster, or I will die."

As they were talking, he suddenly heard a cry: *Kra, kra*. He turned his head round and saw a great bird standing in a corner of the cottage. It was an eagle golden like an angel. He asks:

"What is this bird?"

"This bird my husband on dying left to me. It is now a hundred years since then. I have reared it, till it grew and became as thou seest it."

"And that she-buffalo, what is she?"

"That buffalo also my husband left me, a hundred years ago, and I reared her," says the old woman.

So she gave him a morsel of the cake to eat, after having baked it, and the Prince set forth, with his club and bow, to go where Maruda stood bound, waiting for the monster to come out and devour her.

When he got there and saw her, he said:

"Wherefore art thou here?"

"It is my destiny. The lot has fallen on me and I am

Paris, 1843, and reproduced by E. Legrand in his *Recueil de Contes Populaires Grecs*, Paris 1881. Also Hahn, *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, No. 98.]

It recalls vividly the legends of Perseus and Andromeda and of Herakles and Hesione, which are by modern mythologists interpreted as "a description of the Sun slaying the Darkness." Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 339.

The appreciation of water in the Near East, and the common occurrence of drought, may have given birth to the idea, apart from all mythological allegory. [Cp. Pindar's *ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*.] Most travellers from Col. Leake to Mr H. F. Tozer, and since, have noticed and commented upon the value set on water by the natives of these lands. They often describe one kind of it as "light" (*ελαφρό*) and another as "heavy" (*βαρύ*) or "hard" (*σκληρό*) and, in a word, display all the delicacy of taste of trained connoisseurs. At one place my host, in pressing a huge quantity of food on me at dinner, assured me that I need not be afraid of over-eating myself, as their water was good enough to bring about the digestion even of stones (*καὶ πέτραις γὰρ αἱ ταῖς χωνεύει*).

waiting for the monster to come out and eat me, in order to let the water issue forth."

Then the Prince drew his sword, cut the chains asunder, and said to her:

"Fear not, I will rescue thee."

She, seeing a youth fair like a star, as he was, took pity on him and said:

"Flee far from hence, or thou also wilt perish as so many others have perished. Look, yonder is the graveyard where lie buried all those who have died these many years past in trying to rescue the country."

"Be thou easy in thy mind," says the Prince, and he turned and looked, and saw the whole plain covered with graves. But he was not daunted. And as they were talking, there came a fearful din like thunder, and the ground shook as though there were an earthquake.

"The monster is coming out. Flee, flee, or it will eat thee also," Maruda cries.

But the Prince seized her in his arms and carried her to a height some way off, and then came back to wrestle with the Lamia. And the Lamia was a great marvellous monster with crooked claws and a pair of wings, each of them reaching from here down to yonder plain. She issued from the well and clutched the earth with her claws, ready to pounce. And when she saw the Prince she said:

"Ah, well did my old Lamia-mother tell me: 'Many a man wilt thou eat, but one day there will come such a one, and of him thou must be afraid.'" ¹

Then the Prince rushed upon the Lamia, club in hand, and belaboured her, and he cut off with his sword first one head

¹ The Cyclops in Homer on a similar occasion bethinks himself, when too late, of an old prophecy:

ὦ πόποι, ἦ μάλα δὴ με παλαίφατα θέσφαθ' ἱκάνει.
 ἔσκε τις ἐνθάδε μάντις ἀνὴρ ἥς τε μέγας τε,

 ὅς μοι ἔφη τάδε πάντα τελευτήσεσθαι ὀπίσσω,
 χεῖρων ἐξ Ὀδυσῆος ἀμαρτήσεσθαι ὀπωπῆς.

Odyss. ix. 507 foll.

and then another, till he slew her utterly, and there was not even a nostril left, as the saying goes.¹

The people, great and small, every one of them, and the King with his Council of Twelve, were on the walls of the city watching the fight. And when the monster was slain, the water began to issue forth with a loud roar, and all cisterns and fountains were filled, and the cauldrons which the people held ready.

Then the Prince took Maruda by the hand in order to lead her back to her mother, and she gave him her ring and said :

“I am thine now.”

And when they came to the cottage, and the old woman saw them, she would not yet believe that the monster had really perished, but in the end she believed. Then says the Prince :

“I have achieved this feat thanks to the morsel which thou gavest me; the morsel which thou hadst kneaded with thy tears. It was that which gave me strength, and I overcame the monster. Now thou wilt give me thy daughter for wife, and I shall be for ever thy son.”

So they embraced each other, and Maruda gave him her ring, and he gave her his, and the betrothal was concluded.

But the King and his council were displeased that a stranger should have succeeded in accomplishing so great a feat, while they had fought for so many years and failed. And they wished to destroy him. They came forth with bows and swords, a great army, and they marched towards the cottage in order to seize him. When the old woman heard of this, she said :

“You two must now flee and escape. I am an old woman, leave me here, I do not care if I die.”

“How shall we flee, my dear mother?” answers the Prince. “Can I become an eagle and fly? I am but a man. Let them come, and God’s will be done.”

¹ The combat between the hero and the monster, while the maiden for whom they are fighting is looking on from the summit of a height, presents exactly the same picture as that drawn by Sophocles in the description of the fight between Herakles and the River-god Achelous, the prize being Deianeira “the soft and beauteous nymph” who all the while “sat on a conspicuous mound awaiting him who was to be her spouse.” *Trach.* 517 foll.

Then the old woman said :

"This eagle which my husband left me, and which I have nourished for so many years, 'tis he who will carry you out."

They asked the eagle and said :

"It is thy turn now to help us, who have nourished thee for so many years."

"This is the very hour for which I have been waiting," answered the eagle. "You two mount on my neck, and take with you many provisions. Take three hundred okes of meat and three hundred okes of water, and let us fly."

"Where shall we find the meat, and where shall we find a bottle big enough to hold so much water?" they asked.

"Slay the she-buffalo which also you have nourished for so many years. Flay her and on her flesh we shall feed, and of her skin make a bottle and fill it with water."

They slew the she-buffalo and loaded the eagle with the meat on one side and the skin on the other, and the Prince with the maiden mounted on his neck, and the eagle spread his wings and by little and little soared up.

"God be with you," cried the old woman, and fell down and died.

The eagle soared and soared for twelve long years, and by little and little the provisions began to fail.

"*Kra, kra*," cried the eagle.

"What dost thou want?"

"I am hungry."

Then the Prince cut off the muscle from his left arm and put it into the eagle's beak.

"*Kra, kra*," cried the eagle again.

"What dost thou want?"

"I am thirsty."

Then the Prince set his mouth close to the eagle's beak and gave him saliva to drink.

So day by day they drew nearer to the Upper World. But once more the eagle grew hungry and the Prince cut off the muscle from his right arm and gave it to him to eat. Then he cut off the muscle from his left leg, and next from his right leg. And he watered him from his own mouth, till they

reached the Upper World, and saw the light of the sun, and they alighted on a mountain close to the city of his father.

Then the eagle said :

"I will remain on the top of this mountain. You go into the city, and if perchance you ever be in need, think of me. Take this feather, burn it, and I shall understand from the smell and come at once." And he pulled a golden little feather from his brow and handed it to them.

When they reached the city, the Prince asked :

"Where is the road which leads to the palace?" and the people showed it to him.

Twenty-five or thirty years had gone by since he had left, and his father and mother had grown old, and he himself had grown taller and looked even more heroic than before. Yet his mother, as soon as she saw him, knew him at once. Eh, does a mother ever forget her child? Let ever so many years go by, when she sees it, she will still know it, even as a ewe, when she has lost her young one, seeks for it here and there and everywhere, and finds it by the smell.

Even so the Prince's mother, as soon as she saw him, rose from the throne on which she was sitting with the king, opened her arms and cried out :

"Our son! our son whom we deemed lost. Dost thou not know him, husband?"

The King on hearing this, rose too; but the others—the Council of Twelve¹—said to him :

"Thou must first examine him, lest he be an impostor; for we know that thy youngest son has been dead ever so many years."

Then the King set about examining him, and the Prince related everything as it had happened; but they would not believe him.

"How can that be?" says the King. "These things thou speakest of: a Nether World and Lamias are things we have never heard of."

¹ The kings in modern Greek fairy-tales are generally constitutional monarchs, ruling in accordance with the advice of a Privy Council, or Cabinet, of Twelve.

Then said the Queen :

"My husband, thou art not right. This is our own child. I know him : my heart tells me that."

Then the King ordered his secretaries to find in their books the time when the Prince disappeared, and other secretaries to write down everything as he narrated it now. Afterwards he turned to the Prince and said :

"Well, suppose we credit what thou sayest about going down below, how hast thou come back?"

Then the Prince related how the eagle had brought them to the Upper World, and they wondered even more, and refused to believe him.

"This thing must be attested by witnesses," said the King. "Where is this eagle? What has become of the bird?"

"Look at my limbs which I have cut in order to feed him, if you will not believe otherwise," answers the Prince, and he showed his arms and his legs, from which he had cut off the flesh. But still they found it hard to believe.

Then Maruda bethought herself of the feather, and said :

"What hast thou done, my husband, with the feather which the eagle gave us? Now is the time to burn it, and he will come to bear witness for us."

"Thou speakest well," says the Prince, "I had forgotten it," and he takes the feather from his pocket. And when the others saw it, they wondered, for they had never in their lives seen such a beautiful golden feather.

Then the Prince put it close to the fire in the charcoal-pan, which stood in the middle of the room, and ignited it, and the palace was filled with a fine odour.

It became known outside in the city that such a bird would come, and all the people went out to see it. As they were awaiting the eagle's coming, they suddenly saw a great cloud, and by little and little the eagle came down with a loud whirr and sat upon the terrace of the palace.

Then said the Prince :

"My King, let us all go up to the terrace, and the eagle will come there."

And they all went up to the terrace, and saw the eagle, and the eagle did homage to the King, and the King asked him :

"Tell us, O eagle, how didst thou ascend from the Nether World?"

And the eagle spoke and related everything. And when he finished, he cried *glu, glu* and vomited forth one piece of flesh.

"This is," he said, "from thy left arm, which thou cutst off in order to feed me," and he set it in its place, spat, and stuck it. Next he brought out another piece and stuck it to the right arm, and likewise to the legs.

Then they all believed, and the king embraced his son and Maruda, and seated them near him, and said :

"So thy brothers sought to destroy thee?" and he ordered them to be seized and slain ; but the Prince fell to his feet and kissed the hem of his robe, and begged him to forgive them.

"They sought to do me ill," he said, "but it has turned out well; for had they not flung me into the well, I should not have seen that world, nor should I have performed so many feats and deeds of valour, and become famous."

After a deal of trouble he prevailed on the king to forgive them. Then they embraced all round, and lived happy ever after. May we be happier still!

At that judgment I also was present, and it is there that I got the tale which I have told you this evening."¹

The conclusion of the narrative was followed by a critical discussion. My informant's transcendent contempt for consistency led me to point out timidly that, if the hero had spent three years going down and twelve coming up, and there is no allowance made for residence in the Nether World, he could hardly be said to have been absent from his native land "twenty-five or thirty years." I thought this an unanswerable argument. But I was mistaken. It was beautiful to observe

¹ For a parallel to this story in a French translation, see G. Georgeakis and Léon Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, pp. 38 foll. Also, in a German translation, Hahn, *Märchen*, No. 70. The eagle incident also occurs in "La Belle de la Terre," an Albanian story in Auguste Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, No. 5 ; other references are given in *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, pp. 39 and 40, notes. I have never seen the story in a Greek text.

the tolerant smile with which Kyr Khaidhevtos waved aside my objections. "You have no imagination, sir, I can see that, and am sincerely sorry for you," that is what his eyes said. But what his courteous lips actually uttered was: "This is but a fairy-tale" (*αὐτό 'ναι παραμύθι*)—a stereotyped phrase from which he refused to depart. And yet it was Kyr Khaidhevtos who later delivered the vigorous denunciation of "learned men and schoolmasters" recorded at the beginning of this chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

ALEXANDER AND PHILIP IN FOLK-TRADITION.

EVERYTHING that savours of antiquity is by the Macedonian peasant attributed to the two great kings of his country. His songs and traditions, of which he is vastly and justly proud, are often described as having come down "from the times of Philip and Alexander—and Herakles," a comprehensive period to which all remnants of the past are allotted with indiscriminating impartiality.

On the way from Drama to Cavalla, and a little back from the road, stand the massive relics of an ancient gate, facing the ruins of Philippi. This pile is known to the people by the name of "Alexander the Great's Palace" (τὸ Παλάτι τοῦ Μεγάλου Ἀλεξάνδρου).

At Demir Hissar, or "The Iron Castle," on the Salonica-Serres railway line, there are some remnants of an old citadel, or fortress (κάστρο), overlooking the ravine between the flanks of which the town is wedged. These ruins are assigned to King Philip. A big stone jar discovered among them some time ago was promptly labelled "King Philip's money-jar, or treasury." The same romantic tradition discerns in two smooth stones, lying on the rocky bank of the local river, the "Washing-boards" on which "The Princesses" (Βασιλοπούλαις)—the daughters of King Philip—used to bleach (λευκαίνουν) their clothes in the manner of Macedonian women at the present day.

The two solitary rocks in the plain of Serres, already noted as the "Dragon's Quoits," are by the inhabitants of Nigrita

called the "Quoits of Alexander the Great" (Πέτραις τοῦ Μεγάλου Ἀλεξάνδρου), who is supposed to have thrown them; for did he not live in the age when, according to a muleteer's phrase, "God was wont to vouchsafe heroic might to men" (ἀξίωνε τοὺς ἀντρειωμένους)?

Again, near the village of Stavros, or "The Cross," close to the eastern coast of the Chalcidic Peninsula, and a little to the north of the site where Stageira, Aristotle's birthplace, is generally located,¹ there rises a mountain, unnamed in maps, but known to the peasantry as "Alexander's Mount" (τὸ Βουνὸ τοῦ Ἀλεξάνδρου, or, less correctly, τῆς Ἀλεξάνδρας)—a designation especially appropriate in a neighbourhood which is associated with the name of Alexander's famous tutor.

To the south of Stavros lies the village of Lympsiasda, which the natives derive from the name of Alexander's mother (Olympias), according to Col. Leake "not without probability." This traveller gives the name, less correctly, as Lybjádha and on the local etymology remarks that "the omission of the initial *o*, the third case, and the conversion of *Λυμπιάδα* into *Λυμπτζιάδα*, are all in the ordinary course of Romaic corruption."

In the same paragraph he records that "a situation a little below the serái of the Agá at Kastro, where some fragments of columns are still seen, is said to have been the site of Alexander's mint. Both Turks and Greeks, and even the poorest peasants, are full of the history of Alexander, though it is sometimes strangely disfigured, and not unfrequently Alexander is confounded with Skanderbeg."²

The incantation in which the name of Alexander the Great is employed to drive away the demons of the whirlwind³ is a further instance of the tenacity of tradition, and it also points to the curious halo which in the course of centuries of ignorance

¹ Col. Leake thinks that the village itself is on the site of the old Stageirus: "These remains (viz. of ancient walls), the position, and the name Stavros, which, the accent in *Στάγειρος* being on the first syllable, is a natural contraction of that name, seem decisive of Stavros being the site of Stageirus." *Travels in Northern Greece*, vol. III. p. 168.

² *Ib.* p. 166.

³ *v. supra*, p. 251.

has gathered round the great King's personality. In popular estimation Alexander fills a place analogous to that occupied by Solomon in the *Arabian Nights* and other oriental compositions. He is credited with a mysterious power over the spirits of evil, and his is a name to conjure with.

Legendary History of Alexander the Great.

Alexander the Great has from the earliest times been the favourite hero of romance. Even in his life-time, so strong was the glamour of his wonderful personality and exploits, that no legend was deemed by his contemporaries too wild for credence. In Strabo's words "all those who attended on Alexander preferred the marvellous to the true."¹ If such was the tendency among men who knew the hero in the flesh, we can easily imagine the attitude of people removed from him in time and space. Hence arose a cycle of narratives, at first nebulous enough, no doubt, but which were soon condensed into the fable known as the Alexander story. It has been surmised that this extraordinary production, which is redeemed from the charge of being a bad history by being a bad romance, originated in the Valley of the Nile immediately after the conqueror's death, and thence spread like an epidemic over Europe and Asia. However that may be, the oldest version that has come down to us is in Greek and goes under the name of Pseudo-Callisthenes, who is supposed to have lived in the second century of our era.² This Greek *Life of Alexander* (Βίος Ἀλεξάνδρου) has directly or indirectly been the prolific parent of a numerous progeny extending through many ages and languages. In the East we find the legend popular among the Syrians, the Armenians, the Copts, the Abyssinians, the Arabs, the Persians, the Turks, the Malays and the Siamese. Hebrew literature is also rich in stories concerning Alexander's career; but for these neither Pseudo-Callisthenes nor his conjectural Egyptian progenitor

¹ πάντες μὲν γὰρ οἱ περὶ Ἀλέξανδρον τὸ θαυμαστὸν ἀντὶ τᾶλθηθούς ἀπεδέχοντο μᾶλλον. *Geogr.* xv. 1. 28.

² Several of the extant Greek mss. have been collated and edited. See C. Müller, *Pseudo-Callisthenes* (in *Arriani Anabasis*, by F. Dübner), Paris, 1846. H. Meusel, *Pseudo-Callisthenes*, Leipzig, 1871.

can be held responsible. In the West the *Historia de preliis* and many other Latin works, both in prose and in verse, held the field for centuries until they passed into the vernacular of various countries and became known to French, Italians, Spaniards, Germans, Dutch, Scandinavians and Slavonians. In the hands of the Troubadours Alexander was metamorphosed into a mediaeval knight, and in this guise he crossed the channel and found a home as *Kyng Alisaunder* among our old English metrical romances.¹ Needless to say, the Macedonian in these posthumous peregrinations was obliged to change not only his garb and speech but also his religion. In the East, as in the West, he frequently adopts the Christian creed and distinguishes himself by his piety and scriptural erudition. Some of these traits of character will appear in the *History of the Great Alexander of Macedon: his life, wars, and death*², of which a *résumé* is given below.

Whether this modern edition is the lineal descendant of a version from an old Greek text, or is derived from some mediaeval source, Eastern or Western, is a question to which I dare give no answer. Its vocabulary and style, though modern in the main, reveal numerous traces of a mediaeval origin. The story itself bears to that of Pseudo-Callisthenes the same degree of relationship which is found in most of the other romances. But this is not the place for a minute comparison and analysis. For our present purpose it is sufficient to state that the story, under the popular designation of "Chap-book of Alexander the Great" (Φυλλάδα τοῦ Μεγάλου Ἀλεξάνδρου), has long been, and still is, a favourite reading among the lower classes all over the Greek world, and has helped more than anything else to keep the Conqueror's memory fresh and

¹ Among the works to be consulted by those interested in the development of the Alexander myth are E. A. Wallis Budge, *The History of Alexander the Great* (Syriac version of the Pseudo-Callisthenes; text with English translation and notes), Cambridge, 1889; *The Life and Exploits of Alexander the Great* (Translation of the Ethiopic versions of Pseudo-Callisthenes and other writers), London, 1896; Giusto Grion, *I Nobili Fatti di Alessandro Magno* (Old Italian versions from the French), Bologna, 1872; etc.

² 'Ἱστορία τοῦ Μεγάλου Ἀλεξάνδρου τοῦ Μακεδόνος: Βίος, Πόλεμοι καὶ Θάνατος αὐτοῦ,' Athens, I. Nicolaïdes, 1898.

confused. Numbers of these pamphlets are yearly sold to the peasants of Macedonia by itinerant booksellers, and it was from one of these diffusers of doubtful light that I obtained my copy for the modest sum of one piastre (equal to $2\frac{1}{4}d.$ sterling). After what has already been said about the other versions of the Alexander legend it would be superfluous to add that this also is a "History" beside which Milton's *History of England* reads like a sober record of facts. A flippant critic might describe it as a work conceived in dyspepsia and executed in delirium.

In this mytho-historical composition, as in all the kindred productions mentioned above, the birth of Alexander is attributed to the miraculous intervention of the god Ammon, assisted by a somewhat questionable character, Nektenabos,¹ late king of Egypt, subsequently Court magician and astrologer in ordinary to Philip of Macedon. The child's entry into the world was heralded by much thunder and lightning and other indications of an abnormal origin. His education was entrusted to Aristotle and Nektenabos jointly. "The lad used to go to the former in the morning and to the latter in the afternoon": the one taught him his letters, the other initiated him into the mysteries of the stars.

Alexander's boyhood was signalized by many deeds foreshadowing his future pushfulness. One of these was the act by which he repaid Nektenabos for his tuition. Master and disciple were one evening standing on the top of a high tower gazing at the heavenly bodies. Alexander suddenly, and rather irrelevantly, remarked :

"O thou who knowest so many things, dost thou know how thou wilt come by thy death?"

"I shall meet my death at the hands of my son," answered the astrologer.

¹ The name Νεκτεναβός of our text appears in the old mss. of the Pseudo-Callisthenes as Νεκταρεβός or Νεκταναβός, and occasionally as Νεκτεναβός; in the Syriac version as Nakṭībōs; in the Ethiopic as Beḡtānīs etc. In the Italian versions it is Nattanabus, Natanabus, Nathabor, Natabor, Natanabor or Natanabo. All these and innumerable other forms are corruptions of the Egyptian *Nekht-neb-f*, or Nectanebus II, who was defeated by the Persians in about 358 B.C.

"How can a son slay his own father?" said Alexander, and forthwith pushed his tutor over the parapet. Then, adding insult to injury, he cried after the fallen sage, "Methinks thou hast lost thine art, O master!"

"It is not so, for thou art my son!"

"How can I be thy son, since Philip is my father?" retorted the disciple in a manner which showed that Aristotle's lessons in Logic had not been wasted on him.

Thereupon Nektenabos, presumably interrupting his descent (for these things happened before the discovery of the law of gravitation), narrated to him at great length the secret story of his birth, the truth whereof was known only to himself and Alexander's mother, and then expired.

And now Alexander, having bewailed and buried his real father befittingly, and done many other wondrous deeds in the meantime, succeeds to the throne vacated by the death of his presumed parent and sets out on his grand tour round the globe. One of his earliest achievements is the conquest of Western Europe, all the Potentates whereof were forced to do homage and to pay tribute to him. The Romans, among other things, endeavoured to win his favour by offering him Solomon's great coat, which that eccentric individual Nebuchadnezzar had stolen from Jerusalem; also twelve jugs full of precious stones, which had likewise belonged to Solomon and were kept by him in the Holy of Holies in Holy Zion; also Solomon's crown, set with three gems which at night gleamed like lit candles, and encircled with a wreath of twelve diamonds bearing the names of the twelve months inscribed on them; also the crown of the great "Queen Sibyl"; also the royal armour of Priam, which they had carried off from Troy, and a few other trifles of a similar kind.

While doing Rome and the Romans, Alexander visited the famous "temple of Apollo in that city," and the god's high-priest "presented unto him myrrh, frankincense, and other royal gifts." He likewise produced a book and read from it the following

Prophecy from the Book of the Hellenes: "In the year 5,000 there shall come forth a one-horned he-goat and shall put to flight

the leopards of the West. To the South shall he also go. And in the East he shall meet the marvellous ram of the spread horns, one whereof reaches to the South, and the other to the North. The one-horned he-goat shall smite the marvellous ram in the heart and slay him. Whereby all the rulers of the East shall be terror-stricken, and all the swords of Persia shall be broken in pieces. He shall also come to mighty Rome and shall be unanimously acclaimed King of the Universe."

The Greek philosophers who attended the King in his travels interpreted the oracle as follows:

"O King Alexander, in the Vision of the prophet Daniel¹ the Empires of the West are named leopards, those of the South lions, those of the East a two-horned ram—to wit the empire of the Medes and the empire of the Phoenicians—and the one-horned he-goat is the empire of the Macedonians."

King Alexander elated by the prophecy forthwith ordered the Lords of England to build him a small fleet of some twelve thousand stout galleys (*κάτεργα χονδρά ἕως δώδεκα χιλιάδες*), each galley to hold one thousand armed men and their provisions. This was the beginning of his Eastern campaign. He sent his cavalry under the command of Ptolemy and Philones to Barbary "by land," while he himself sailed to Egypt. After a prosperous voyage of thirty days and thirty nights he reached the mouth of the Gold Stream (*χρυσορρόας ποταμός*), where he built a walled city and called it Alexandria. There his generals, Ptolemy and Philones, joined him in the evening, fresh from the conquest of Barbary.

Having allowed himself a few days' rest, Alexander proceeded to Troy, the city of Helen, the virtuous woman who had said that "she preferred an honourable death to a dishonourable life" and refused to become another man's wife. The Lords of Troy crowned him with the Queen's own crown, which shone like the sun, and at night gleamed like the light, owing to the precious stones with which it was adorned. They likewise presented him with a casket [?]² which had once been

¹ Daniel vii. viii.

² *κλίβανον*, 'an oven' [?]. Perhaps it is a printer's error for *κιβωτόν*, 'a wooden box, chest, coffer.'

Hector's, and with the Book of Homer, in which is set forth the history of the War from the beginning to the fall of the City. Alexander read, and then gave utterance to the following chivalrous sentiment :

"Alas! how many heroes have perished for the sake of a paltry woman!"

He then visits the tombs of the heroes and tells them how sorry he is to find them dead. Had he met them before, he would have honoured them with rich gifts.

"But now," he pathetically exclaims, "that you have died, what gifts can I honour you with? There is no other honour possible to the dead than that of frankincense and myrrh. May the gods reward you for the deeds of valour which you have performed, according to Homer!"

After a short trip home to Macedonia, in which he was accompanied by all his armies and the captive kings of the West, Alexander sets out against Darius; but on the way he halts to tamper with the Jews. He pens and despatches the following epistle to the Hebrews:

"Alexander, by the grace of the Most High, King of Kings, to you who dwell in Jerusalem, and confess your faith in one God of heaven and earth, the All-powerful God Sabaoth—cordial greetings. As soon as you have received this, bow down to me and come forth to meet me; for I by the might of the All-powerful God Sabaoth will deliver you from the hands of the image-worshippers. Do not act contrary to my behests, and I will bestow upon you good laws, such as you will like."

But the wily Hebrews were not to be won by empty words:

"O King Alexander," they answered, "we have duly received thy letter, and have bowed down to thee. May your Majesty please to know that we are worshippers of God Sabaoth who delivered us once from our bondage in Egypt, and we crossed the Red Sea and came to this land to live; but now owing to our sins He has delivered us into the hands of Darius. If we surrender to thee, without his leave, he will surely come and reduce us to utter slavery. Go thou, therefore, first against Darius and, if thou vanquishest him, then we will be thy

faithful servants. Come then into Jerusalem, and we will hail thee King of the Universe."

Thus answered the Hebrews, mindful of their own safety. But Alexander's wrath rose thereat, and he wrote:

"King Alexander, the servant of the All-powerful God, to all who dwell in Jerusalem. I did not think you to be such great cowards as to fawn on Darius, you who worship the All-powerful God Sabaoth. Wherefore should you be the slaves of image-worshippers and not mine, who also worship the same God? I will not go against Darius, but will come straightway against you, and you may do as you deem best."

Shortly after this ultimatum Alexander entered Jerusalem and worshipped in the Temple. The Hebrews bowed to the inevitable with a good grace. The prophet Jeremiah especially distinguished himself by his tact. Accompanied by all the notables of the city and loaded with gifts he came to do homage to Alexander. But the king generously waived his claims to the gifts on behalf of the God Sabaoth, to whom they were accordingly presented. Jeremiah, however, by this step won the King's favour, and the two used to take walks together. The prophet turned this intimacy to account by confirming the King in the faith, and, pleased with his success, one afternoon, as they were strolling out, he delivered himself of the following prediction:

"Thou shalt conquer Egypt and slay the Emperor of India, and thou shalt fall ill. But our God will help thee, and thou shalt become ruler of the Universe. Thou shalt go near Paradise and there thou shalt find men and women confined on an island. Their food is the fruits of trees, and their name is The Blessed. They shall prophesy unto thee concerning thy life and death. All these things shalt thou see and many more. My blessing be upon thee!"

Jeremiah, after the fashion of a perfect guide, pressed some of the antiquities of the country upon the King: precious stones with the name of the God Sabaoth inscribed upon them, from Joshua's helmet; Goliath's sword; Samson's casque, adorned with the claws of dragons; "the spear of the diamond point"; Saul's mantle, which steel could not pierce, and many other presents

useful as well as ornamental. From Jerusalem Alexander proceeded to Egypt, where he caught a chill by bathing while warm in a very cold lake, but happily the illness did not prove fatal.

The magician Nektenabos, before he became Court astrologer to Philip of Macedon, had been king of the Egyptians. On quitting his kingdom—owing to circumstances over which he had no control—he had left the following message to his subjects :

“I, being unable to withstand the might of Darius, depart from amongst you. But I will come back again thirty years hence.¹ Erect a pillar in the centre of the city, carve upon it my head and round my forehead put the royal crown. There will come to you one who will stand under the pillar, and the crown will drop upon his head. To him do ye homage : he will be my son !”

In pursuance of these instructions the Egyptians recognized Alexander as their king, for the crown did drop on his head, according to the prediction.

It would be tedious to follow the hero in his supernatural progress through Asia. Suffice it to say that everywhere he went, he saw, and he annexed. Such a life, however, could not close quite in the ordinary way. The end of his career was signalized on his way to Babylon, among other things, by a nocturnal call from his friend Jeremiah, who being unable to come in the body (owing to the fact that he was dead) sent his spirit to visit the King in a dream and prophesy to him as follows :

“Be ready, O Alexander, to come to the abode prepared for thee; for thy days are numbered out, and thou shalt receive thy death from the hands of thy nearest and dearest. Go thou to Babylon and arrange the affairs of thy kingdom.”

Having delivered this message, Jeremiah vanished.

Soon after the prophet's departure another visitor came; but this one in the body. It was his old tutor Aristotle, who was the bearer of gifts and messages from Olympias. His

¹ At the beginning of the narrative the same message is given in the following words, “I will return after twenty-four years. I now go as an old man but I will return young (meaning thereby his son Alexander).”

arrival was an agreeable diversion from the painful thoughts aroused by the prophet's visit, and Alexander greeted him with royal effusion :

"Welcome, O precious head," said he, throwing his arms round the philosopher's neck and kissing him affectionately, "who shinest like the sun among all the Hellenes!"

A friendly interchange of news and narratives followed, and there was much feasting. But the shadow of death already darkened the glory-crowned head.

In the King's household there were two brothers Leucadouses and Bryonouses, by name : one of them was master of the horse, the other cup-bearer to the King. Their mother, who had seen neither of them for years, wrote to them repeatedly urging them to return home. But the King always refused to grant permission. This circumstance, added to the fact that Alexander had knocked the cup-bearer a few days before "with a stick on the head" for breaking a valuable goblet, aroused much disaffection in the brothers' breasts. The arrival of a fresh letter from home added the spark to the fuel. "The crafty devil entered into the cup-bearer's heart," and he resolved to poison his master. The plot found supporters among many of the courtiers—all of them being among the King's dearest friends. Some of the conspirators were actuated by nostalgia, others by wicked ambition. During a banquet a poisoned cup was offered to the King. He quaffed it unsuspectingly and died.

The Romance, which has been much condensed in the above synopsis, ends with the King's will and testament, his death, the death of his murderer, the death of his steed Bucephalus, the wailings and demise of his wife Rhoxandra,¹ their joint funeral, a sermon, and the moral: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity!"

¹ This is the form under which the name appears in the Romance.

CHAPTER XVI.

BIRD LEGENDS.

CLASSICAL scholars are familiar with the beautiful old myths in which the origin of certain birds is traced to a transfiguration brought about by the direct agency of the gods. The fables of Philomela and Procne, of Itys and Tereus, and of Iynx are fresh in every student's memory. Still more so is perhaps the metamorphosis of Halcyon, wife of Ceyx, King of Thessaly, who, in the words of the poet, "flitting along the rocky ridges on the shore of the sea sings her plaintive lay, ever lamenting the loss of her spouse."¹

Several more or less close parallels to this legend—due either to survival or to revival—exist at the present day in Macedonia.

First among them ranks the widely-known story of the *gyon* (γκυών), a bird, which, so far as I could identify it, seems to be a species of plover.

I. *The Gyon.*

(*From Salonica and Serres.*)

There lived once two brothers, who were very jealous of each other and were constantly quarrelling. They had a mother who was wont to say to them :

"Do not wrangle,² my boys, do not wrangle and quarrel, or Heaven will be wroth against you, and you shall be parted."

¹ Eur. *Iph. in Taur.* 1089 foll.

² *μην τρώγεσθε*, lit. "do not eat each other up."

But the youths would not listen to their parent's wise counsels, and at last Heaven waxed wroth and carried off one of them. Then the other wept bitterly, and in his grief and remorse prayed to God to give him wings, that he might fly in quest of his brother. God in His mercy heard the prayer and transformed the penitent youth into a gyon.

The peasants interpret the bird's mournful note *gyon!* *gyon!* as Anton! Anton! or Gion! Gion! (Albanian form of John)—the departed brother's name—and maintain that it lets fall three drops of blood from its beak every time it calls. Whether the alleged bleeding is a reminiscence of Philomela's tongue cut off by Tereus, it is impossible to say with certainty.

Bernhard Schmidt¹ compares the name of the bird (ὁ γκιών, or γκιώνης) with the Albanian form (γῆοννέ or γῆον) and refers to Hahn's Tales² for an Albanian parallel, in which the gyon and the cuckoo are described as brother and sister. He also quotes Carnarvon's account of a Southern Greek legend about a bird called *κυρά*.

"That bird had once been a woman, who, deprived of all her kindred by some great calamity, retired to a solitary mountain to bewail her loss, and continued on the summit forty days, repeating in the sad monotony of grief the lamentation of the country 'Ah me! ah me!' till at the expiration of that period she was changed by pitying Providence into a bird."³

The same industrious collector refers to Newton for a similar story: "The other day we heard a bird uttering a plaintive note, to which another bird responded. When Mehemet Chiaoux (*sic*) heard this note, he told us with simple earnestness that once upon a time a brother and sister tended their flocks together. The sheep strayed, the shepherdess wandered on in search of them, till at last, exhausted by fatigue and sorrow, she and her brother were changed into a pair of birds, who go repeating the same sad notes. The female bird says: '*Quzumlari gheurdunmu*—Have you seen my sheep?'

¹ Griech. Märchen, Sagen und Volkslieder, II. 3. Der Vogel Gkión, pp. 241—3.

² Märchen, No. 104.

³ Carnarvon, *Reminiscences of Athens and the Morea*, p. 111.

to which her mate replies: '*Gheurmedum*—I have not seen them'."¹

The "brother and sister" version is characteristically Moham-medan. But with the quest for lost sheep may be compared the following Macedonian legend.

II. *The Pee-wit and the Screech-owl.*

(*From Serres.*)

There were once two brothers, the elder called Metro (short for Demetrius), and the younger Georgo. They were horse-dealers by trade. One day there came to them a stranger who wished to purchase eight horses. Metro sent his younger brother to fetch them. Georgo came back with seven horses, besides the one on which he was riding. Metro, who was not remarkable for cleverness, counted only seven, without taking into account the one on which his brother rode. So he said to him:

"Go back and find the horse you've lost."

Georgo, who apparently was as clever as his brother, went away and spent the whole day looking for the missing horse, without for a moment reflecting that he was sitting on its back.

In the evening he returned home empty-handed. His brother called to him from afar:

"Eh, Georgo, have you found the horse?"

The youth replied:

"No, I have found no horse!"

Thereupon Metro lost his temper and slew his brother. He did not realize his mistake until the latter had fallen off the horse's back and lay still upon the ground. In his despair Metro called on God to change him into a bird. He was transformed into a pee-wit, and ever since cries: *Poot? poot?* that is 'Where is it? where is it?' (*ποῦ το; ποῦ το;*). To which his brother, who was turned into a screech-owl, replies in anguish 'Ah! ah!'²

¹ Newton, *Travels and Discoveries in the Levant*, II. p. 263.

² Cp. 'Le chat-huant, le coucou et la huppe,' G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, pp. 337—8.

A third story embodying a similar idea, but possessing a more romantic interest, is the one told about the ring-dove (*δεκοχτούρα*)

III. *The Ring-dove.*¹

(*From Serres.*)

It is said that this gentle and affectionate bird was once a young married woman, who was passionately fond of knitting. She had a wicked old woman for a mother-in-law, who always sought or invented pretexts for scolding and beating her. One day, after having maltreated her as usual, she went out to pay calls, and left her daughter-in-law to make bread. The latter kneaded and baked the bread—eighteen loaves in all—and then sat down to her favourite occupation. The old woman on her return home found her knitting and began to upbraid her, saying that there were only seventeen loaves and that she had stolen one. The poor girl protested that there were eighteen. But the other, who could not bear contradiction, grew angry and began to beat her ruthlessly. The girl, no longer able to submit to this injustice, besought God that she might be transformed into a bird and thus escape from her cruel tyrant's clutches. Her prayer was answered and she suddenly became a ring-dove. She still protests sadly that the loaves were eighteen by crying *Decochto! decochto!* (*δεκοχτώ*), whence her name *decochtura*, and to this day retains the circular dark marking left on her neck by the thread which she had round it, while knitting, at the moment of her change.

These quaint tales, so full of simple sympathy with the feathered creatures to which human passions and human feelings are naïvely ascribed, find their counterparts in several Slavonic folk-stories, which, however, are mostly conceived in a religious spirit. The piteous cry of the pee-wit has suggested to the Russian peasant the notion that it is begging for water

¹ This story was told to me by M. Horologas, the theological master at the Gymnasium of Serres, who is a native of Asia Minor. But, as I heard it in Macedonia and have no evidence that it is not known in that province, I venture to include it in the present collection.

(*peet*, 'to drink'), and a pious legend has been invented to account for its thirst: it is a punishment for the bird's disobedience to the Lord's behest to aid in the creation of the seas, rivers, and lakes of the earth. The sparrow's chirping is explained as *Jif! Jif!* or "He (viz. Christ) is living! He is living!" thus urging on His tormentors to fresh cruelties; but the swallow, with opposite intent, cried: *Umer! Umer!* "He is dead! He is dead!" Therefore it is that to kill a swallow is a sin, and that its nest brings good luck to a house.¹

¹ Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, pp. 331—332. The Indians of America have also construed the notes of birds, like the robin and the tomtit, into human language, see *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. VII. p. 58.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

A far-travelled Game.

ONE of the favourite pastimes of the Macedonian peasantry is the game known by the name of "The Meeting of Three Roads" (τὸ τριόδι). It is identical with our Nine Men's Morris and is played in the following manner. A diagram consisting of three squares, one within the other, is drawn with a piece of chalk or charcoal upon a flat surface, a stone or board or table, as the case may be. The squares are joined with lines drawn across from the middle of the inner to the middle of the outer sides (fig. 1) and sometimes with diagonals as well (fig. 2).

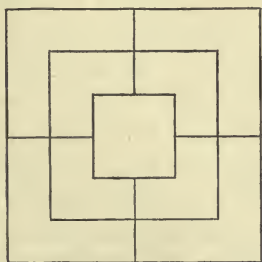


Fig. 1.

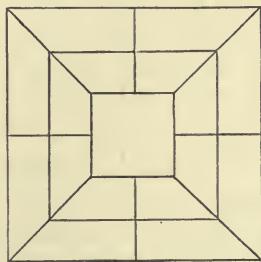


Fig. 2.

The battle-field thus prepared, each of the two combatants is armed with nine pebbles, beans, grains, sticks, bits of paper or what not, of a colour different from that of the pieces of his opponent. The lead is decided by an appeal to chance. This is done in one or the other of several ways. First by means of

the familiar *odd or even*? (μονὰ ἢ ζυγά;). Next, by concealing a small object in one hand and then putting the question: *cuckoo or wind*? (κοῦκκος ἢ ἄνεμος;), cuckoo representing the fist which contains the object, and wind the other. Thirdly, by wetting one side of a sherd of pottery and throwing it up into the air. Before it has come to the ground the question *sun or rain*? (ἥλιος ἢ βροχή;) is asked, sun being the dry, and rain the wet side. Lastly, by tossing up a coin and asking the Greek equivalent of our *heads or tails*? (τουρὰς ἢ γράμματα, i.e. Imperial cipher or letters?).

The winner opens the campaign by planting down one of his pieces at some point of intersection, and is followed by his opponent. This is done by the two players alternately until all the pieces are placed. The end towards which each of them strives is to get three pieces in a row—to make a trio (νὰ κάνη τριόδι)—and to prevent his adversary from attaining the same end. When all the pieces are disposed of, they are moved, one place at a time, by turns, with the same object in view. He who has made a trio is entitled to one of his opponent's pieces. The struggle goes on with varying fortune until one of the combatants is left with only two pieces. Then the battle is lost and won.

The game, as may be imagined, gives scope for considerable display of strategical skill both in the placing and in the moving of the pieces. By a judicious choice of captives the winner can render his enemy helpless. The decisive advantage, and the one at which both sides aim, is the establishment of what is technically known as a "double door" (δίπορτο), that is, two trios, which can be managed by moving one piece to and fro; "opening" one and "closing" the other simultaneously. When this advantage is secured the victory is a foregone conclusion.

The game is also popular in Southern Greece. Its name seems to point to the antiquity of its origin,¹ though evidence of its being known in classical times is wanting. An essentially similar, though simpler game, however, was known to the Romans. The Latin form corresponded to our Elizabethan Nine-holes,

¹ τριόδι(ον) is not used in Modern Greek except in reference to the game, the ordinary name for a meeting of three roads being τριστατο.

and was played with three instead of nine pebbles. The point, nevertheless, was the same: "to range one's pebbles in a continuous line."¹

Like most popular sports the *Triodi* in various forms, more or less developed, has helped many and widely-separated races to kill the universal enemy. In Rome the game was considered favourable to the promotion of friendly intercourse between youths and maidens, so much so that Ovid, than whom none was more deeply versed in matters of this kind, pronounces it "a shame for a damsel not to know how to play it"; for "*ludendo saepe paratur amor*." The old Egyptians also loved their own variant of the game, while the fierce Vikings of the North beguiled with it the tedium of their long sea-voyages. Their favourite variety of the game, to judge from a fragment of a board found in a Viking ship some years ago, corresponds to our fig. 1. Shakespeare mentions the more complex form of the game,² which under various denominations still survives in many English counties. The most familiar of all the varieties is, of course, the Noughts and Crosses in which school-boys, those great preservers of ancient tradition, indulge to this day.³

The game of Morra.

Among the Jews of Salonica, the vast majority of whom are the descendants of Spanish refugees expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella, there survives a game common throughout Southern Europe and known to the French as *mourre*, and to the Italians and the Spaniards as *morra*. It is by the latter name that the Jews of Salonica call it. Groups of shoeblacks can be seen at all times of the day, sitting on the pavement either as players or as lookers on. It is played by two, each

¹ *parua tabella capit ternos utrimque lapillos, in qua uicisse est continuasse suos.* Ovid, *Ars Am.* III. 365; *Trist.* II. 481.

² "The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud." *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. Sc. 2.

³ For a full account of the game and its history, so far as it has been investigated, see A. R. Goddard, 'Nine Men's Morris' in the *Saga-Book of the Viking Club*, Jan. 1901, pp. 376 foll.

throwing out a hand and both vociferating simultaneously the sum of all the fingers stretched out. He who succeeds in guessing the right number scores a point.

It is a variety of the class designated "addition games" or "counting games," which under one form or another are prevalent in many widely distant parts of the globe. The *morra*, or a near relative to it, under the name of "finger-flashing" (*micare digitis*), was very popular among the ancient Romans,¹ who also had a proverb derived from it: "You can play at finger-flashing with him in the dark!"² they used to say of an exceptionally scrupulous and honest man. A variety of the game can be seen in English nurseries; another in English country lanes, the latter being also mentioned by Petronius Arbiter, who lived in the time of Nero. The New Zealanders, Samoans, Chinese, and Japanese among modern nations, and the sculptures of the ancient Egyptians, supply us with a variety of finger-games, more or less closely akin to the *morra*.³

Fire-Ordeal.

"Even if he bite red-hot iron, I will not believe him."

(Καὶ σίδερο καμένο νὰ δαγκάσ' δέ' τον πιστεύω.)

"Even if she tread upon fire, I will not believe her."

(Καὶ 'ς τῇ φωτιά νὰ πατήσ' δέ' θά την πιστέψω.)

These two phrases, which I heard on two different occasions in two different towns of Macedonia, Salonica and Serres, apparently embody a reminiscence of the ancient rite of passing through fire or leaping over burning brands or coals—an ordeal familiar to the reader of mediaeval histories and not yet quite forgotten even in this country.⁴

¹ Cic. *De Div.* II. 85; *De Off.* III. 90.

² *dignum esse, dicunt, quicum in tenebris mices*, Cic. *De Off.* III. 77.

³ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. I. pp. 74 foll.

⁴ Tylor, *Ib.* vol. I. p. 85.

The two expressions, taken together, form a strikingly close, though of course quite fortuitous, paraphrase of the allusion to the same ordeal, contained in the Guard's speech in Sophocles:

"We are ready to lift masses of red-hot iron in our hands, and to pass through fire, and to appeal to the gods by oath that we neither did it, etc."¹

The Ass.

The peasants of the peninsula of Cassandra (ancient Pallene) call the ass by the name of Kyr (Mister) Mendios. The name seems to be derived from Mende, an ancient Eretrian colony in this part of Macedonia. That the ass was held in high esteem among the inhabitants of Mende is a fact resting on the tangible evidence of the coins of the colony. The ass, or the head of one, is a favourite device on these coins. In the oldest specimens the animal figures on the obverse with a phallic significance. Most of the later types represent Dionysos in various postures, sometimes lying on the back of an ass, or bear the effigy of that animal on the reverse.

The culture of the vine, for which Mende was famed, accounts for the veneration paid to the god of wine, and the ass, apart from all phallic significance, enjoyed a full share of recognition as being the animal above all others useful to the Macedonian peasant in olden times, as it is to this day. It is not unlikely that for this very reason the asses of Mende may have excelled those of less favoured districts, and a "Mendaeian ass" (*ὄνος Μενδαῖος*) may have been a common phrase, whence the modern humorous appellation Mister Mendios (*Μένδης*).

It must further be observed that in Modern Greek, even more than in English, the term ass (*γαῖδαρος*) suggests an insult, and the Greeks (especially the peasants) are always anxious to avoid it in ordinary conversation. This feeling of delicacy forces them to use euphemisms, for example, "the

¹ *Ἡμεν δ' ἔτοιμοι καὶ μύδρους αἶρειν χερσὶν
καὶ πῦρ διέρπειν καὶ θεοὺς ὀρκωμοτεῖν
τὸ μήτε δρᾶσαι etc.

Soph. *Ant.* 264 foll.

beast"¹ (τὸ ζῶ') *par excellence*. One of the most amusing subterfuges of this description which came to my notice was at Nigrita. In that district the title of Exarch (ἑξαρχος) is familiarly applied to the ass, the sobriquet having originated as an expression of Orthodox Hellenic contempt for the schismatic Bulgarian ecclesiastic of that title.

When a euphemism or a sobriquet is not ready at hand, and the Macedonian peasant finds himself compelled to call an ass an ass, he introduces the offensive term with the formula "begging your pardon" (μὲ συμπαθεῖο), a formula likewise accompanying the mention of a mule (μουλάρι), a cucumber (ἀγγούρι), and other words which to the rustic ear sound impolite.

The perils of portraiture.

At Salonica I one day witnessed a scene which was both entertaining and instructive. An old negress was sitting on the pavement with a small basket of baked chick-peas on one side, a small tray of honey cakes on the other, and a stout staff across her knees. The old lady was on the look out for customers and on her guard against the mischievous street urchins. Suddenly an enemy of a different type aroused her wrath. This was no other than a French tourist who, attracted by her picturesque appearance, had taken up his station on the opposite side of the street and was complacently placing his camera in position, preparatory to snap-shotting the black lady. But he was not destined to carry out his design. The Frenchman proposed but the negress disposed, and that in a manner not calculated to encourage a repetition of the attempt. The old lady's emotion evidently sprang from deeper sources than mere feminine modesty. Though I did not deem it safe to approach her on the subject, she seemed to be animated by the fear lest a portrait of her face should be followed by her death.

¹ Cp. the analogous use of the word "animal" for "bullock" in English, and of "irrational" (sc. animal) (ἄλογο) for "horse" in Modern Greek.

This superstition is exceedingly wide-spread. A parallel instance from a Greek island is quoted by Mr Frazer, who has also collected and classified a number of analogous cases from all parts of the world¹, from Scotland to the lands of the Battas, the Canelos Indians, and other brother-barbarians of East and West.

A School Superstition.

Salonica schoolboys hold that a hair stretched across the palm of the hand will make the master's cane split. English schoolboys entertain an identical belief in a hair, but it must be a horsehair. "If the hair be plucked fresh from the tail of a living horse so much the better."² Their Macedonian contemporaries are not so fastidious; any hair will do for them, provided it is not thick or dark enough to attract the master's attention.

¹ *The Golden Bough*, vol. i. pp. 295 foll.

² T. Parker Wilson, 'School Superstitions,' in *The Royal Magazine*, Sept. 1901.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RIDDLES.¹

THE riddles given below form an inexhaustible source of amusement to the peasants. When conversation flags, it is the riddle that saves the face of the host. At weddings and other festivals they serve to fill the gaps between the songs. At the midsummer feast of the Κλήδονας in some parts the riddles take the place of the love-couplets in general vogue. This last is the only occasion on which the riddle may be said to retain some shred of the dignity which mythologists ascribe to it. According to many authorities, Mr Tylor among them, "the sense riddle" was in earlier times "an enigma fraught with mythical meaning—an oracular utterance, clothed in dark language."² The oracular significance of the riddle has been completely lost in Macedonia, with the exception of the dim memory which lingers in the Κλήδονας divining rites. At all other times the riddle is a pastime pure and simple.

Many of the following examples are ingenious; some far-fetched, and a few positively absurd, though this is largely a matter of taste. They all, or nearly all, however, in order to be estimated at their true value, or indeed in order to be at all understood, require a certain familiarity with the Macedonian peasant's life. Some of them are purposely couched in am-

¹ These riddles have been collected by the writer during his travels up and down the country; but he afterwards compared his own stock with the contents of a booklet already mentioned (Α. Δ. Γουσίον, 'Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα') and found that several of them are given in it. Cp. G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore de Lesbos*, pp. 289 foll.

² Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 346.

biguous phraseology; for the Macedonian farmer, like the French wit of a certain class, delights in *double-entendre*. Of this last category I will translate only those which can be read without a blush. The rest may remain in the decent obscurity of the original.¹ In justice to the ingenious authors of these *risqué* compositions, it should be observed that what to a school-bred ear may sound coarse, is nothing but legitimate humour to the less fastidious and more natural folk of the fields. The songs and tales incorporated in the present volume amply testify to the Macedonian's delicacy of taste, where this quality is called for. If he occasionally likes to indulge in a kind of drollery which reminds one too forcibly of Balzac's tales, the offence may readily be pardoned.

I have made no attempt at geographical classification; for, with a few exceptions duly noted, I heard the same riddles over and over again in different parts of the country, as the number of variants shows. With regard to the translations I have above all things aimed at accuracy and lucidity, two qualities which can best be secured in plain prose; but in some cases I have ventured to limp in numbers, when the numbers came.

¹ See Appendix VI.

Βρέτα.¹

1.

Ἕνα πρᾶμα μαγλυνό,
 Κῆ ἀπὸ μέσα μαλλιαρό,
 Κῆ ἀπὸ μέσα ᾽ς τὸ μαλλὶ
 Ἕχει μιὰ μπουκιὰ καλή. (κάστανο.)

2.

Χιλιοτρύπητο λαῆνι
 Καὶ ποτὲς νερὸ δὲ ᾽ χύνει. (σφουγγάρι.)

3.

Πετεινὸς² νυχάτος, νυχοποδαράτος³
 Περπατεῖ καὶ κρίνει τῇ δικαιοσύνῃ. (καντάρι.)

4.

Ἀσημένιο πηγαδάκι
 Μὲ στενούτσκο στοματάκι,
 Σκύφτ' ὁ λάφταρος καὶ πίνει,
 Οὔτ' ὁ λάφταρος χορταίνει,
 Οὔτε τὸ πηγάδ' ξηραίνει. (βυζί.)

5.

Ἀσπρα μαῦρα πρόβατα, ξυλέμιος τσομπάνης. (ἀμπέλι.)

Or

Μαῦρα ἄσπρα τὰ λαχτέντα καὶ ξηρή ᾽ναι ἡ πέτσα.
 (σταφύλια.)⁴

¹ Lit. 'things to be found out.' The modern word βρέτο may either be a modification of the old form εὔρετον, as is commonly held, or it may have originated in the question which generally follows the enunciation of the riddle: Βρέ το (pl. Βρέ τα)! "find it out!"

² var. ἀετός.

³ var. Ἄγγελος νυχάτος καὶ σκαντσαρωνάτος.

⁴ This variant I obtained at Melenik, but there is strong internal evidence to show that it comes from Western Macedonia; for the word λαχτέντα is peculiar to the dialect of the latter district. It is Wallachian, and, like its Latin original (*lactentia*), means (1) 'sucking lambs,' (2) 'milky, i.e. juicy things.' At Melenik my informant vaguely and erroneously interpreted it 'trifles' (μικρὰ πράγματα).

RIDDLES.

1.

Without as smooth as glass,
Within a woolly mass.
But hid amid the wool
There lurks a nice mouthful. (A chestnut.)

2.

A pitcher with a thousand chinks,
Yet ne'er lets out the water it drinks. (A sponge.)

3.

A cock with claws and hooked feet,
He proudly struts along the street
And gives each man what's fair and meet. (A steelyard.)

4.

To silver spring with narrow chink
The thirsty stoops his fill to drink.
But neither does he have his fill,
Nor does he drain the silver rill. (A mother's breast.)

5.

White sheep and black sheep
Wooden shepherds keep. (Grapes and the vine stakes.)

Or

Black or white are the juicy things,¹ and dry is their skin. (Grapes.)

¹ See note on the original.

6.

Μ' ἔστειλεν ἡ μάνα μου νά με δώσης τὸ τσίντσιλι, τὸ μίντσιλι, γιὰ νὰ τσιντσιλιάσουμε καὶ νὰ μιντσιλιάσουμε καὶ πάλι νά σ' το φέρω. (καντάρι.)

7.

Ἀσπρομάλλης κὴ ἀσπρογένης μέσα 'ς τὴ γῆς χωμένος.
(πράσο.)

8.

Ἀπὸ πάνου σὰν τηγάνι,
Ἀπὸ κάτω σὰν βαμβάκι,
Κὴ ἀπὸ πίσου σὰν ψαλίδι.
Τί εἶμαι; (χελιδόνα.)

9.

Ψηλός, ψηλὸς καλόγερος καὶ κόκκαλα δὲν ἔχει. (καπνός.)

10.

Σκίζω, μύζω τὸ δαδί, βρίσκω μέσα
Νύφη καὶ γαμπρό,
Πεθερὰ καὶ πεθερό. (καρύδι.)

11.

Ἔχω ἓνα κᾶτι
Μέσ' 'ς ἓνα σεντουκάκι
Μὲ πολλὰ κλειδιὰ κλεισμένο
Καὶ καλὰ σηγουρεμένο,
Ἄν το χάσ' αὐτὸ τὸ κᾶτι
Τί το θέλ' τὸ σεντουκάκι; (ψυχή.)

12.

Ὅλη μέρα τρώει κρέας, καὶ τὸ βράδ' μετρᾷ τὰ ἄστρα.
(γκάτσινος.)

6.

My mother's love, and give to me
The chink-chink, the jingle-jingle,
To chink-chink and jingle-jingle,
And then she'll send it back to thee. (A steelyard.)

7.

Hoary beard and hoary hair,
'Neath the earth he has his lair. (A leek.)

8.

My back as frying-pan does appear ;
Beneath a snowy breast ;
A pair of scissors jut in the rear ;
What am I ? have you guessed ? (A swallow.)

9.

A lanky monk and lean,
Yet not a bone is seen. (A column of smoke.)

10.

I chop the pine and find inside
A mother, father, groom and bride. (A walnut.)

11.

I keep a tiny something in a tiny box,
Secured under many keys and many locks :
If the tiny something breaketh loose,
Of the tiny box what is the use ? (The soul.)

12.

He feeds on beef the livelong day,
At night he scans the Milky Way¹. (A prod or goad.)

¹ The prod, with which the husbandman urges on his team in ploughing, is left at night outside the cottage in a corner, the sharp point upwards, staring, as it were, at the star-bespangled sky.

13.

Κλειδώνω μανταλώνω¹ καὶ τὸν κλέφτ' ἀφίνω² μέσα.

Or

Κλειδώνω τὸ σπιτάκι μου καὶ μέσα κλέφτης περπατεῖ.
(ἥλιος.)

14.

Ἄσπρο εἶναι τὸ χωράφι
Καὶ μελαγχροινὸς ὁ σπόρος,
Καὶ μιλεῖ καὶ συντυχαίνει
Σὰν ἐκείνον ποῦ το σπέρνει. (γράψιμο.)

15.

Γοῦρνά μου πελεκητή,
Καὶ σκαμμένη καὶ χυτή,
Πάει ἡ μάνα μου νὰ πιῇ.
Οὔτ' ἡ μάνα μου χορταίνει,
Οὔτ' ἡ γοῦρνα δὲν ἀδειάζει. (μεταλαβιά.)

16.

Τὸ φεῖδι τρώγ' τῇ θάλασσα, κ' ἡ θάλασσα τὸ φεῖδι.
(φυτῆλι.)

17.

Δάσκαλέ μου, ἀγαθέ μου,
Μ' ἔδειρες καὶ ἔφυγα.
Ὅσον τὸν δρόμον ὅπου πάλαινα
Μέγα θηριὸ ἀπάντησα.
Εἶχε κεφάλια πέντε,
Τέσσεραις ἀναπνοαῖς,
Χέρια, ποδάρια εἴκοσι,
Νύχια ἑκατό.
Ἄν τωῦρης, τί 'ν' αὐτό; (λείψανο.)

18.

Βασιλεῆς δὲν εἶμαι, κορώνα φορῶ,
Ῥολοὶ δὲν ἔχω, τῆς ὥρας μετρῶ. (πετεινός.)

¹ var. μπερατώνω.

² var. βρίσκω.

13.

The doors are fast with locks and chains,
And yet the thief admittance gains. (The sun.)

14.

The seed is dark, but white the field,
It speaks and talks as he who tilled.¹ (Writing.)

15.

To yonder carved, golden lake
My mother goes her thirst to slake.
But nor does she her thirst allay,
Nor fails the carved, golden bay. (Holy Communion.)

16.

A little snake swallows the lake,
And then the lake swallows the snake. (The wick of an oil lamp.)

17.

My master, you'd flog me; I fled,
And on as I sped,
A horrid beast I meet:
With twice five hands and feet,
Of heads it owned five
With breathings four alive,
Of nails five score,
Neither more nor less,
Master, can't you guess? (A funeral.)

18.

King am I none,
Yet a crown on my head I wear.
Watch have I none,
Yet the time I declare. (A cock.)

¹ Cp. the Albanian riddle: "The field is white, the seed is black; it is sown with the hand and reaped with the mouth—What is it?" "A letter." Hahn, in Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. i. p. 211.

19.

Τριγύρω, γύρω κάγκελα καὶ μέσα πάπια κελαϊδεῖ.
(γλῶσσα.)

20.

Φορτωμένο καραβάκι 'ς τὴ σπηλιὰ πααίν' κὴ ἀράζει.
(χουλιάρι.)

21.

Μιὰ μάνα εἶχε ἓνα παιδί, καὶ μιὰ ἄλλη μάνα εἶχε 'ν' ἄλλο
παιδί, καὶ 'ς τὸ δοξάτο τρεῖς κάθουνταν.
(Μανιά, θυγατέρα κὴ ἀγγονή.)

22.

(Of literary or perhaps priestly origin.)

Ἦλθον λησταὶ καταλῦσαι τὴν πόλιν, καὶ ἡ μὲν πόλις
διέφυγεν, οἱ δὲ κάτοικοι συνελήφθησαν. (ἀλιεῖς καὶ γρῆπος.)

23.

Μὲ τὸν ἥλιο τὰ βγάζει,
Μὲ τὸν ἥλιο τὰ μπάζει.¹ (τὰ ζῶα.)

24.

Τὰ μακρὰ κοντά, (μάτια),
Τὰ δύο σὲ τρία, (ποδάρια),
Μαχαλὰς χάλασε, (δόντια). (γεράματα.)

25.

Σκοινιὰ ἀπλώνει,
Κουβάρια μαζώνει.
Οἱ
Ὅρνιθα κανᾶ, κανᾶ,
Πηδᾶ 'ς τὸν τοῖχο καὶ γεννᾶ. (κολοκυθιά.)

26.

Δυὸ κορητσούδια ἀπ' τὰ μαλλιά τραβιοῦνται. (λανάρια.)

¹ The Macedonian farmer διώχνει τὰ ζῶα τὸ ταχύ, and τὰ δέχεται τὸ βράδν. These are the technical terms for "driving out" and "driving in" cattle.

19.

A fence of stakes all round the pen,
And in the midst a cackling hen. (The tongue.)

20.

A hollow ship with freight of slops
Inside a cave her anchor drops. (A spoon.)

21.

A daughter had a mother,
A second had another,
They sit together in the hall,
And yet there are but three in all.
(Grandmother, daughter and granddaughter.)

22.

Pirates came a town to sack:
The folk are caught, the town falls back.
(Fishermen and the seine; the fish are caught, the sea escapes through
the meshes of the net.)

23.

Out with the sun,
In with the sun. (The cattle.)

24.

The long short, (eyes),
The two three, (legs *plus* walking staff),
The castle ruined, (teeth). (Old age.)

25.

It spreads out ropes and gathers up coils.

Or

A hen clucks, clucks. She then springs upon the wall and lays her
eggs there. (The pumpkin-plant.)

26.

Two little maids tearing each other's hair. (A pair of wool-cards.)

27.

Πίσω ς το σπιτάκι μ' νυφίτσα καμαρώνει. (κοπριά.)

28.

‘Ο θεϊός μου Κοντοθόδωρος σέ σαράντα παπλώματα τυλι-
μένος. (λάχανο.)

29.

“Ενας ψηλός, ψηλός καλόγερος καὶ πῆττα ’ς τὸ κεφάλι.
(λυχνιάς.)

30.

Προσκελώνει ὁ βάθρακας, κάθεται ὁ μαυρογένης.
(τέντζερες.)

31.

‘Απὸ πάνω πετσουῖδι,
‘Απὸ κάτω πετσουῖδι,
‘Σ τῇ μέσῃ ἱμτσουῖδι. (κάστανο.)

32.

‘Ο θεϊός μου Χατζηθόδωρος μὲ δεκοχτῶ ζουνάρια.

Οῖ

“Εχω ἄντρα μὲ δεκοχτῶ¹ ζουνάρια.

Οῖ

‘Ο θεϊός μου Κοντοπίθαρος ζουσμένος μὲ σαράντα ζουνάρια.
(βαγιένι.)

33.

“Εχω ἓνα βαρελάκι
Μὲ δυὸ λογιῶ κρασάκι. (αὐγό.)

34.

Βιρβιρίτσα ἀναιβαίνει,
Βιρβιρίτσα καταιβαίνει.
“Ω χαρὰ ’ς τῇ βιρβιρίτσα
“Π’ ἀναιβαίν’ καὶ καταιβαίνει. (σκοῦπα.)

¹ var. σαραντοχτῶ or (English) σαράντα.



27.

At the back of my cottage there is a little bride standing proudly.
(A dunghill.)

28.

My Uncle Theodore the Short wrapt up in forty blankets.
(A cabbage.)

29.

A tall lanky monk with a pie on his head. (The oil-lamp-stand.)

30.

The frog spreads out his legs and Blackbeard sits on him.
(The kettle on the trivet.)

31.

Skin on top, skin beneath, in the middle a morsel. (A chestnut.)

32.

My Uncle Hadji-Theodore girt with eighteen belts.

Or

I have a husband girt with eighteen belts.

Or

My Uncle Stubby-jar girt with forty belts. (A cask.)

33.

I have a little barrel containing two sorts of wine. (An egg.)

34.

A smart little maid comes up,
A smart little maid goes down.
Oh joy to the smart little maid
Who goes up and down! (A broom.)

35.

Μιά κοντή κ' ἕνας ψηλός·
 Σφυρίζ' ἢ κοντή, χορεύ' ὁ ψηλός.
 (τσικρίκι κὴ ἀνέμη.)

36.

Τέσσερα παιδιά,
 Ἕνα τ' ἄλλο κυνηγᾷ. (ἀνέμη.)

37.

Ὁ θεὸς μου Κοντοθόδωρος μέσ' ἔ'τ' ἄχυρα κυλιέται.
 (αὐγὸ.)

38.

Χίλιοι μύλιοι καλογέροι
 Ἐνα ῥάσο τυλιμένοι.

Οἱ

Χίλις μύλις κερατσούδαις ἔ'να πάπλωμα τυλιμέναις.

Οἱ

Χίλια μύλια Γενιτσάρια ἔ'να ρούχο τυλιμένα.
 (ρόϊδο.)

39.

Ἄψυχος, ψυχὴ δὲν ἔχει,
 Καὶ τὴ γῆς τρυπᾷ καὶ βγαίνει. (μαντάρι.)

40.

Ἄψυχος, ψυχὴ δὲν ἔχει,
 Ψυχαῖς παίρνει καὶ τρέχει. (καράβι.)

41.

Ἀμαλλος μαλλὶ δὲν ἔχει.
 Κῶλον ἔχει, οὐρὰ δὲν ἔχει. (σάλιαγκας.)

35.

A short maid and a tall youth :
The short maid plays the pipe, the tall youth dances.¹
(The spinning wheel and the winding frame.)

36.

Four boys chasing one another. (The winding frame.)

37.

My little Uncle Theodore rolling in the straw. (An egg.)

38.

A thousand, ten thousand monks wrapt up in one cassock.

Or

A thousand, ten thousand maids wrapt up in one blanket.

Or

A thousand, ten thousand Janizaries wrapt up in one cloak.
(A pomegranate.)

39.

He is soulless, has no soul, yet he pierces through the earth and comes out. (A mushroom.)

40.

She is soulless, has no soul, yet she takes souls and flees. (A ship.)

41.

He is hairless, has no hair ; he has a hind part, but has no tail.²
(A snail.)

¹ The Albanian version of this riddle is "The monkey dances, while the white cow is milked.—What is it?" "The spinning wheel." Hahn, in Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. i. p. 211.

² Cp. the Albanian version: "Though it is not an ox, it has horns; though it is not an ass, it has a pack-saddle; and wherever it goes it leaves silver behind.—What is it?" "A snail." Hahn, in Tozer, *ib.*

42.

Τὴ νύχτα κυρά, τὴ μέρα δοῦλα. (σκοῦπα.)

43.

Τὴ μέρα τύλει τύλει,
Τὴ νύχτα ἀποτύλει. (στρῶμα.)

44.

Ὅλη μέρα κρεμασμένος
Καὶ τὸ βράδυ σηκωμένος. (μάνταλος.)

45.

Τὸ μαλλὶ μαλλὶ πλακώνει καὶ τὴ τρύπα θεραπεύει.
(μάτι.)

46.

Ἔχω νερό; πίνω κρασί.
Δὲν ἔχω νερό; πίνω νερό. (μυλωνᾶς.)

47.

Χίλια ἀνάσκελα, χίλια προύμυτα. (κεραμίδια.)

48.

Πάνω 'ς τὸ σπιτάκι μ' ἔνα φιλὶ πεπόني. (φεγγάρι.)

49.

Πάνω 'ς τὰ κεραμίδια
Ἐνα κόσκινο καρύδια.¹ (ἄστρο.)

¹ var. καρύδια ἀπλωμένα.

42.

At night an idle lady, in the day-time a housemaid. (A broom.)

43.

In the day rolled up, at night rolled out. (A mattress.)

44.

All day lying down, he rises in the evening.¹ (The door-bolt.)

45.

Hair meets hair, and they protect the hole. (The eye.)

46.

Have I water? I drink wine.

Have I no water? I drink water. (A miller.)

47.

A thousand legs up, a thousand noses down. (The tiles on the roof.)²

48.

Over the roof of my cottage there is a slice of melon. (The moon.)

49.

Over the tiles of my roof there is a sieve full of nuts.³ (The stars.)

¹ Cp. the Zulu riddle on the same subject:

Q. "Guess ye a man who does not lie down at night: he lies down in the morning until the sun sets; he then awakes, and works all night; he does not work by day; he is not seen when he works."

A. "The closing-poles of the cattle-pen."

Callaway, in Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 91.

² The tiles are curved and lie in rows: convex and concave alternately.

³ With this riddle cp. the Spanish:

"What is the dish of nuts that is gathered by day, and scattered by night?"—"The stars." Tylor, *ib.*, p. 92.

A still closer parallel is furnished by the Lithuanian *zagádka* in which the sky is likened to "a sieve full of nuts." The idea is also found in one of its Slovak cousins, in which there is further mentioned a very big nut which is the moon. Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 347, 348. Ralston remarks: The oldest *zagadki* seem to have referred to the elements and the heavenly bodies, finding likenesses to them in various material shapes.

50.

Κόκκινο μοναστήρι μὲ μαύρους καλογέρους. (καρπούζι.)

51.

Τὸ δένω περπατεῖ, τὸ λύνω στέκεται. (τσαρούχι.)

52.¹

Ἄκαρπος σὲ ἄκαρπον μὲ δυὸ τσουβάλια ἀνύφαντα ἦρθε καὶ
γυρεύει αἷμα ἀπὸ ξύλο.

¹ This riddle I heard at Cavalla from a native of Southern Greece.

50.

A red monastery inhabited by black monks. (A water-melon.)

51.

I bind it, and it walks ; I loose it, and it stops. (A sandal.)

52.

A fruitless one comes to a fruitless one, with two sacks which had not been woven, and begs of him blood from wood. (A bachelor comes to another bachelor, with a couple of goatskins and asks him for wine.)

Theological Riddles.

Perhaps it would not be uninteresting to give in this connection a few examples of a branch of popular literature which resembles the riddle in form, though its origin is entirely different. This is a kind of Catechism, a lesson in scriptural lore, consisting of questions and answers ; a method of conveying knowledge once extremely popular in the East and by no means confined to sacred subjects. Indeed all sciences from Theology to Philology were once treated in this manner, and the earliest modern text-book of Greek Grammar—the *Erotemata* of Manuel Chrysoloras, who lectured on Greek at Florence from 1397 to 1400—was written in that form.¹ The volume of MSS. which has already yielded a plentiful crop of medical lore² supplies me with the following selection of theological riddles.

¹ Sir R. C. Jebb, 'The Classical Renaissance,' *Cambridge Modern History*, vol. i. pp. 541—2.

² *v. supra*, pp. 230 foll.; *infra*, Appendix IV.

Ἑρώτησις παλαιὰ καὶ ἀπόκρισις.¹

Ἐρ.—Τίς μὴ γεννηθεὶς ἀπέθανε καὶ ἀποθανὼν εἰς τὴν κοιλίαν τῆς μητρὸς αὐτοῦ ἐτάφη;

Ἀπ.—Ὁ Ἀδάμ.

Ἐρ.—Ἀλαλος ἄγραφον ἐπιστολὴν βαστάζων ἔρχεται εἰς πόλιν ἀθεμελίωτον;

Ἀπ.—Ἀπόστολος ἡ περιστερά, ἐπιστολὴ τὸ κάρφος τῆς ἐλαίας, πόλις ἡ κιβωτὸς τοῦ Νῶε.

Ἐρ.—Πότε ἐχάρη ὅλος ὁ κόσμος;

Ἀπ.—Ὅταν ἐξῆλθον οἱ μετὰ Νῶε εἰς [= ἀπὸ?] τὴν κιβωτόν.

Ἐρ.—Πότε ἀπέθανε τὸ τέταρτον τοῦ κόσμου;

Ἀπ.—Ὅταν ἀπέκτεινεν ὁ Καῖν τὸν Ἀβελ.

Ἐρ.—Τίς ἀπέθανε καὶ οὐκ ὥζησεν, ἀλλ' οὔτε εὐρέθη οὔτε ἐτάφη;

Ἀπ.—Τοῦ Λῶτ ἡ γυνή, ὅτε ἀπελιθώθη καὶ ἐγένετο στήλη ἄλατος.

Ἐρ.—Τίς τὴν ἰδίαν θυγατέρα ἔλαβεν εἰς γυναῖκα;

Ἀπ.—Ὁ Ἀδὰμ τὴν Εὐάν, [ἡ] ἐκ τῆς πλευρᾶς αὐτοῦ ἦν.

Ἐρ.—Τίς ψεύματα εἰπὼν σέσωσται, καὶ ἀλήθειαν εἰπὼν ἀπώλετο;

Ἀπ.—Πέτρος ἀρνησάμενος τὸν Χριστὸν ἐσώθη, καὶ Ἰούδας εἰπὼν, ὃν ἂν φιλήσω αὐτός ἐστιν, ἀπώλετο.

Ἐρ.—Τί λέγει· παπᾶς ἀχειροτόνητος, διάκονος ἀρνησίθεος, κηπουρὸς ἀγέννητος;

Ἀπ.—Παπᾶς ἀχειροτόνητος Ἰωάννης ὁ Βαπτιστής, διάκονος ὁ Πέτρος, κηπουρὸς ὁ Ἀδάμ.

¹ The spelling is reduced to the uniformity of accepted rules. A servile adherence to the scribe's orthographical eccentricities would have served no purpose but to enhance the reader's mystification. These eccentricities belong to the class abundantly illustrated in Appendices III. and IV.

Ancient Questions and Answers.

Q.—Who not being born died, and having died was buried in his mother's womb?

A.—Adam.

Q.—A messenger that could not speak, bearing a letter that was not written, came to a city that had no foundations?

A.—Messenger the dove, letter the olive leaf, city Noah's ark.

Q.—When did the whole of mankind rejoice?

A.—When those who were with Noah came out of the ark.

Q.—When did a quarter of mankind die?

A.—When Cain killed Abel.

Q.—Who died and did not smell, but was neither found nor buried?

A.—The wife of Lot, when she was petrified and became a pillar of salt.

Q.—Who took his own daughter to wife?

A.—Adam took Eve, who was born of his rib.

Q.—Who having lied was saved, and who having spoken the truth perished?

A.—Peter by denying Christ was saved, and Judas by saying "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he" perished.

Q.—What is the meaning of: an unordained priest, a renegade deacon, an unborn gardener?

A.—The unordained priest is John the Baptist, the deacon is Peter, the gardener is Adam.

Analogous to these question and answer compositions are the old French and English collections which would now be called riddle-books. One of them, entitled *Demands Joyous*, which may be rendered *Amusing Questions*, was printed in English by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1511. From this work, of which one copy only is said to be extant, the writer in *The Book of Days* has culled a few "demands" with their "responses."¹

With some of these specimens also compare the riddles (ten questions) propounded by the Drakos in Hahn (III. Τηνιακά 1. Τὸ παραμύθι τοῦ Δράκου),² where the hero by the help of the wise old woman answers them all and the Drakos bursts.

Riddle-stories of this description are likewise common among the Slavs.³

Two Poems of Mystic Meaning.

Extract from E. B. Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, Vol. I. pp. 86—87.

"There are two poems kept in remembrance among the modern Jews, and printed at the end of their book of Passover services in Hebrew and English. One is that known as *Chad gadyâ*: it begins, 'A kid, a kid, my father bought for two pieces of money'; and it goes on to tell how a cat came and ate the kid, and a dog came and bit the cat, and so on to the end.—'Then came the Holy One, blessed be He! and slew the angel of death, who slew the butcher, who killed the ox, that drank the water, that quenched the fire, that burnt the stick, that beat the dog, that bit the cat, that ate the kid, that my father bought for two pieces of money, a kid, a kid.' This composition is in the 'Sepher Haggadah,' and is looked on by some Jews as a parable concerning the past and future of the Holy Land. According to one interpretation, Palestine, the kid, is devoured by Babylon the cat; Babylon is overthrown by Persia, Persia by Greece, Greece by Rome, till at last the Turks prevail in the land; but the Edomites (*i.e.* the nations of Europe) shall drive out the Turks, the angel of death shall destroy the enemies of Israel, and his children shall be restored under the rule of Messiah. Irrespectively of any such particular interpretation, the solemnity of the ending may incline us to think that we really have the composition here in something like its first form, and that it was written to convey a mystic meaning. If so, then it follows that our familiar

¹ *The Book of Days*, vol. I. p. 332.

² *Contes Populaires Grecs*, edited by J. Pio, Copenhagen, 1879.

³ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 353.

nursery tale of the old woman who couldn't get her kid (or pig) over the stile, and wouldn't get home till midnight, must be considered a broken-down adaptation of this old Jewish poem.

The other composition is a counting-poem, and begins thus :

'Who knoweth one? I (saith Israel) know One :
One is God, who is over heaven and earth.
Who knoweth two? I (saith Israel) know two :
Two tables of the covenant; but One is our God
Who is over the heavens and the earth.'

(And so forth, accumulating up to the last verse, which is—)

'Who knoweth thirteen? I (saith Israel) know thirteen: Thirteen divine attributes, twelve tribes, eleven stars, ten commandments, nine months preceding childbirth, eight days preceding circumcision, seven days of the week, six books of the Mishnah, five books of the Law, four matrons, three patriarchs, two tables of the covenant; but One is our God who is over the heavens and the earth.'

This is one of a family of counting-poems, apparently held in much favour in mediaeval Christian times; for they are not yet quite forgotten in country places. An old Latin version runs: 'Unus est Deus,' etc., and one of the still-surviving English forms begins, 'One's One all alone, and evermore shall be so,' thence reckoning on as far as 'Twelve, the twelve apostles.' Here both the Jewish and Christian forms are or have been serious, so it is possible that the Jew may have imitated the Christian, but the nobler form of the Hebrew poem here again gives it a claim to be thought the earlier."¹

The pieces given below are some of the Macedonian parallels to the compositions discussed in the foregoing paragraph.

¹ Mendes, *Service for the First Nights of Passover*, London, 1862 (in the Jewish interpretation, the word *shunra*,—'cat,' is compared with *Shinâr*). Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 288; *Popular Rhymes*, p. 6.

I.

1. (*From Salonica.*)

Πῆγες 'ς τὸ κυνήγι;
 Πῆγα.
 Σκότωσες λαγός;
 Σκότωσα.
 Τὸν μαγείρεψες;
 Τὸν μαγείρεψα.
 Ἔφαες;
 Ἔφαα.
 Μὲ κράτησες καὶ μένα;
 Σὲ κράτησα.
 Ποῦ 'ν' τος;
 Ἔς τὸ ντουλάπι.
 Κρίκ, κράκ—ἔσπασε τὸ κλειδί.
 Ποῦ 'ν' ὁ λαγός;
 Τὸν ἔφαε ἡ γάτα.
 Ποῦ 'ν' ἡ γάτα;
 Ἔς τὰ κόκκινα τὰ κεραμίδια.
 Ποῦ 'ν' τὰ κόκκινα τὰ κεραμίδια;
 Ἔς τὸ κόκκινο τὸ χῶμα.
 Ποῦ 'ν' τὸ κόκκινο τὸ χῶμα;
 Ἔς τὸ ποτάμι.
 Ποῦ 'ν' τὸ ποτάμι;
 Τὸ ρούφιξε ἡ ἀγελάδα.
 Ποῦ 'ν' ἡ ἀγελάδα;
 Τὴν ἔσφαξ' ὁ χασάπης.
 Ποῦ 'ν' ὁ χασάπης;
 Πέθανε.
 Πράσα, γένεια καὶ μουστάκια.

2. (*From Vassilika.*)

Ἦταν μιὰ μπάμπου, πάει 'ς τὴ κοπριά,
 Βρίσκει μιὰ κοριά.
 Πάει 'ς τὸ τζορμπατζή.
 “Τζορμπατζή μ', δό μ' ἓνα τζορμπά,
 Νὰ βρέξω τὴ κοριά,
 Νὰ δροσίσω τὴ καρδιά.”

1. *The Hare.*

(Played between the nurse and the child.)

Hast thou been shooting?
I have.
Hast thou killed a hare?
I have.
Hast thou cooked it?
I have.
Hast thou eaten?
I have.
Hast thou kept a portion for me?
I have.
Where is it?
In the cupboard.

(Here the child is made to hold its fists tightly clenched one over the other so as to represent a cupboard, while the nurse tries to open them with her forefinger and thumb.)

Crick, crack—the key's broken.
Where is the hare?
The cat has eaten it.
Where is the cat?
On the red tiles.
Where are the red tiles?
In the red earth.
Where is the red earth.
In the river.
Where is the river?
The cow has swallowed it up.
Where is the cow?
The butcher has slaughtered her.
Where is the butcher?
He is dead.
Leeks, beards and moustaches!

—and the nurse proceeds to tickle the child under the chin and make it laugh.

2. *The Old Woman.*

There was an old woman. She went to a dung-hill,
She found a crumb of bread.
She goes to the soup-maker:
“O Soup-maker, give me some soup,
That I may moisten my crumb,
That I may refresh my heart.”

‘Ο τζορμπατζής γύρεψε τζανάκι.

Πάει ’ς τὸ τζανακτζή·
 “Τζανακτζή μ’, ἔνα τζανάκι,
 Νὰ πάω τοῦ τζορμπατζή,
 Νά με δώσ’ ἔνα τζορμπά,
 Νὰ βρέξω τὴ κοριά,
 Νὰ δροσίσω τὴ καρδιά.”

‘Ο τζανακτζής γύρεψε χῶμα.

Πάει ’ς τὴ γῆς·
 “Γῆς μ’, ἔνα χῶμα,
 Νὰ πάω τοῦ τζανακτζή,
 Νὰ κάν’ ἔνα τζανάκι,
 etc.”

‘Η γῆς γύρεψε δρόσον.

Πάει ’ς τὰ οὐράνια·
 “Οὐράνια μ’, ἔνα δρόσο,
 Νὰ δώσω τὴ γῆς,
 Νά με δώσ’ ἔνα χῶμα,
 etc.”

Τὰ οὐράνια γύρεψαν θυμιάμα.

Πάει ’ς τὸ πρᾶματευτή·
 “Πρᾶματευτή μ’, ἔνα θυμιάμα,
 Νὰ θυμιατίσω τὰ οὐράνια,
 Νὰ δώσουν δρόσο τὴ γῆς,
 etc.”

‘Ο πρᾶματευτὴς γύρεψε φίλημα.

Πάει ’ς τὴ κόρη·
 “Κόρη μ’, ἔνα φίλημα,
 Νὰ δώσω τὸ πρᾶματευτή,
 Νά με δώσ’ ἔνα θυμιάμα,
 etc.”

‘Η κόρη γύρεψε κοντούραις.

Πάει ’ς τὸ κοντουρτζή·
 “Κοντουρτζή μ’, δό με κοντούραις,
 Νὰ δώσω τὴ κόρη,
 Νά με δώσ’ ἔνα φίλημα,
 etc.”

The soup-maker asked for a bowl.

She goes to the bowl-maker :
"O Bowl-maker, give me a bowl,
That I may take it to the soup-maker,
That he may give me some soup,
To moisten my crumb,
To refresh my heart."

The bowl-maker asked for earth.

She goes to the earth :
"O Earth, give me some earth,
That I may take it to the bowl-maker,
That he may make a bowl, etc."

The earth asked for dew.

She goes to the heavens.
"O Heavens, give me some dew,
That I may take it to the earth,
That she may give me some earth, etc."

The Heavens asked for frankincense.

She goes to the merchant :
"O merchant, give me some frankincense,
That I may fumigate the Heavens,
That they may give some dew to the earth, etc."

The merchant asked for a kiss.

She goes to the maid :
"O maid, give me a kiss,
That I may take it to the merchant,
That he may give me some frankincense, etc."

The maid asked for a pair of shoes.

She goes to the shoe-maker :
"O shoe-maker, give me a pair of shoes,
That I may take them to the maid,
That she may give me a kiss, etc."

Ὁ κοντουρτζῆς γύρεψε μεσίνι.

Πάει ὅς τὴν ἀγελάδα·

“Ἀγελάδα μ’, ἔνα μεσίνι,

Νὰ δώσ’ τὸ κοντουρτζῆ,
etc.”

Ἡ ἀγελάδα γύρεψε χορτάρι·

Πάει ὅς τὸ μπακτζεβαντζῆ·

“Μπακτζεβαντζῆ μ’, ἔνα χορτάρι,

Νὰ δώσ’ τὴν ἀγελάδα,
etc. etc. etc.”

The reciter here broke off out of breath and nothing would induce him to proceed. Nor did I insist, as from what he said I gathered that the everlasting cow had eaten up the grass and was, in her turn, eaten up by the butcher, who in his turn was eaten up by Death, and so the song came to a natural end.

II.

The following two poems are taken from Gousios' *Songs of my Fatherland*, Nos. 104 and 105.

1. Οἱ δέκα ἀριθμοί.

Ἐνα λόγο θέλ' νὰ πῶ·

“Ἐνας μόνος Κύριος.”

Ἀνυμνοῦμεν, δοξολογοῦμεν, Κύριε.

Δύο λόγια θέλ' νὰ πῶ·

“Δεύτερ' εἶν' ἡ Παναγιά,
ἕνας μόνος Κύριος.”

Ἀνυμνοῦμεν etc.

Τρία λόγια θέλ' νὰ πῶ·

“Τρισυπόστατος Θεός,
Δεύτερ' εἶν' ἡ Παναγιά,
ἕνας μόνος Κύριος.”

Ἀνυμνοῦμεν etc.

Τέσσαρα λόγια θέλ' νὰ πῶ·

“Τέσσαρες Βαγγελισταί,
Τρισυπόστατος Θεός,
etc.”

Ἀνυμνοῦμεν etc.

The shoe-maker asked for leather.

She goes to the cow :

"O cow, give me some leather,

That I may take it to the shoe-maker, etc."

The cow asked for grass.

She goes to the gardener :

"O gardener, give me some grass,

That I may take it to the cow, etc."

For other songs of the type of "the house that Jack built" see Passow Nos. 273—275; Α. Δ. Γουσίου, 'Τὰ Τραγούδια τῆς Πατρίδος μου' No. 102. This last and Passow No. 274 are very close parallels to the Hebrew *Chad gadyâ*, mentioned by Mr Tylor.

1. *The Ten Numbers.*

I wish to say one :

"One only Lord."

We praise Thee, we glorify Thee, O Lord !

I wish to say two :

"Second is the Holy Virgin,

One only Lord."

We praise Thee, etc.

I wish to say three :

"Three are the persons of the Trinity,

Second is the Holy Virgin,

One only Lord."

We praise Thee, etc.

I wish to say four :

"Four are the Evangelists,

Three are the persons of the Trinity,

etc."

We praise Thee, etc.

Πέντε λόγια θέλ' νὰ πῶ·

“Πέντε παρθένων χοροί,
Τέσσαρες Βαγγελισταί,
etc.”

Ἀνυμνοῦμεν etc.

Ἐξῆ λόγια θέλ' νὰ πῶ·

“Ἐξαπτέρυγα Θεοῦ,
Πέντε παρθένων χοροί,
etc.”

Ἀνυμνοῦμεν etc.

Ἐφτὰ λόγια θέλ' νὰ πῶ·

“Ἐφτὰ ἀστέρες τ' οὐρανοῦ,
Ἐξαπτέρυγα Θεοῦ,
etc.”

Ἀνυμνοῦμεν etc.

Ὅχτῶ λόγια θέλ' νὰ πῶ·

“Ὅχτῶ ἦχοι ψάλλονται,
Ἐφτὰ ἀστέρες τ' οὐρανοῦ,
etc.”

Ἀνυμνοῦμεν etc.

Ἐννεὰ λόγια θέλ' νὰ πῶ·

“Ἐννεὰ ἀγγέλων τάγματα,
Ὅχτῶ ἦχοι ψάλλονται,
etc.”

Ἀνυμνοῦμεν etc.

Δέκα λόγια θέλ' νὰ πῶ,
Καὶ νὰ σώσω τὸν σκοπό·

“Δέκα ἔναι ἡ ἐντολαῖς,
Ἐννεὰ ἀγγέλων τάγματα,
etc.”

Ἀνυμνοῦμεν, etc.

2. Οἱ δώδεκα ἀριθμοί.

“Ἐνα, μωρέ, ἕνα. Ἄς το ποῦμε ἕνα·

“Ἐνα τὸ πουλουδι, τὸ χελιδονοῦδι ποῦ λαλεῖ τὸ βράδυ,
Λαλεῖ καὶ κυρλαλεῖ.”

I wish to say five :

“Five are the choirs of virgins,
Four are the Evangelists,
etc.”

We praise Thee, etc.

I wish to say six :

“Six-winged are the angels of God,
Five are the choirs of virgins,
etc.”

We praise Thee, etc.

I wish to say seven :

“Seven are the stars of heaven,
Six-winged are the angels of God,
etc.”

We praise Thee, etc.

I wish to say eight :

“Eight tunes are sung at church,
Seven are the stars of heaven,
etc.”

We praise Thee, etc.

I wish to say nine :

“Nine are the legions of the angels,
Eight tunes are sung at church,
etc.”

We praise Thee, etc.

I wish ten to say,
And conclude my lay :

“Ten are the Commandments,
Nine are the legions of the angels,
etc.”

We praise Thee, etc.

2. *The Twelve Numbers.*

One, O friend, one. Let us call it one :

“One is the little bird, the little swallow that sings in the evening,
Sings and warbles.”

- "Ας το ποῦμε ἓνα. Νὰ πᾶμε καὶ 'ς τὰ δυό·
 "Δυὸ πέρδικες γραμμέναις,
 "Ἐνα τὸ πουλουῦδι etc."
- "Ας το ποῦμε δυό. Νὰ πᾶμε καὶ 'ς τὰ τρία·
 "Τρία πόδια 'λετροπόδια, δυὸ πέρδικες γραμμέναις,
 "Ἐνα τὸ πουλουῦδι etc."
- "Ας το ποῦμε τρία. Νὰ πᾶμε καὶ 'ς τὰ τέσσηρα·
 "Τέσσηρα βυζιά 'γελάδας, τρία πόδια 'λετροπόδια,
 Δυὸ πέρδικες γραμμέναις etc."
- "Ας το ποῦμε τέσσηρα. Νὰ πᾶμε καὶ 'ς τὰ πέντε·
 "Πέντε δάχτυλα 'ς τὸ χέρι, τέσσηρα βυζιά 'γελάδας,
 Τρία πόδια 'λετροπόδια etc."
- "Ας το ποῦμε πέντε. Νὰ πᾶμε καὶ 'ς τὰ ἕξη·
 "Ἐξη μῆνες μισὸς χρόνος, πέντε δάχτυλα 'ς τὸ χέρι,
 Τέσσηρα βυζιά 'γελάδας etc."
- "Ας το ποῦμε ἕξη. Νὰ πᾶμε καὶ 'ς τὰ ἑφτά·
 "Ἐφτά ἑφτάκοιλο τὸ κλῆμα, ἕξη μῆνες μισὸς χρόνος,
 Πέντε δάχτυλα 'ς τὸ χέρι etc."
- "Ας το ποῦμ' ἑφτά. Νὰ πᾶμε καὶ 'ς τὰ ὀχτώ·
 "Ὅχταπόδι τοῦ θαλάσσου, ἑφτά ἑφτάκοιλο τὸ κλῆμα,
 "Ἐξη μῆνες μισὸς χρόνος etc."
- "Ας το ποῦμ' ὀχτώ. Νὰ πᾶμε καὶ 'ς τὸ ἑννεά·
 "Ἐννεὰ μῆνες εἶναι τὸ παιδί, ὀχταπόδι τοῦ θαλάσσου,
 Ἐφτά ἑφτάκοιλο τὸ κλῆμα etc."
- "Ας το ποῦμ' ἑννεά. Νὰ πᾶμε καὶ 'ς τὰ δέκα·
 "Δεκαρίζει τὸ χοιρίδι, ἑννεὰ μῆνες εἶναι τὸ παιδί,
 Ὅχταπόδι τοῦ θαλάσσου etc."
- "Ας το ποῦμε δέκα. Νὰ πᾶμε καὶ 'ς τὰ ἔντεκα·
 "Ἐντεκα μηνῶ φοράδι, δεκαρίζει τὸ χοιρίδι,
 Ἐννεὰ μῆνες εἶναι τὸ παιδί etc."
- "Ας το ποῦμε ἔντεκα. Νὰ πᾶμε καὶ 'ς τὰ δώδεκα·
 "Δώδεκα μηνῶ ὁ χρόνος, ἔντεκα μηνῶ φοράδι,
 Δεκαρίζει τὸ χοιρίδι etc."

Let us call it one. Let us go to the two :

"Two striped partridges, one is the little bird etc."

Let us call it two. Let us go to the three :

"Three are the feet of the plough, two striped partridges,
One is the little bird etc."

Let us call it three. Let us go to the four :

"Four are the teats on a cow's udder, three the feet of the plough,
Two striped partridges etc."

Let us call it four. Let us go to the five :

"Five are the fingers of the hand, four the teats on a cow's udder,
Three the feet of the plough etc."

Let us call it five. Let us go to the six :

"Six months make half-a-year, five are the fingers of the hands,
Four the teats on a cow's udder etc."

Let us call it six. Let us go to the seven :

"Seven bushels bears the vine, six months make half-a-year,
Five are the fingers of the hand etc."

Let us call it seven. Let us go to the eight :

"Eight arms has the cuttle-fish, seven bushels bears the vine,
Six months make half-a-year etc."

Let us call it eight. Let us go to the nine :

"Nine months is the child in the womb, eight arms has the cuttle-fish,
Seven bushels bears the vine etc."

Let us call it nine. Let us go to the ten :

"Ten months the young pig,¹ nine months is the child in the womb,
Eight arms has the cuttle-fish etc."

Let us call it ten. Let us go to the eleven :

"Eleven months the foal, ten months the young pig,
Nine months is the child in the womb etc."

Let us call it eleven. Let us go to the twelve :

"Twelve months has the year, eleven months the foal,
Ten months the young pig etc."

¹ I am not at all certain of the correctness of my translation of this line. Gousios spells *χειρῖδι*, which means nothing; *χειρῖδα*, "the handle of the plough," makes no sense. Nor is the meaning of *δεκαρίζω* quite clear. It has been suggested to me that *χειρῖδι* might mean 'hand' and *δεκαρίζει* that the hands have 'ten roots (fingers)'. The suggestion is certainly ingenious; but, I fear, hardly borne out by the Greek as it stands.

CHAPTER XIX.

Λειανοτράγουδα.¹

[The majority of the following couplets were collected at Salonica, those that I picked up in other parts of Macedonia are specially indicated.]

1.

Ἀγάπην εἶχα κ' ἔχασα ἀπ' τῇ κακογνωμιά μου.
Τώρα τὴ γλέπω 'ς ἄλλονε καὶ καίετ' ἡ καρδιά μου.

2.

Ἀγάπη μου χρυσ' ὄνομα, τῆς γειτονειᾶς κορώνα,
Δός με τὸ δαχτυλίδι σου νὰ κάνουμ' ἀρραβῶνα.

3.

Ἀγάπησα, τί κέρδεψα; τῆς γῆς τὴν ὄψι πῆρα,
Τοῦ κόσμου ταῖς κατακρισιαῖς ὅλαις ἐγὼ ταις πῆρα.²

4.

Ἀγάπησα, τί κέρδεψα; τῆς γῆς τὴν ὄψι πῆρα,
Τοῦ κόσμου ταῖς καταφρονιαῖς, καὶ πάλι δέ' σε πῆρα.

5.

Ἀγάπησα κ' ἐγὼ 'ρφανῆς ἓνα κομμάτι χιόνι,
Κ' ἐκεῖνο τὸ ζουλέψαμε οἱ ἄπονοι γειτόνοι.

¹ At Nigrita these distichs are called *Galates* (Γαλάταις), a word of (to me) unknown affinities.

² Cp. Passow, *Disticha Amatoria*, No. 8.

Love-Couplets.

1.

I had a ladylove and lost her through my folly.
Now I see her in another's arms, and my heart is consumed with grief.

2.

O my love, name of gold, crown of the neighbourhood!
Give me thy ring that we may be betrothed.

3.

I have fallen in love. What have I gained? I have assumed the hue
of the earth,
And the blame of the world is all mine.

4.

I have fallen in love. What have I gained? I have earned the hue
of the earth,
And the contempt of the world, and yet thee have I earned not.

5.

I, poor orphan, am in love with a snow-flake;
Even that the cruel neighbours envy me.

6.

Ἀλλοίμονο τί θὰ γενῇ τὸ ἰδικό μας χάλι ;
Δίχως παρᾶ, δίχως δουλειὰ κὴ ἀγάπη 'ς τὸ κεφάλι !

7.

Ἀνάθεμα τῇ Τύχῃ μου καὶ τῇ κακιᾷ τὴν ὥρα,
Ποῦ σ' εἶδαν τὰ ματάκια μου, καὶ τί νὰ κάνω τώρα ;

8.

Ἄν δώσω καί σε θυμηθῶ ἀπάνω 'ς τὴ δουλειά μου,
Τὸ βελονάκι ποῦ βαστῶ το μπήγω 'ς τὴ καρδιά μου.

9.

(From Melenik.)

Ἄνοιξε, γῆς, μέσα νὰ μπῶ, καὶ χῶμα, σκέπασέ με,
Γιὰ νὰ γλυτώσ' ἀπὸ σεβντᾶ καὶ πάλι ἔβγαλέ με.

10.

Ἀπὸ τὴ πόρτα σου περνῶ καὶ βρίσκω κλειδωμένα.
Σκύφτω φιλῶ τὴ κλειδωνιά, θαρρῶ φιλῶ ἐσένα.

11.

(From Zichna.)

Ἄσπρη εἶσαι σὰν τὸ χιόνι, κόκκινη σὰν τὴ φωτιά,
Σὰν τὰ μάρμαρα τῇ Πόλῃς ποῦναι 'ς τὴν Ἀγιά Σοφιά.

12.

Ἄφες με μή με πειράζῃς, ἄφες με 'ς τὸ χάλι μου,
Σύ με πῆρες καὶ τὸν νοῦ μου 'πὸ μέσ' π' τὸ κεφάλι μου.

13.

Γιὰ διὲς ἐκείνο τὸ βουνό, ποῦ ἄναψε καὶ καίγει,
Κάμποιος ἀγάπη ἔχασε καὶ κάθεται καὶ κλαίγει.

14.

(From Melenik.)

Ἐγὼ σεβντᾶ δὲν ἤξερα, οὐδ' ἀκουστά του εἶχα.
Τώρα μὲ περικύκλωσεν ἀπὸ κορφὴ 'ς τὰ νύχια.

6.

Alas! how will this state of ours end?
No money, no work and love to boot!

7.

Accursed be my fortune, and the evil hour
In which my eyes beheld thee. Now what am I to do?

8.

If ever I chance to think of thee while at work,
The needle which I hold in my hand I plunge it into my heart.¹

9.

Open, O earth, that I may enter, and thou, O dust, cover me up,
That I may be cured of my passion. Then let me out again.

10.

I pass by thy door and find it locked,
I stoop and kiss the lock, and pretend to be kissing thee.

11.

Thou art white as snow, ruddy as the fire,
Tall and slim like the columns of St Sophia in Constantinople.

12.

Leave me alone and tease me not. Leave me alone in my misery:
'Tis thou who hast taken away even my senses from my head.

13.

Behold yon mountain which is kindled and aflame!
Perhaps some wretch is bewailing his lost love.

14.

Once I knew nothing of passion, not even its name.
But now it has compassed me from head to foot!

¹ This, among several other distichs, was dictated to me by a gifted young tailor, and a great gallant, of Salonica. This one was perhaps a product of his own genius.

15.

(From Zichna.)

Εἶσαι πάπια, εἶσαι χήνα, εἶς' ἀγγελικὸ κορμί,
Ἔχεις μάτια σὰν τὸν ἥλιο, πρόσωπο σὰν γιασεμί.

16.

(From Kataphyghi.)

Ἐκέρδησά την τὴ χαρὰ καὶ τὴν ἀγάπη ποῦχα,
Καὶ φαίνεται με πῶς φορῶ τοῦ βασιληᾶ τὰ ροῦχα.

17.

Ἐσύ 'σαι τὸ σταφύλι καὶ γὼ τὸ τσάμπουρο,
Φίλα με σὺ 'ς τ' ἀχεῖλι, καὶ γὼ 'ς τὸ μάγουλο.

18.

Ἐσύ 'σαι κεῖνο τὸ πουλὶ ποῦ το λέγουν κανάρι,
Ποῦν' τὰ φτερά του κίτρινα καὶ ἡ καρδιά του μαύρη.¹

19.

Καράβι τριοκάταρτο, τρέμεις νὰ πάρης βόλτα,
Τρέμει καὶ ἡ καρδοῦλά μου ὄντας σε διῶ 'ς τὴ πόρτα.

20.

Κυπαρισσάκι μου ψηλό, 'ς τὴ ρίζα ἔχεις χῶμα,
Κ' ἐγὼ μικρὸς καὶ σὺ μικρή, καιρὸς μας δέ' ν' ἀκόμα.

21.

Ντέρτι καὶ πόνος με κρατεῖ, κοντεύω νὰ ποθάνω,
'Σ τὸν πόνο βρίσκω γιαιτρεία, 'ς τὸ ντέρτι τί νὰ κάνω;

22.

Ὁ ἔρωτας τὸν ἄθρωπο πῶς τον καταστιβάζει.
Κορμὶ σὰν τριαντάφυλλό το κάνει καὶ χτικιάζει.

23.

Ὅλος ὁ κόσμος κὴ ὁ ντουνιαῶς τὰ ζέφκια κάνουν χάζι,
Καὶ ἡ δική μου ἡ καρδιά κλαίγει κὴ ἀναστενάζει.

¹ Cp. Passow, No. 361, a slightly different version given as a dirge (Μυρολόγι), rather improbably.

15.

You are a duck, you are a goose,¹ you have the figure of an angel.
You have eyes like the sun, a face like jasmine.

16.

I have won the joy and the love that I courted,
And it seems to me that I am now arrayed in a king's robes.

17.

Thou art the grape and I am the stalk :
Kiss me on the lips, and I will kiss thee on the cheek !

18.

Thou art the bird which men call canary,
Whose feathers are golden, but whose heart is black.

19.

O three-masted galley, thou art trembling to veer round,
Even so trembles my poor heart when I behold thee standing at thy door.

20.

O dear slender cypress, there is still earth about' thy roots.
Both thou and I are too young, our season has not come yet.

21.

Love and pain hold me fast, I am at the point of death.
Against pain I can find a remedy, against love what can I do ?

22.

Look how love wears out a man !
A body that is blooming like a rose, decays and dies !

23.

All the people, the whole world, enjoys feasting ;
But my own heart can only weep and sigh.

¹ This word is never used in modern Greek as a term of ridicule. Here it refers to the bird's beauty and grace, without any allusion to its supposed intellectual poverty.

24.

Ὅποιος θέλει ν' ἀγαπήσῃ,
 Πρέπει νὰ χασομερήσῃ.
 Πρέπει ἄσπρα νὰ ξοδιάσῃ
 Καὶ νὰ μὴν τα λογαριάσῃ.

25.

(From Serres.)

Σὰν πέρδικα περιπατεῖς, σὰν χελιδόνι τρέχεις,
 Χαρὰ ἔς τὴν ἐμορφάδα σου καὶ ταῖρι νὰ μὴν ἔχῃς!

26.

Σὰν τέθιοι τέθιοι λάχανα, σὰν τέθιοις πικραλήθραις
 Ἐχὼ κ' ἐγὼ ἔς τὸν κῆπό μου σαράντα πέντε ῥίζαις.

27.

(From Kataphyghi.)

Σὰν τέτοιαις τέτοιαις ῥέπαναις καὶ τέτοιαις ῥεπανίδες
 Ἐχὼ κ' ἐγὼ ἔς τὸν κῆπό μου δέκα χιλιάδες ῥίζαις.

28.

(From Nigrita.)

Ἐς τὸν κόμπο, ἔς τὴν ῥίζα κόβουν τὴν ἐλῆά,
 Ἐς τὰ μάτια, ἔς τὰ φρύδια φιλοῦν τὴ κοπελλιὰ.¹

29.

Τὰ μάτια σ' ἔχουν ἔρωτα καὶ μέσα ψιχαλίζουν,
 Κὴ ἀπάνω ἔς τὸ ψιχάλισμα φρεγάδες ἀρμενίζουν.

30.

Τὰ παλαιὰ μας βάσανα περάσανε καὶ πᾶνε.
 Τὰ τωρινὰ γενήκανε φείδια γιὰ νὰ μας φᾶνε.

31.

Τί νὰ σου πῶ; τί νὰ μου πῇς; ἐσὺ καλὰ γνωρίζεις,
 Καὶ τὴ ψυχὴ μ' καὶ τὴ καρδιά μ' ἐσύ μέ την ὀρίζεις.

¹ The metre is somewhat lame—there is one syllable more than should be in the second verse—but the peasants are not over-fastidious.

24.

He who will court a maiden fair,
Must needs waste much time.
He must needs spend many piastres too,
And count them not.¹

25.

Thy walk is like the walk of the partridge, thy run is like the flight of the swallow.
Great is thy beauty, and yet thou hast no mate !

26.

Oh, of cabbages and radishes of this sort,
I have forty-five roots in my kitchen-garden.

27.

Oh, of radishes and horse-radishes of this sort
I have ten thousand roots in my kitchen-garden.

28.

The olive is plucked at the joint, at the root :
The maid is kissed in the eyes, between the eye-brows.

29.

Thy eyes are brimming with love and are moist with dew,
And on the bosom of the dew frigates are sailing.

30.

Our old troubles are past and gone.
Our present ones have grown into serpents and will devour us.

31.

What need of words ? thou art well aware
That both my heart and my soul are thine to command.

¹ The young tailor often complained to me, with a comical sigh, that his heart had well-nigh ruined him.

32.

Τὸ ἄχ! δὲ τῶξερα ποτὲς νά το φωνάξω.
 Τώρα δὲν ἀπερνᾷ στιμὴ νὰ μὴν ἀναστενάξω.

33.

Τὸ μπόϊ σ' εἶναι μιναρές, τὰ χέρια σου λαμπάδες,
 Τὸ στῆθός σου παράδεισος, μπαχτσές μὲ πατινάδες.

34.

Τὸ ντέρτι τῶν παλληκαριῶν ἢ χήραις το γνωρίζουν
 Καὶ τὰ διαβολοκόριτσα κρυφά το μурμουρίζουν.

35.

Φεύγεις καὶ φεύγ' ἡ γνώμη μου. Ποῦ πᾶς παρηγοριά μου;
 Ποῦ πᾶς κλειδὶ τοῦ ῥολογειοῦ, π' ἀνοίγεις τὴ καρδιά μου;

36.

Φίλ' οἱ ὀχτροὶ γενήκανε καὶ οἱ δικοὶ μου ξένοι,
 Κ' ἡ μάνα ποῦ με γένναε δέ' θέλει νά με ξέρῃ.

37.

Φύγε πὸ μένα, συλλογή! φύγε πὸ μένα, πίκρα!
 Δέ' σε στεφανώθηκα νὰ σ' ἔχω μέρα νύχτα!

Ὅντας Πίνουν.

38.

Ὁ ὕπνος θρέφει τὸ παιδί, ὁ ἥλιος τὸ μοσχάρι,
 Καὶ τὸ παλὴο κρασί κάνει τὸν γέρο παλληκάρι.

39.

Χαρά 'ς τον ποῦ το πίνει,
 Χαρά 'ς τον ποῦ κερνᾷ,
 Χαρά 'ς τὴ κομπανία
 Καὶ 'ς ὅλ' τὴ συντροφιά.

32.

Time was when I knew not how to cry Ah me !
Now hardly a minute passes without my heaving a sigh.

33.

Thy body is a minaret, thy hands a pair of tapers,
Thy bosom a park : a garden alive with songs of love.

34.

The youths' passion is well-known to the widows,
And the sly maidens whisper of it secretly amongst themselves.

35.

Thou departest, and my senses depart with thee. Whither away, O my
comfort ?
Whither art thou going, O key of gold which openest my heart ?

36.

My foes have become my friends. Yet mine own kindred are estranged
from me.
The very mother who bore me will no longer know me !

37.

Away from me, O Sorrow ! Grief begone !
I have not wedded thee, that thou shouldst abide with me day and night.

Drinking rhymes.

38.

Sleep nourishes the child, and the sun the calf,
And old wine makes the old young.

39.

Joy to him who drinks it,
Joy to him who pours it out,
Joy to the party,
And all the good company !

Γιὰ τῆς γυναῖκες.

‘Ο Θεὸς τὸν ἄντρα ἔπλασε μὲ διαμαντένια πέτρα
Κὴ ὅταν ἔφκίαν’ τὴ γυναῖκα ἐπῆρε μιὰ πελέκα.¹

“Οποῖος ἔχ’ κακὴν γυναῖκα ’ς τὸν νεκρὸ δὲ’ πρέπ’ νὰ πάη·
Τὸν νεκρὸ τὸν ἔχ’ ’ς τὸ σπίτι τ’.

‘Η γυναῖκα εἶν’ ἀκόλλα || καὶ χαλεύει ἀπὸ ὅλα.

‘Η γυναῖκα μακρὰ μαλλιά καὶ γνώμη κοντή.

Or

Τρανὰ μαλλιά, || κοντὰ μυαλά.²

¹ This distich I heard at Serres, but it is not of Macedonian origin. My informant was a Cretan Mohammedan—one of those who on the declaration of Cretan autonomy preferred exile to peaceful existence with the despised Christians.

² Α. Δ. Γουσίλου, ‘Ἡ κατὰ τὸ Πάγγαιον Χώρα,’ p. 89. Cp. μπόϊ τρανὸ καὶ μυαλὰ λίγα, *ibid.*

Greek folk-opinion on the fair sex.

When God created man, he used a diamond-drill ;
When he created woman, he used a pickaxe.

He who has a bad wife need not go to the funeral :
The funeral is in his own home.

Woman is like paste : she sticks to everything.

Woman : long hair, short wits.¹

¹ The same proverb, word for word, is common both among the Russians and the Tartars : see Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 38.

APPENDIX I.

Τὸ παραμῦθι τοῦ Νάϊντις.¹

Μιὰ βολὰ κ' ἔναν καιρὸ ἦταν ἓνας ἄθρωπος πολὺ πλούσιος. Εἶχε σπίτια, εἰδίσματα, ἀρνιά, κατσίκια καὶ τί δὲν εἶχε; ἀπὸ ὅλα τὰ καλὰ τοῦ κόσμου, 'ς τὸ σπίτι τ' ὡς κ' οἱ πέτεινοι γεννοῦσαν αὐγὰ ποῦ λείει κῆ ὁ λόγος. Μὰ τί τα θές; ἦταν σφιχτός, τζεγκενές. Αὐτὸς ὁ ἄθρωπος ἔτυχε νάρθῃ σὲ μιὰ πολιτεία μεγάλη, σὰν νὰ λέμε 'ς τὴ Σαλονίκη, καὶ γιὰ νὰ μὴν ξοδειαστῇ δὲ θέλσε νὰ κονέψῃ 'ς τὴ λοκάντα, μῆτε πάῃσε σὲ κανένα τρανοῦ τ' ἀρχοντικό, γιὰ νὰ μὴν λάχῃ κῆ ποχρεωθῇ. Μόνο κόνεψε 'ς ἓνα φτωχοῦ τῇ καλύβα, καλὴ ὥρα σὰν τῇ θκῇ μας. Τὸ σπίτ' ἦταν μονάχα ἓνας ὄντᾱς τρανὸς κῆ ὁ δοξάτος καὶ τον ἔβαλαν νὰ κοιμηθῇ σὲ μιὰ γωνιά, ὁ δοῦλός τ' ἀπόμεινε ὄξου 'ς τὴν αὐλὴ ἀντάμα μὲ τὰ πράματα. Τοῦ φτωχοῦ ἡ γυναῖκα εἶχε λευτερωθῇ δῶ καὶ τρεῖς μέραις, γένσε ἓνα παιδὶ ποῦταν τριῶ μερῶ ὄντας ἦρθε αὐτὸς ὁ πλούσιος. "Ἐτσι ποῦ λές, πλάγιασαν τὸ βράδν, ὁ μουσαφίρης σὲ μιὰ κόχῃ κ' ἡ λεχοῦσα μὲ τὸν ἄντρα τ'ς 'ς τὴν ἄλλῃ. Αὐτοὶ τους πῆρε ὕπνος ἀγλήγορα καὶ κοιμοῦνταν μιὰ χαρά, γιὰτ' οἱ φτωχοὶ γκαηλέδες δὲν ἔχουν. Μὰ ὁ πλούσιος δέ' τον ἔπαιρνε ὕπνος, γυρνοῦσε ἀπὸ τὴ μιὰ μεριά, γυρνοῦσε πὸ τὴν ἄλλῃ καὶ συλλογοῦνταν καὶ λογάριαζε τὸ βιό του.

Κεῖ ποῦ συλλογοῦνταν ἄξαφνα γλέπει κῆ ἀνοίγ' ἡ πόρτα καὶ σέβκαν μέσα τρεῖς γυναικες ντυμέναις 'ς τ' ἄσπρα. Ἡ μιὰ ἦταν πειὸ ψηλὴ καὶ πειὸ ἔμορφῃ πὸ τ'ς ἄλλαις. Ἦταν ἡ τρεῖς Μοῖραις ποῦ μοιράζουν τὸ παιδὶ τῇ τρίτῃ μέρᾳ ὕστερις ἀφοῦ γενθῇ. "Ἐτσι ποῦ λές, σέβκαν μέσα 'ς τὸν ὄντᾱ καὶ στάθκαν κεῖ ποῦ κοιμοῦνταν τὸ μωρό, κ' ἡ μεγαλειτέρῃ πὸ τῆς Μοῖραις τὸ ἀγγίξε μὲ τὸ δάχτυλό τ'ς καὶ λείει. "Τί νὰ το μοιράσουμε;" Λὲν ἡ ἄλλαις. "Νὰ το μοιράσουμε νὰ γένῃ κληρονόμος 'ς αὐτὸν τὸν πλούσιον ποῦ 'ναι πλαγιασμένος κεῖ πέρα 'ς τὴ κόχῃ." "Ταμὰμ" λὲν ἡ ἄλλαις καὶ το μοίρασαν κ' ὕστερις γένκαν ἄφανταις.

Ὁ πλούσιός τ' ἄκουσε αὐτὰ τὰ λόγια καὶ τρόμαξε, κῆ ἀπ' τὸ φόβο τ' δέ' μπορούσε νὰ σφαλίσῃ μάτι. Σ'κώθκε καὶ σουλατζάριζε πάνου κάτου 'ς τὸν ὄντᾱ ὡς τὸ πρωῒ. Ἄμα ἔφεξε ὁ θεὸς τὴν ἡμέρα καὶ σ'κώθκε ὁ φτωχὸς πὸ τὸ γιατάκι τ', τότες τὸν λείει ὁ ξένος. "Ἐγὼ φεύγω σήμερις γιὰ τὸ χωριό" μ', παιδιὰ θ' κά μ' δὲν ἔχω. Ἄν στρέγγῃς νὰ με δώσης τὸ

¹ My raconteuse informed me that she heard this tale many years ago from a Roumanian friend of hers (Καραβλάχα). According to her *Naidis* is the Wallachian for the Greek Εὐρεσημιό, "foundling."

θ'κό σ' τὸ μωρό, γὼ κ' ἡ γυναῖκά μ' θά τ' ἀναθρέψουμε σὰν νᾶναι παιδί μας. Σεῖς εἶστε νέοι, πρῶτα ὁ θεὸς θὰ κάντε κὴ ἄλλα.”

Τότες ὁ φτωχὸς ἔκραξε τὴν γυναῖκά τ' νὰ διῇ τί λέει καὶ κείνη. Ἡ γυναῖκά τ' πρῶτα δὲν ἤθελε, γιατί ποιά μάνα δίνει τὸ μικρό τ'ς; μὰ ὕστερις ἀπ' τὰ πολλά, γιὰ νὰ μὴν κόψουν τὴ τύχη τοῦ παιδιοῦ, λέει “Καλά” κ' ἔστρεξε νά το δώσ' ἂν καί τ' ἀγαποῦσε σὰν παιδί τ'ς ποῦταν. Τότες τὸ βύζαξε καλὰ καλὰ, ὡς ποῦ χόρτασε γάλα, τῶντυσε μὲ τὰ πειὸ καλλίτερα ῥοῦχα ποῦχε, τὸ φίλσε σταυρωτὰ 'ς τὸ γλέφαρο κὴ ὁ πλούσιος το πῆρε 'ς τὰ χέρια τ', σελλών' τὴ φοράδα τ' κὴ τον ξεπροβόδησαν καὶ πάει 'ς τὸ καλὸ μαζὺ μὲ τὸ δοῦλό τ'.

“Οντας βγῆκαν ὄξου πὸ τὴ πολιτεία κ' ἔφτασαν 'ς ἓνα μέρος ἔρημο μέσα 'ς τὰ γεννήματα—ἦταν καλοκαίρι—σταματάει τὴ φοράδα τ' καὶ λέει τὸν δοῦλό τ' “Πάρε αὐτὸ τὸ μωρὸ καὶ νά το σκοτώσης μὲ μιὰ πέτρα.” Ὁ δοῦλός τ' 'ς τὴν ἀρχὴ δὲν ἤθελε νά το κάνη, γιατί ἦταν ἄθρωπος θεοφοβούμενος, μὰ ὕστερις θέλοντας μὴ θέλοντας τὸν ἄκουσε τὸν ἀφέντη τ' καὶ το πῆρε τὸ μωρό. Μὰ ἀντὶς νὰ χτυπήσῃ τὸ παιδί χτυπάει τὴ γῆς μὲ τὴ πέτρα καὶ τὸ ἀφεντικό τ' θάρρεψε πῶς βάρεσε τὸ παιδί. Τότες ἀξαφνα ἔκανε σὰν νᾶειδε κάποιον πὸ μακρυνά, μιὰ καὶ δυὸ πλαλαίει 'ς τ' ἀλόγατο, σὰν νᾶταν τάχατες τρομασμένος, κὴ ἀπὸ δῶ πᾶν κ' οἱ ἄλλοι. Ἔτσι ποῦ λές, τὸ μωρὸ ἀπόμνε κοιμισμένο μέσ' 'ς τ' ἀστάχνα.

Τώρα ν' ἀφήσουμε τὸν πλούσιο καὶ νὰ πιάσουμε τὸ παιδί.¹ Τὰ χωράφια κείνα ἦταν πὸ ἓνα πλούσιο τζιφληκᾶ. Αὐτὸς ὁ πλούσιος δὲν εἶχε παιδί θκό τ' κὴ ὅλου περικαλοῦσαν τὸν θεὸ κὴ αὐτὸς κ' ἡ γυναῖκά τ' νά τους δώσῃ ἓνα παιδί. Ἦθελαν ναῦρουν κανένα ψυχοπαίδι μπέλκε καὶ τους λυπηθῇ ὁ θεός. Κεῖνη τὴ βραδεῖα ἔτυχε νὰ σεργιανίζῃ αὐτὸς ὁ πλούσιος 'ς τὰ χωράφια καὶ ἄκουσε τὸ μωρὸ πῶκλαιγε. Στάθηκε καὶ λέει πὸ μέσα τ' “Τί νᾶναι αὐτό; τζακάλι δέν 'ναι, σκυλὶ δέν 'ναι. Ἀς πάω νὰ διῶ.” Καὶ πααίνοντας κατὰ τὴ φωνὴ πὸ γάλια γάλια βρίσκει τὸ μωρὸ κὴ ἄμα τῶειδε ξεπάστικε. Μὰ γλέποντας αὐτὸ τόσο ἔμορφο καὶ παστρικό καὶ παχουλὸ τὸ λιμπίστηκε καὶ το πῆρε 'ς τὴν ἀγκαλιά τ' καὶ το πάησε 'ς τὴν γυναῖκά τ'. “Διὲ τί βρήκα 'ς τὸ χωράφι, γυναῖκα,” τὴ λέει, “ἐμεῖς παιδί γυρεύαμε κὴ ὁ θεὸς παιδί μας ἔστειλε.” Ἡ γυναῖκά τ' δέ' τον πίστευσε “Αἴντε πὸ δῶ, ποὺς ξέρει σὺ μὲ ποιά τῶκανες αὐτὸ τὸ παιδί, μὰ ἂς εἶναι δέ' με μέλει, ἄς το φυλάξουμε.”

Τὸ φύλαξαν καὶ τῶφεραν μιὰ παραμάνα γιὰ νά το βυζιάξῃ κὴ ἄμα τράνεψε τὸ σπούδαξαν. Καὶ τὸ παιδί ποῦταν σωϊκό, πρόκοψε καὶ τ'ς ἀγαποῦσε πολὺ, κὴ αὐτοὶ τ' ἀγαποῦσαν καὶ τῶλεγαν Νάιντις, σὰν νὰ λέμε

¹ This is a stock form of transition, as hackneyed in Modern Greek folktales as it is in similar compositions in other languages. Cp. the Italian “Lassamu a lu pappa gaddu e pigghiamu a lu cavaleri,” *Fiabe, novelle, e racconti siciliani*, by J. Pitrié, Palermo, 1875, vol. i. p. 9.

Εύρεσημιού. Τώρα νᾶρθουμε ἔς τὸν πλούσιον. Πέρασαν χρόνια κάμποσα κῆ ὁ Νάϊντις γένκε δεκάξ, δεκαεφτά χρονῶ. Τότες μιὰ μέρα νά σου κ' ἔρχεται ἔς τὸ χωριὸ κείνος ὁ κακὸς ὁ πλούσιος, ὁ τζεγκενές, ποῦ πάσκισε νά τον χάσῃ, κ' ἔτσι τῶφερε ἡ τύχη νά καταλύσῃ ἔς τὸ σπίτι ποῦταν ὁ Νάϊντις. Ἀκουσε ποῦ τον φώναζαν Νάϊντις καὶ παραξελεύτηκε μὲ τ' ὄνομα. Ρωτάει τὴ γυναῖκα· “Δέ' με λές, κυρά, γιατί τον φωνάζτε ἔτσι;” “Τὸν βγάλαμε Νάϊντις γιατί, νά σε πῶ τὴν ἀλήθεια, δὲν εἶναι γυιὸς μας, τὸν βρῆκε ὁ ἄντρας μου ἔς τὸ χωράφι, μέσ' ἔς τὰ γεννήματα δῶ καὶ δεκαεφτά χρόνια. Μεῖς ἄλλα παιδιὰ δὲν εἴχαμε κ' ἔτσι τον ἀναθρέψαμε καὶ τον ἀγαποῦμε σὰν παιδί μας, καὶ κείνος μᾶς ἀγαπάει πολὺ.”

Ἀκούοντας αὐτὰ ὁ πλούσιος πικράθηκε κατὰκαρδα γιατί κατὰλαβε πῶς ἦταν τὸ παιδί ποῦ πρόσταξε τὸν δούλῳ του νά το χαλάσῃ. Τώρα τί νά κάνῃ; συλλογιέται πὸ δῶ συλλογιέται πὸ κεί. Ὡς τὰ ὑστερινὰ τον ἦρθε μιὰ νεύση. Γυρίζει καὶ λέει πῶς ἔχει νά στείλῃ μιὰ γραφὴν ἔς τὸ χωριὸ τ' καὶ θέλει ἓνα μπιστεμένο ἄθρῳπο νά τὴν πάῃ.

“Μπᾶ, νά στείλουμε τὸν Νάϊντις,” τον λέν.

Ἐτοίμασαν τὸν Νάϊντις μιὰ πουγάτσα καὶ φαγιά, καὶ σέλλωσε τ' ἀλόγατό τ' γιὰ νά πάῃ. Ὁ πλούσιός τον ἔδωκε μιὰ γραφὴν γιὰ τὴν γυναῖκά τ' καὶ τὴν ἔλεγε μέσα ἔς τὴ γραφὴν αὐτὴ νά τον στείλῃ ἀπάνου ἔς τὰ βουνὰ ποῦ ἔβοσκαν τὰ πρόβατά τ' καὶ νά παραγγείλῃ τοὺς στομπα-ναρέους νά τον κομματιάσουν καὶ νά τον γκρημνίσουν μέσα ἔς ἓνα πηγάδι. Ὁ Νάϊντις πῆρε τὴ γραφὴν δίχως καμμιά ποψία, καβαλλίκεψε καὶ κίνησε νά πάῃ. Πρὶν νά κινήσῃ ἡ μάνα τοῦ τον ὀρμήνεψε νά μὴν λάχῃ καὶ πιῇ νερὸ ἀποσταμένος, κ' ὕστερίς τον φίλησε καὶ τον εἶπε τὸ κατευόδιο.

Ὡς τὸν δρόμο ποῦ πάαινε φτάνει σὲ μιὰ βρύση ἀπὸ κάτου πῶνα δέντρο καὶ ξεκαβαλλίκεψε γιὰ νά ξαποστάσῃ ψίχα κ' ὕστερις νά πιῇ νερό, κατὰ πῶς τον ὀρμήνεψε ἡ μάνα τ', γιὰτ' ἦταν διψασμένος. Κεῖ ποῦ κάθονταν ἔς τὸν ἴσκιο νά σου καὶ περνάει ἓνας γέρος μὲ μακρυνὰ ἄσπρα γένεια καὶ τον λέει· “Ποῦ ὦρα καλή, γυιέ μου;” “Ὡρα καλή, παπποῦ, πααίνω ἔς τὸ τάδε τὸ χωριὸ μὲ μιὰ γραφὴν γιὰ τὸν τάδε.” “Δόσε μού τη νά τη διῶ αὐτὴ τὴ γραφὴν, γιατί θαρρῶ πῶς τον ξέρο αὐτὸν τὸν ἄθρῳπο.” Τὸ παιδί τον δίνει τὴ γραφὴν, κῆ ὁ γέρος πέρασε τὸ χέρι του πὸ πάνου καὶ τὴ γύρισε πίσου, κ' ὕστερις πάῃ ἔς τὴ δουλειὰ τ'.

Νὰ μὴν τα πολυλογούμε, ἀνάβραδα ἀνάβραδα φτάνει ὁ Νάϊντις ἔς τὸ σπίτι τοῦ πλούσιου. Κεῖ ποῦ ξεπέζεε χτάζει ἀπάνου ἔς τὸ παραθύρι καὶ γλέπει ἓνα κορίτσι ἔμορφο σὰν τὸ φεγγάρι. Ἀψε σβύσε τὸν μῆκε μιράκι. Ἦταν ἡ κόρη τοῦ πλούσιου, γιὰτ' εἶχε πῆ ψέματα πῶς δὲν εἶχε παιδιά· εἶχε μιὰ κόρη κ' ἓνα παλληκάρι. Ὁ Νάϊντις σέβκε μέσα ἔς τὸ σπίτι κ' ἡ γυναῖκα τοῦ πλούσιου τον δέχτηκε κατὰ πῶς ἔπρεπε. “Καλῶς ὦρισε” “Καλῶς σας βρήκαμε,” τὴ δίνει τὴ γραφὴν καὶ κείνη τὴ διάβασε κ' ἔγραφε μέσα “Νὰ πάρῃς αὐτὸν τὸ νεῖδ καὶ τὴ κόρη μας καὶ νά κράξῃς

ἓνα παπᾶ καὶ νά τους στεφανώσης τ' ἀγληγορώτερο. 'Εγὼ θάρθῶ 'ς ὁχτὼ μέραις καὶ πρέπει νὰ βρῶ τὸ πρᾶμα τελειωμένο."

"Ἄμα διάβασε τὴ γραφὴν ἔκανε κείνη κατὰ πῶς την παράγγελθεν ὁ ἄντρας τ'ς, κρᾶζει τὸν παπᾶ καὶ μιὰ καὶ δυὸ τους στεφανώνει. "Ἐκαναν γάμους, χαραῖς μὲ χοροὺς καὶ μὲ παιχνίδια ὡς τὰ ξημερώματα.

Νὰ μὴν τα πολυλογοῦμε, ὕστερις π' ὁχτὼ μέραις νά σου κ' ἔρχεται πίσου ὁ πλούσιος, καὶ κεῖ ποῦ ξεπέζεγε 'ς τὴ πόρτα σκώνει τὰ μάτια τ' καὶ τί νὰ διῇ! τὴ θυγατέρα τ' ποῦ στέκονταν σιμὰ 'ς τὸν Νάϊντις ἀπάνου 'ς τὰ κάγκελλα. Τότες τοῦ ἦρθε μιὰ ζάλη σὰν ταβλᾶς καὶ πέφτει χάμου. Πιλαλοῦν, κρᾶζουν γιατροὺς καὶ μὲ τὰ πολλὰ τον φέρνουν 'ς τὸν λογαριασμό. "Τί ἔπαθες, ἄντρα μ';" τὸν ρωταίει ἡ γυναῖκά τ'. "Ἄς, τίποτες, ἀπόστασα 'ς τὸν δρόμο κῆ ὁ ἥλιός με βάρεσε 'ς τὸ κεφάλι," λέει κείνος, "μὰ γιατί δὲν ἔκανες κατὰ πῶς σε παράγγειλα μέσα 'ς τὴ γραφή;" "Πῶς δὲ τῶκανα, νὰ ἡ γραφή σ' διὲ τί μ' ἔγραφες."

Τὴ παίρνει τὴ γραφὴν καὶ τὴ διαβάζει. 'Εθάρρεψε πῶς νειρεύονταν, τρίβει τὰ μάτια τ' καλὰ καλὰ καὶ δὲ μπορούσε νὰ καταλάβῃ πῶς γένκε αὐτὸ τὸ πρᾶμα γιατί τὸ γράψιμο ἦταν θκό τ'. Τότες λέει "Καλὰ, δὲ πειράζει. Αὔριο τὸ πρωῒ, γλυκειαῖς χαρααῖς νά τον σ'κώσης τὸν Νάϊντις καὶ νά τον στείλῃς ἀπάνου 'ς τὰ πρόβατα μὲ μιὰ γραφὴ ποῦ θά σε δώσω." Κ' ἔκατσε κ' ἔγραψε 'ς τοὺς τσομπανάρους κατὰ πῶς καὶ πρώτα.

Τὴν ἄλλη τὸ πρωῒ ταχύνημα σ'κώθηκε ἡ γυναῖκά τ' καὶ πῆγε νὰ ξυπνήσῃ τὸν Νάϊντις. Μὰ ἄμα σέβκε 'ς τὸν ὄντᾶ καὶ τον εἶδε ποῦ κοιμοῦνταν γλυκὰ γλυκὰ μέσ' τὴ κόρη τ'ς τὴν ἀγκαλιά, λυπήθηκε νά τον ξυπνήσῃ καὶ τον ἄφκε νὰ χορτάσῃ τὸν ὕπνο ἀκόμα καμμιὰ ὥρα. Πάει 'ς τὸ γυιό τ'ς καὶ τον λέει "Κοιμᾶσαι, παιδί μ';" "Ὁχι, μάνα μ'." "Σήκον νὰ καβαλλικέψῃς καὶ νὰ πᾶς αὐτὴ τὴ γραφὴ 'ς τοὺς τσομπάνους ποῦ βόσκουν τὰ πρόβατα." Σ'κώνεται τὸ παιδί καβαλλικεῖ παίρνει τὴ γραφὴν καὶ κίνησε.

"Ὑστερις ἀπὸ κάμποση ὥρα σ'κώνεται κῆ ὁ ἄντρας τ'ς καὶ τὴ ρωταίει "Τὸν ἔστειλες;" "Τὸν λυπήθκα νά τον ξυπνήσω τὸν Νάϊντις," λέει κείνη, "μὰ μὴ νοιάζεσαι, ἄντρα μ', ἡ γραφὴν πάησε μὲ τὸ γυιό μας." "Τί ἔκανες βρὲ γυναῖκα!" φωνάζει κείνος καὶ μιὰ καὶ δυὸ σὰν νά τον πῆρε μιὰ ἀναλαβή, τρέχει ὄξου γιὰ νά τον προφτάσῃ. 'Η γυναῖκά τ' θάρρεψε πῶς τον ἦρθε πάλι ἀχαμνὰ σὰν καὶ χτὲς καὶ τρέχει καταπόδι τ'.

Φτάνοντας 'ς τὸ βουνὸ βρῆκε πῶς οἱ τσομπάνοι τον εἶχαν χαλάσῃ τὸν γυιό τ' καὶ τον εἶχαν ρίξῃ μέσ' 'ς τὸ πηγάδι, κῆ ἀπ' τὴ πίκρα τ' κῆ ἀπ' τὸ ἄχτι τ' πέφτει κῆ αὐτὸς μέσα καὶ χάνεται. 'Η γυναῖκα γλέποντας τὸν ἄντρα τ'ς ποῦ πεσε μέσ' 'ς τὸ πηγάδι τᾶχασε καὶ ρίχνεται καὶ κείνη μέσα καὶ πέθανε κῆ αὐτὴ. Κ' ἔτσι ἀπόμνε ὁ Νάϊντις κληρονόμος.

Αὐτὸ δὲν 'ναὶ παραμῦθι. Εἶναι πρᾶμα ποῦ γένκε καὶ δείχνει πῶς τὴ Μοῖρά τ' κάνένας δὲ μπορεῖ νά τὴ ξεφύγῃ.

APPENDIX II.

Τὸ Βασιλόπουλο καὶ ὁ ἀντὶς.

Ἀρχὴ τοῦ παραμυθιοῦ. Καλὴ σπέρα σας.

Μιὰ βολὰ κ' ἔναν καιρὸ ἦταν ἕνας βασιλέας κ' εἶχε τρία παιδιά, μὰ ὁ μικρότερος ἦταν ὁ πειὸ ἀντρειωμένος κῆ ὁ πειὸ ὤμορφος ἀπ' οὐλνοι. Ἦρθε καιρὸς κῆ ἀρρώστησε ὁ βασιλέας πολὺ βαρειά, ἦταν πειὰ γιὰ θάνατο, κ' εἶπαν οἱ γιατροὶ πῶς γιὰ νὰ γλυτώσ' πρέπει νὰ φάῃ ξοῦγγι ἀπ' ἀρσενικὸ λαγό. Τότες φώναξε τὰ βασιλόπουλα καὶ τα εἶπε·

“Παιδιά μ', εἶμαι ἄρρωστος πολὺ βαρειά, κ' οἱ γιατροὶ εἶπαν πῶς γιὰ νὰ γένω καλὰ πρέπει νὰ φάω ξοῦγγι ἀπ' ἀρσενικὸ λαγό. Σᾶς περικαλῶ λοιπὸν νὰ πᾶτε ἔς τὸ κυνήγι καὶ νὰ με φέрте ἔν' ἀρσενικὸ λαγό.”

“Καλὰ, πατέρα,” εἶπαν τὰ παιδιά καὶ πῆραν ταῖς σαῖταις τους καὶ τ' ἄρματά τ'ς καὶ κίνησαν γιὰ νὰ πᾶν. Πῆγαν ἀλάργα ἔς τὰ οὐρμάνια γιὰ νὰ βροῦν λαγούς. Οἱ δυὸ οἱ τρανύτεροι οἱ γιοὶ δὲ κατάφεραν νὰ σκοτώσουν κᾶν κἀνένα, μὰ ὁ μικρότερος σκότωσε τρεῖς, μὰ κἀνένας ἀπὸ δαύντους δὲν ἦταν ἀρσενικός. Οἱ ἀδερφοὶ τ' ἀρχίνησαν νὰ τον ζουλεύουν, γιὰτὶ φάνκε πειὸ ἄξιος ἀπ' αὐτούς. Τὴν ἄλλη τῇ μέρα ξαναβγῆκαν ἔς τὸ κυνήγι καὶ πάλι τὰ ἴδια· οἱ δυὸ οἱ τρανοὶ δὲ μπόρεσαν νὰ κάνουν τίποτες μὰ ὁ μικρότερος σκότωσε δυὸ κ' ἕνας ἀπ' τοὺς δυὸ λαγούς ἔλαχε νᾶν' ἀρσενικός. Τότες τὸν ζούλεψαν ἀκόμ' πειὸ παρὰ πάνω κ' εἶπαν ὁ ἕνας μὲ τὸν ἄλλο·

“Ἄς τον σκοτώσουμε κ' ὕστερις νὰ ποῦμε τοῦ πατέρα μας πῶς ἦρθαν κλέφταις καὶ τον χάλασαν.”

Κεῖ κοντὰ ἦταν ἕνα πηγάδι πολὺ παλῆν μὲ μάρμαρα γύρο γύρο καὶ τὸ νερὸ ἔβγαине πὸ μέσα καὶ ξεχείλιζε πὸ τριγύρο ἔς τὰ μάρμαρα. Ἄμα ἦρθε κῆ ὁ μικρότερος τότες τὸν εἶπαν·

“Δὲ πίνουμε νερὸ π' αὐτὸ τὸ πηγάδι, ἔτσι πῶς εἴμαστε διψασμένοι;”

“Μπράβο,” εἶπε κείνος, “νὰ πιοῦμε.”

“Μὰ πρέπει νὰ πιοῦμε μὲ τὴν ἀράδα,” λέει ὁ τρανύτερος, “πρῶτα ὁ ἕνας, ὕστερις ὁ ἄλλος καὶ ἔς τὰ ὕστερνὰ ὁ τρίτος.”

Τότες ἤπιε πρῶτα ὁ τρανύτερος, ὕστερις ὁ δεύτερος κ' ὕστερνος ὁ μικρότερος. Ἔβαλε τὴ πάλα τ' καὶ τὴ σαῖτα τ' ἀπὸ κάτ' ἀπ' τὴ μασχάλη καὶ ξαπλώθηκε τὰ μπρούμυτα γιὰ νὰ πῇ ἀπ' τὸ νερὸ ποῦ ἔτρεχε ἀπ' ὅξω 'π' τὰ μάρμαρα. Τότες ὁ ἕνας τὸν πιάν' ἀπ' τῶνα ποδᾶρι κῆ ὁ ἄλλος ἀπ' τ' ἄλλο καὶ τον ρίχνουν μέσα 'ς τὸ πηγάδι. Ἔπесе τὸ λοιπὸν τὸ βασιλόπουλο μέσα κ' οἱ ἀδερφοί του ἔφυγαν καὶ γύρσαν πίσω 'ς τὸ παλάτι. Ἄμα ἔφτασαν ἐκεῖ του πῆγαν τοῦ πατέρα τους τὸν λαγὸ καὶ τοῦπαν·

“Νά, πατέρα, κατάφεράμε καὶ βρήκαμε ἀρσενικὸ λαγὸ σήμερις, μὰ ἔχασάμε τὸν ἀδερφό μας,” κ' ἔκαναν πῶς ἦταν πολὺ πικραμένοι.

“Μπρέ, τί λέετε; πῶς γένηκε δαῦτο;” ρωτᾷ ὁ βασιλέας καὶ πετάχτηκε ὅξω 'π' τὸ κρεβάτι, γιατί τον ἀγαποῦσε τὸν μικρότερο τὸν γιό του πειὸ περισσότερο 'π' τ'ς ἀλνοί.

“Τί νά σε ποῦμε, πατέρα,” λέν, “κεῖ ποῦ κυνηγούσαμε ἄξαφνα ἦρθαν κλέφταις κ' ἤθελαν νά μας καταποντίσουν, κ' ἡμεῖς οἱ δυὸ ξέφυγάμε, μὰ ὁ ἀδερφός μας χάθηκε.”

Τότες γένηκε μέγας θρήνος 'ς τὸ παλάτι, κῆ ὁ βασιλέας κ' ἡ βασίλισσα ντύθηκαν 'ς τὰ μαῦρα κ' ἔκλαιγαν καὶ θλίβονταν πολὺ.

Τώρα νά τ'ς ἀφήσουμε κεῖ ποῦ θρηνοῦσαν καὶ νὰ πᾶμε 'ς τὸ βασιλόπουλο. Τὸ πηγάδι ποῦ τον ἔρριξαν μέσα ἦταν πολὺ βαθύ, καὶ τρία χρόνια ἔπεφτε δίχως ναῦρη πάτο. Ὑστερα πὸ τρία χρόνια πάτησε γῆς καὶ βγήκε 'π' τ' ἄλλο μέρος. Ἀνοίγ' τὰ μάτια τ' καὶ γλέπει πῶς ἦταν 'ς ἄλλο κόσμο. Ἦτανε ὁ Κάτω Κόσμος. Καὶ κεῖ μακρυνὰ μακρυνὰ γλέπει ἕνα φῶς. Περπατόντας, περπατόντας, περπατόντας φτάνει σὲ μιὰ καλύβα. Ἐκεῖ μέσα ἦταν μιὰ γρηῃ κ' ἔπλαθε ζυμᾶρι μέσα σὲ μιὰ κουπανίτσα γιὰ νὰ κάνῃ μιὰ πουνγάτσα. Τότες τὸ βασιλόπουλο χτάζει πῶς ἡ γρηῃ δὲν εἶχε νερό, μόνο ἔκλαιγε καὶ ζύμωνε τὸ ἀλεύρι μὲ τὰ δάκρυνά τ'ς κ' ἔφτυνε. Καὶ κεῖ ποῦ ἔκλαιγε κ' ἔφτυνε καὶ ζύμωνε τὸ χαμοῦρι τραγουδοῦσε λυπητερά, λυπητερά.

Τὸ βασιλόπουλο ἀπόρεσε πολὺ γλέποντάς την νὰ φτάῃ καὶ νὰ κλαίγ' καὶ τὴν ἀλνephήκε.

“Καλὴ σπέρα, κυρὰ μανιώ,” τὴ λέει.

“Καλὸ 'ς τὸ παιδί μου,” λέει κείνη καὶ κύτταξε μὲ ἀπορία ἔτσι πῶς ἦταν νέος παλληκαρᾶς κῆ ἀντρεωμένος καὶ μὲ τὴ πάλα καὶ τὴ σαῖτα πάνω 'ς τὸν νῶμό του. “Ἀπὸ ποῦ ἔρχεσαι, γιέ μου; ἐσὺ δὲν εἶσαι ἀπὸ τοῦτα τὰ μέρη, μὴν ἔρχεσαι 'π' τὸν Ἄνω Κόσμο;”

“Μάλιστα, ἔρχομαι πὸ τὸν Ἄνω Κόσμο, μὰ πῶς τ' ἀπεικίστηκες, μανιά;”

“Ἄμ ἡμεῖς ἐδῶ δὲν ἔχοῦμε τέθιοιους ἄντρες σὰν καὶ σένα. Φαίνεσαι πῶς εἶσαι 'π' ἐκεῖ πάνω. Καὶ πῶς κατέφκες ἐδῶ;”

Τότες τὴν ἀφηγήθηκε τὸ βασιλόπουλο “τὸ καὶ τό με γένηκε,” καὶ πῶς

τον ἔρριξαν τ' ἀδέρφια τ' μέσ' ὅς τὸ πηγάδι. “Μὰ δέ' με λές,” λέει τῇ γρηά, “γιατὶ δὲ παίρνεις νερὸ νὰ ζυμώσης τὸ χαμοῦρι μὲ νερό, μόν' τὸ ζυμώνεις μὲ τὰ δάκρυα σ' καὶ μὲ τὸ φτύμα, καὶ γιατί κλαῖς καὶ μυρολογᾷς;”

“Ἄ γιέ μου, νερὸ δὲν ἔχουμε σὲ τοῦτο τὸν τόπο. Εἰν' ἓνα πηγάδι, μὰ το φυλάει μιὰ Λάμια, ἓνα θηριὸ τετράποδο μὲ τρία κεφάλια καὶ ζητάει τὸν πᾶσα μῆνα ὑπὸ ἓνα κορίτσι νὰ φάῃ κ' ἔτσι ν' ἀφήσῃ τὸ νερὸ νὰ τρέξῃ. Αὐτὸν τὸν μῆνα ἔπεσε ὁ λαχνὸς ὅς τῇ μοναχοκόρῃ μου τῇ Μαρούδα καὶ τὴν ἔχουν τώρα δεμένη ὅς τὸν πλάτανο μὲ τ' ἄλυσσίδαις, κῆ αὔριο θὰ βγῇ τὸ θηριὸ καὶ θὰ τῇ φάῃ. Γιὰ δαῦτο κλαίγω καὶ θρηνῶ.”

“Ἄμα τ' ἄκουσε αὐτὰ τὰ λόγια τὸ βασιλόπουλο εἶπε·

“Ἐγὼ θὰ το σκοτώσω αὐτὸ τὸ θηριὸ καὶ θὰ γλυτώσω καὶ τὸ κορίτσι σ' κῆ οὐλο τὸν τόπο. Μόνο δόσε μου μιὰ μπουκουσιὰ νὰ φάω ὑπ' αὐτὴ τὴν πουγάτσα ἅμα τῇ ψήσῃς.”

“Ἄ γιέ μ', πῶς θὰ μπορέσης ἐσὺ νὰ το σκοτώσης τὸ θηριό, ποῦ κῆ ὁ βασιλέας ἀπ' αὐτὴ τὴ πολιτεία κῆ οὐλο τ' ἀσκέρι τ' τόσα χρόνια τώρα τὸ πολεμοῦν καὶ τίποτε δὲ' μποροῦν νὰ κάνουν;”

“Ἐγὼ θὰ το σκοτώσω,” λέει τὸ βασιλόπουλο.

“Μὴν πᾶς νὰ μὴ σε φάῃ κ' ἐσένα.”

“Ἐγὼ δὲ' φοβοῦμαι. Ἡ θὰ το καταποντίσω αὐτὸ τὸ θηριὸ ἢ νὰ πεθάνω.”

Ἐκεῖ ποῦ μιλοῦσε ἄξαφν' ἀκούει μιὰ φωνή, κρά, κρά. Γυρίζει καὶ γλέπει ἓνα μεγάλο πουλὶ ποῦταν σὲ μιὰ γωνιὰ ὅς τῇ καλύβα. ἓνας ἀητὸς χρυσὸς σὰν ἄγγελος. Ρωτάει “τί ν' αὐτὸ τὸ πουλί;”

“Αὐτὸ μὲ τ' ἄφκε ὁ ἄντρας μ' ὄντας πέθανε ἐδῶ κ' ἑκατὸ χρόνια, κ' ἐγὼ τ' ἀνάθρεψα ὥς ποῦ τράνειψε καὶ γένκε ἔτσι ποῦ το γλέπεις.”

“Ἀμὲ κείνη ἢ βουβάλα κεῖ τί εἶναι;”

“Κῆ αὐτὴ τῇ βουβάλα μὲ τὴν ἄφκε ὁ ἄντρας μ' ἐδῶ κ' ἑκατὸ χρόνια κ' ἐγὼ τὴν ἀνάθρεψα,” λέει ἡ γρηά.

Ἐτσι ποῦ λέμε τὸν ἔδωκε κ' ἔφαε πιά μπουκουσιὰ ὑπ' τῇ πουγάτσα, ἅμα τὴν ἔψησε, καὶ τὸ βασιλόπουλο κίνησε μὲ τῇ πάλα τ' καὶ τῇ σαῖτα τ' γιὰ νὰ πάῃ κεῖ ποῦταν ἢ Μαρούδα δεμένη ὅς τὸν πλάτανο καὶ καρτεροῦσε νὰ βγῇ τὸ θηριὸ νὰ τῇ φάῃ. Ἄμα ἔφτασε κεῖ καὶ τὴν εἶδε, τῇ λέει·

“Πῶς εἶσαι δῶ; τί κάνεις;”

“Ἐτσι ἦταν τῆς Τύχης μου, ἔπεσε ὁ λαχνὸς ὅς με μένα καὶ καρτερῶ νὰ βγῇ τὸ θηριὸ καὶ νὰ με φάῃ γιὰ ν' ἀφήσῃ τὸ νερό.”

Τότες τὸ βασιλόπουλο βγάζει τὸ σπαθί τ' καὶ κόβει ταῖς ἄλυσσίδαις καὶ τῇ λέει·

“Μὴ φοβᾶσαι ἐγὼ θὰ σε γλυτώσω.”

Κεῖνῃ ἔτσι ποῦ τὸν εἶδε ἓνα νέο σὰν ἄστρο, τὸν ἀλυπθῆκε καὶ λέει·

“Φεῦγα μακρὰ ἔδω, γιὰτὶ θὰ χαθῆς κ’ ἐσὺ ὅπως χάθηκαν τόσοι ἄλλοι. Διέ, κεῖ πέρα εἶναι τὰ μνημόρια ποῦναι θαμμένοι οὗλοι ποῦ σώθηκαν ἐδῶ καὶ τόσα χρόνια γιὰ νὰ γλυτώσουν τὸν τόπο.” “Μή σε μέλη,” λέει τὸ βασιλόπουλο, καὶ γύρσε καὶ κύτταξε ποῦ οὐλὸς ὁ κάμπος ἦταν γεμάτος ἀπὸ μνημόρια, μὰ δὲ φοβήθηκε. Καὶ κεῖ ποῦ μιλοῦσαν ἀκούγεται ἓνα φοβερὸ ταβατοῦρι σὰν βροντή, καὶ τράνταζε ἡ γῆς σὰν νὰ γένουνταν σεισμός.

“Τὸ θηριὸ βγαίνει, φεῦγα, φεῦγα νὰ μὴ σε φάη καὶ σένα!” φωνάζ’ ἡ Μαροῦδα, μὰ τὸ βασιλόπουλό την πῆρε ἔς τὰ χέρια καὶ την ἔβαλε ἔς ἓνα ψηλὸ μέρος ἀλάργα καὶ γύρσε νὰ παλαίψῃ μὲ τὴ Λάμια.

Κ’ ἦταν αὐτὸ ἓνα μεγάλο θεόρατο θηριὸ μὲ νύχια ἀγκαθωτὰ καὶ δυὸ φτερὰ ποῦ ἔφταναν ἀπὸ δῶ κῆ ὡς κάτω ἔς τὸν κάμπο τὸ πᾶσα ἓνα. Καὶ βγῆκε ἀπὸ μέσ’ ἀπ’ τὸ πηγάδι καὶ πιάστηκε μὲ τὰ νύχια τ’ ἀπ’ τὴ γῆς ἔτοιμο γιὰ νὰ χιμήσῃ. Κῆ ἄμα εἶδε τὸ βασιλόπουλο εἶπε·

“Καλὰ μ’ ἤλεγε ἡ μάνα μου ἡ Λάμια· πολλοὶ θὰ φῆς μὰ θάρρῃ μὴ μέρα ἓνας τέθιοις κῆ ἀπὸ κείνον νὰ φοβηθῆς.”

Τότες τὸ βασιλόπουλο ρίχτηκε ἀπάνω του μὲ τὴ πάλα καὶ τῶδωκε τῶδωκε καὶ πρῶτα ἔκοψε μὲ τὸ σπαθὶ τῶνα τὸ κεφάλι κ’ ὕστερα τὸ ἄλλο ὡς ποῦ το χάλασε πέρα πέρα καὶ δὲν ἀπόμνε ρουθοῦνι ποῦ λέει κῆ ὁ λόγος.

Ὁ κόσμος οὗλος κῆ ὁ ντουνιάς, μικροὶ μεγάλοι, ὁ πᾶσας ἓνας κῆ ὁ βασιλέας μὲ τὴ δωδεκάδα μαζί, ἦταν ἀπάνω ἔς τὸ κάστρο καὶ θωροῦσαν τὸ πάλαιμα. Κῆ ἄμα σώθηκε τὸ θηριό, ἀρχίνησε νᾶρχεται τὸ νερὸ μὲ βοή μεγάλη, καὶ γέμισαν ὅλαις ἡ στέρναις κ’ ἡ φουσκίταις καὶ τὰ καζάνια ποῦχαν οἱ ἄνθρωποι χαζίρικα.

Τότες πῆρε τὸ βασιλόπουλο τὴ Μαροῦδα ἔπ’ τὸ χέρι γιὰ νὰ την πάη πίσω ἔς τὴ μάνα τ’ς, καὶ κείνη τὸν ἔδωκε τὸ δαχτυλίδι τ’ς καὶ τον εἶπε·

“Εἶμαι τώρα θκή σου.”

Κῆ ἄμα ἦρθαν ἔς τὴ καλύβα καὶ τοὺς εἶδε ἡ γρηά, δὲν ἤθελε ἀκόμα νὰ πιστέψῃ πῶς τὸ θηριὸ σώθηκε, μὰ ὕστερα πίστεψε. Λέει τὸ βασιλόπουλο·

“Τῶκανα αὐτὸ τὸ ἀντραγάθημα μὲ τὴ μπουκουσιὰ ποῦ μοῦδωκες, ποῦ την εἶχες ζυμωμένη μὲ τὰ δάκρυα σ’, αὐτὸ μ’ ἔδωκε ἀντρεία καὶ το νίκησα τὸ θηριό. Τώρα θὰ με δώσης τὴ κόρη σου γυναικα καὶ θᾶμαι πάντα γιός σου.”

Ἔτσι φιλήθηκαν καὶ τον ἔδωκε ἡ Μαροῦδα τὸ δαχτυλίδι τ’ς καὶ κείνός την ἔδωκε τὸ θκό του καὶ γένκε ὁ ἀρραβῶνας.

Μὰ ὁ βασιλέας κ’ ἡ δωδεκάδα τοὺς κακοφάνκε πῶς ἓνας ξένος κατάφερε κ’ ἔκανε ἓνα τέθιοι μεγάλο ἀντραγάθημα, ποῦ αὐτοὶ τόσα χρόνια πολεμοῦσαν καὶ δὲ μπόρεσαν, κ’ ἤθελαν νὰ τον καταποντίσουν. Βγῆκαν μὲ σαῖταις καὶ σπαθιά, πολὺ ἀσκέρι, κ’ ἔρχουνταν κατὰ τὴ καλύβα γιὰ νὰ τον πιάσουν. Ἄμα τ’ ἀκουσε αὐτὸ ἡ γρηά λέει·

“Ἐσεῖς οἱ δυὸ τώρα πρέπει νὰ φύγητε γιὰ νὰ γλυτώστε. Ἐγὼμαι γρη῏α γυναῖκα, νὰ μ’ ἀφήστε δῶ καὶ δέ’ με μέλει, ἄς πεθάνω.”

“Καὶ πῶς θὰ φύγουμε, μάνα μ’,” λέει τὸ βασιλόπουλο, “νὰ γένω ἀητὸς νὰ πετάξω; ἄθρωπος εἶμαι. Ἄς ἔρθουν κῆ ὅτι θέλ’ ὁ θεὸς ἄς γένη.”

Τότες λέει ἡ γρη῏α. “Αὐτὸς ὁ ἀητὸς ποῦ μέ τον ἄφκε ὁ ἄντρας μ’ καὶ τον ἔθρεψα τόσα χρόνια, αὐτὸς θὰ σας βγάλῃ ὅξω.”

Τὸν ρώτηξαν τὸν ἀητὸ καὶ λέν. “Τώρα πρέπει κ’ ἐσὺ νὰ μας βοηθήσης, ποῦ σε θρέψαμε τόσα χρόνια.”

“Αὐτὴ τὴν ὥρα καρτεροῦσα καὶ γώ,” λέει ὁ ἀητὸς. “Ἐσεῖς οἱ δυὸ νὰ καβαλλέψτε ’ς τὸν λημό μ’ καὶ νὰ πάρτε θροφαῖς, νὰ πάρτε τριακόσιαις ὀκάδες κρέας, καὶ τριακόσιαις ὀκάδες νερό, καὶ νὰ φύγουμε.”

“Καὶ ποῦ θὰ το βροῦμε τὸ κρέας, καὶ ποῦ θὰ βροῦμε τουλοῦμι μεγάλο γιὰ νὰ χωρέσῃ τόσο νερό;” τὸν ρωτοῦν.

“Νὰ σφάζετε τὴ βουβάλα ποῦ καὶ κείνη τὴ θρέψατε τόσα χρόνια, νὰ τὴ γδάρτε καὶ μὲ τὸ κρέας τ’ς θὰ θραφοῦμε, κῆ ἀπ’ τὸ πετσί τ’ς νὰ κάντε τουλοῦμι καὶ νὰ το γεμίστε νερό.”

Τὴν ἔσφαξαν τὴ βουβάλα καὶ φόρτωσαν τὸ κρέας ἀπ’ τῶνα τὸ μέρος καὶ τὸ τουλοῦμι ἀπ’ τ’ ἄλλο κῆ ἀνέφκαν τὸ βασιλόπουλο μὲ τὸ κορίτσι ἀπάνω ’ς τὸν λημό, καὶ σιγά, σιγὰ ἀνοιξε τὰ φτερά τ’ ὁ ἀητὸς κῆ ἀρχίνησε νὰ πετάῃ.

“Ὡρα σας καλὴ!” φώναξε ἡ γρη῏α κ’ ἔπεσε καὶ ξεψύχησε.

Ὁ ἀητὸς ἀνέβαινε, ἀνέβαινε δώδεκα χρόνια καὶ σιγά, σιγὰ σώθηκαν ἡ θροφαῖς. “Κρά, κρά,” φώναξε.

“Τί θές;”

“Πεινῶ.”

Τότες κόβει τὸ βασιλόπουλο τὸ μπουῖτι ’π’ τὸ ζερβί του χέρι καὶ το βάζει ’ς τὴ μύτη ’π’ τὸν ἀητό. “Κρά, κρά,” φωνάζει πάλι.

“Τί θές;”

“Δυψῶ.”

Τότες βάζει τὸ στόμα τ’ κοντὰ ’ς τὴ μύτη καὶ τον δίνῃ νὰ πιῇ τὸ φτύμα τ’. Ἔτσι μέρα μὲ τὴ μέρα ζύγωναν ’ς τὸν Ἄνω Κόσμο. Μὰ πάλι ξαναπείνασε ὁ ἀητὸς καὶ τὸ βασιλόπουλο ἔκοψε τὸ μπουῖτι ’π’ τὸ δεξί του χέρι καὶ τον ἔδωκε νὰ φάῃ. Ὑστερις ἔκοψε τὸ μπουῖτι ’π’ τὸ ζερβί του πόδι κ’ ὕστερις ἀπ’ τὸ δεξί του πόδι καὶ τον πότιζε ’π’ τὸ στόμα τ’ ὡς ποῦ ἀνέφκαν ἀπάνω κ’ εἶδαν φῶς καὶ κατέφκαν ’ς ἓνα βουνὸ σιμὰ ’ς τὴ πολιτεία τοῦ πατέρα τ’.

Τότες ὁ ἀητὸς εἶπε. “Ἐγὼ θὰ μέινω δῶ ἀπάνω ’ς αὐτὸ τὸ βουνό, καὶ σεῖς νὰ πάτε ’ς τὴ πολιτεία κῆ ἂν τυχόν ποτες ἔχετε τὴν ἀνάγκη μ’ νὰ με δοκηθῇτε. Νὰ αὐτὸ τὸ φτερό, νὰ το κάψτε καὶ γὰ θ’ ἀπεικάσω ἀπ’ τὴ

μυρωδιά καὶ θάρβω 'ς τὴ στιγμῇ.” Κ' ἔβγαλε ἓνα μικρὸ χρυσὸ φτερό 'π' τὸ γλέφαρό τ' καὶ τοὺς τῶδωκε.

“Ἀμα ἔφτασαν 'ς τὴ πολιτεία τὸ βασιλόπουλο ρώτηξε· “Ποῦ εἶναι ὁ δρόμος ποῦ πάει 'ς τὸ παλάτι;” καὶ τοῦ τον ἔδειξαν.

Εἶχαν πειὰ περάσῃ εἰκοσ' πέντε, τριάντα χρόνια ἀπ' τὸν καιρὸ τοῦ ἦταν φευγάτος κῆ ὁ πατέρας τ' κ' ἡ μάνα τ' εἶχαν γεράσῃ, κῆ αὐτὸς εἶχε τρανέψῃ καὶ φαίνονταν πειὸ παλληκαρᾶς πὸ πρῶτα.

“Ἀμα ἡ μάνα τ' τὸν εἶδε τὸν γνώρισε 'ς τὴ στιγμῇ. Αἱ ξεχνάει ποτὲς ἡ μάνα τὸ παιδί; ὅσα χρόνια κῆ ἂν περάσουν νά το διῇ πάλι τὸ γνωρίζει, σὰν μιὰ προβατίνα ἅμα χάσῃ τὸ μικρὸ τ'ς τὸ γυρεύει πὸ δῶ πὸ κεῖ καὶ το βρίσκει μὲ τὴ μυρωδιά. Ἔτσι ποῦ λέμε κ' ἡ μάνα τ' ἅμα τὸν εἶδε σηκώθηκε 'π' τὸ θρανίο κεῖ ποῦ κάθονταν μαζὺ μὲ τὸν βασιλέα, ἄνοιξε τὴν ἀγκαλιά τ'ς καὶ φώναξε· “Ὁ γιὸς μας, ὁ γιὸς μας ποῦ τον εἶχαμε χαμένο! Δέ τον γνωρίζεις, ἄντρα μου;”

“Ὀντας τ' ἄκουσεν αὐτὰ ὁ βασιλέας σηκώθηκε καὶ κείνος, μὰ οἱ ἀλνοί, ἡ δωδεκάδα, εἶπαν· “Πρέπει πρῶτα νά τον ξετάξῃς μὴν εἶναι κανένas ψεύτης, γιατί μεῖς ξέρουμε πῶς ὁ γιὸς σου ὁ μικρότερος πέθανε δῶ καὶ τόσα χρόνια.”

Τότες ὁ βασιλέας ἀρχίνησε νά τον ξετάξῃ, καὶ κεινός τον ἀφηγήθηκε τὸ καὶ τὸ οὔλα ὅπως εἶχαν γένῃ, μὰ δὲν ἤθελαν νά τον πιστέψουν. “Πῶς γένεται αὐτό;” λέει ὁ βασιλέας, “αὐτὰ ποῦ μας λὲς γιὰ τὸν Κάτω Κόσμο καὶ Λάμiais ἡμεῖς ποτὲς δέ τ' ἀκούσαμε.”

Τότες εἶπε ἡ βασιλίσσα· “Ἄντρα μου δὲν ἔχς δίκῃο. Αὐτό 'ναι τὸ παιδί μας. Ἐγὼ το ξέρω, ἡ καρδιά μ' μέ το λέει.”

Τότες ὁ βασιλέας πρόσταξε τοῖς γραμματικοὶ νὰ βροῦν 'ς τὰ τεφτέρια τὸν καιρὸ ποῦ χάθηκε τὸ βασιλόπουλο κῆ ἄλνοι γραμματικοὶ νά τα γράψουν οὔλα κατὰ πῶς τοὺς τᾶπε τώρα. “Υστερις γυρίζει 'ς τὸ βασιλόπουλο καὶ το λέει· “Αἱ καλὰ, νά τα πιστέψουμε αὐτὰ ποῦ μας λὲς, πῶς κατέφκες ἐκεῖ κάτω, μὰ πῶς γύρισες ἀπὸ κεῖ;”

Τότες τὸ βασιλόπουλό τοὺς ἀφηγήθηκε πῶς ὁ ἀητός τοὺς ἀνέβασε 'ς τὸν πάνω κόσμο καὶ θάμαξαν ἀκόμα πειὸ περισσότερο καὶ δὲν ἤθελαν νά πιστέψουν· “Αὐτὸ πρέπει νὰ μᾶς το διαμαρτυρήσῃς” λέει ὁ βασιλέας. “Ποῦ εἶναι αὐτὸς ὁ ἀητός; τί γένκε τὸ πουλί;”

“Κυττάξτε τὰ κρέατά μ' ποῦ τᾶκοψα γιὰ νά τον θρέψω, σὰν δέ πιστεύτε,” λέει τὸ βασιλόπουλο κ' ἔδειξε τὰ χέρια τ' καὶ τὰ πόδια τ' κεῖ ποῦχε κόψ' τὸ κρέας, μὰ πάλι δυσκολεύονταν γιὰ νά πιστέψουν.

Τότες ἡ Μαροῦδα δοκίθηκε τὸ φτερό καὶ λέει· “Τί τῶκαμες, ἄντρα μ', τὸ φτερό ποῦ μας ἔδωκε ὁ ἀητός; τώρα 'ναι καιρὸς νά το κάψῃς καὶ θάρβῃ νὰ διαμαρτυρήσῃ.”

“Καλὰ λὲς,” λέει τὸ βασιλόπουλο, “τοῦχα ἀστοχήσῃ,” καὶ βγάξ' ἀπ'

τὴ τσέπη τ' τὸ φτερό, κὴ ἄμα τὸ εἶδαν οἱ ἄλνοι θάμαξαν γιατί ποτές τους δὲν εἶχαν διῆ τέθιο χρυσὸ κὴ ὤμορφο φτερό. Τότες τὸ βασιλόπουλο τῷβαλε κοντὰ 'ς τὴ φωτιά 'ς τὸ μαγκάλι ποῦταν 'ς τὴ μέσ' τὴ κάμαρα καὶ τ' ἀναψε καὶ γέμισε τὸ παλάτι πὸ μιὰ μυρωδιὰ ὠραία.

Μαθεύτηκε ὅξω 'ς τὴ πολιτεία πῶς θάρθη ἓνα τέθιο πουλὶ καὶ οὔλοι οἱ ἀθρῶποι βγῆκαν νά το διοῦν καὶ κεῖ ποῦ καρτεροῦσαν τοῦ ἀητοῦ τὸ ἔρξιμο γλέπουν καὶ φανερώνεται ἓνα μεγάλο σύγνεφο κὴ ἀγάλ' ἀγάλια κατέφκε μὲ βοῇ κ' ἑκατσέ 'ς τὸν ἡλιακὸ τοῦ παλατιοῦ.

Τότες εἶπε τὸ βασιλόπουλο· “Βασιλέα μ', ν' ἀνεβοῦμε οὔλοι ἀπάνω 'ς τὸν ἡλιακὸ κὴ ὁ ἀητὸς θάρθη κεῖ.”

Κὴ ἀνέφκαν οὔλοι κ' εἶδαν τὸν ἀητό, κὴ ὁ ἀητὸς προσκύνσε τὸν βασιλέα κὴ ὁ βασιλέας τὸν ρώτηξε· “Πές μας, βρε ἀητέ, πῶς ἀνέφκες ἀπ' τὸν Κάτω Κόσμο;” κὴ ὁ ἀητὸς μίλησε καὶ τ' ἀφηγήθηκε οὔλα, κὴ ὄντας ἔσωσε τὸν λόγο κάνει “γλοῦ, γλοῦ” καὶ ξερνάει τῶνα κομμάτι τὸ κρέας· “Αὐτὸ 'ναι” λέει, “ἀπ' τὸ ξερβί σου χέρι, ποῦ το ἔκοψες γιὰ νά με θρέψης” καὶ τῷβαλε 'ς τὸν τόπο του, κ' ἔφτυσε καὶ τ' ἀκόλλησε. Κ' ὕστερις ἔβγαλε τ' ἄλλο κομμάτι καὶ τ' ἀκόλλησε 'ς τὸ δεξιὸ τὸ χέρι, κ' ὕστερις τὰ πόδια.

Τότες οὔλοι πίστεψαν κὴ ὁ βασιλέας ἀγκάλιασε τὸ παιδί τ' καὶ τὴ Μαρουδά καὶ τ'ς ἔβαλε κ' ἔκατσαν κοντά τ' καὶ λέει· “Ἔτσι λοιπὸν τ' ἀδέρφια σ' ἤθελαν νά σε καταποντίσουν;” καὶ πρόσταξε νά τους πιάσουν καὶ νά τους σφάξουν, μὰ τὸ βασιλόπουλο ἔπενε 'ς τὰ γόνατα καὶ τὸν φίλησε τὴ ποδιὰ καὶ τὸν περικάλεσε νά τους συμπαθήσῃ· “Ἦθελαν γὰ με κάνουν κακό,” λέει, “μὰ βγῆκε 'σέ καλό, γιατί ἂν δέ' μ' ἔρριχναν 'ς τὸ πηγάδι δὲ' θάγλεπα καὶ κεῖνο τὸν κόσμον καὶ δὲ' θάκανα τόσα σημεῖα κὴ ἀντραγαθήματα καὶ δὲ' θὰ δοξάζουμουν.” Καὶ μὲ τὰ πολλὰ τὸν κατάφερε τὸν βασιλέα νά τους συμπαθήσῃ καὶ φιλήθηκαν οὔλοι κ' ἔζησαν καλὰ καὶ μεῖς καλλιτέρα.

Ἐκεῖ 'ς τὴ κρίση ἤμουνα κ' ἐγὼ κὴ ἀπὸ κεῖ τα πῆρα καὶ σᾶς τ' ἀφηγήθκα ἀπόψε.

APPENDIX III.

Ἱατροσόφιον Ὀφέλιμον.

α'. Ὅποιος θέλει νὰ ἀγρυπνήσῃ καὶ νὰ μὴν δὲν νυστάξῃ· πούλιν εἶναι τὸ ὀνομαζόμενον πυργίτης, τούτου τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς καὶ τοῦ καβούρου τὰ ὄμματα καὶ τῆς . . . ὁμοίως εἰς ἄσπρον πανὶν ἐντύλιξον, καὶ νὰ τα δέσῃς εἰς τὸν δεξιόν του βραχίονα, καὶ οὐ νυστάξει.

β'. Περὶ τοῦ διῶσαι κάμπας· ἔπαρον καμπίας γ' ἀπὸ τὸν κῆπον, ἔπαρον καὶ ἀπυρίον [?] καὶ κάπνισον τὸν κῆπον¹ ἢ τὸ περιβόλιον, καὶ φεύγουσι.

ιβ'. Εἰς πόνον ὀδόντων² κάμε τοῦτο τὸ σημάδιν, καὶ στῆσαι τὸ μαχαῖριν εἰς τὸ κακοῦδι τὸ ἐμπρὸς καὶ λέγε τὸ Πάτερ ἡμῶν· καὶ ἐκεῖνος ὁποῦ πονεῖ νὰ λέγῃ τ[ὸ Κύριε]³ ἐλέησον· καὶ ὕστατον ἔφυ[γεν (?)] ἀπὸ τὸ αον' καυκοῦδι [sic] ἄς βάλλῃ εἰς τὸ δεύτερον, ὁμοίως καὶ εἰς τὸ τρίτον, καὶ χάριν θεοῦ ἰαθήσεται.

Εἰς διὰ νὰ λύσῃς⁴ ἄνδρα δεμένον ἢ γυναῖκα, γράφε:—

ιζ'. Εἰς ῥίγον [sic] πυρετόν· γράψον εἰς μῆλον ἢ εἰς ἀπίδιν· Ἄγιε ἄγγελε ἐκλετὲ [sic] τοῦ Κυρίου ἡμῶν Ἰῦ Χῦ ὁποῦ εἶσαι κατὰ πάνου τοῦ ῥίγου [sic] καὶ τοῦ πυρετοῦ διου, [?] ⁵ τριταίου, τεταρταίου, καὶ καθημερινοῦ, διάρρηξον τὸ[ν] ῥιγοπυρετόν [sic] ἀπὸ τὸν δοῦλον τοῦ θῦ οδ' [= δεῖνα], εἰς τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ Πρς' καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ἀγίου Πνεύμ[ατος].

ιη'. Εἰς ῥίγον [sic] καθημερινὸν καὶ τριταῖον· κοπάνισον ζῶχον χλωρὸν ὁμοῦ μετὰ ἀγιάσματος τῶν ἀγίων Θεοφανείων, καὶ στρώσον καλῶς καὶ πότιζον καὶ γράψον τῇ α' ἡμέρᾳ ὅταν ἀνατέλλει ὁ ἥλιος εἰς τὸν δεξιόν του ὦμον⁶. Χς' ἐτέχθη, καὶ εἰς τὴν δεύτερην [sic] ἡμέραν· καὶ γράψε εἰς μῆλον τὸ Τρισάγιον καὶ τὸ Στῶμεν καλῶς, καὶ ἄς το φάγῃ⁷ νηστικός.

κγ'. Διὰ νὰ λύσῃς ἄνδραν [sic] δεμένον, ἔπαρον μαχαῖριν⁸ ὁποῦ ἔκαμε

¹ κύπον.

² ὀδόντων.

³ a hole in the ms.

⁴ Εἰς διὰ να λισίς.

⁵ Perhaps for δευτεροῦ.

⁶ νόμον.

⁷ φαγεῖν.

⁸ μαχέρων.

φονικόν¹. καὶ ὅταν ὑπάγῃ νὰ κοιμηθῇ ὁ δεδεμένος ἄς βάνῃ τὸ μαχαῖριν εἰς τὰ σκέλη του, καὶ τότε ἄς κοιμηθῇ· καὶ ὅταν ἐξυπνήσῃ ἄς εἰπῇ τούτα τὰ λόγια· ὡς αὐτοῦτο [sic] τὸ μαχαῖριν ἐδυνήθη νὰ κάμῃ φονικόν¹, ἤγουν νὰ σκοτώσῃ² ἄνδρ[ων] [= ἄνθρωπων], οὕτως νὰ δυνηθῇ καὶ τὸ ἐδικόν μου σῶμα νὰ πέσω [sic] μετὰ τῆς γυναικὸς μου, τοῦ ὡδ' [= δεῖνα], καὶ πάραυτα πεύτει μὲ τὴν γυναικὰ του.

κδ'. Ὅταν ἀρνηθῇ τινὰς τὴν γυναικὰ του τὴν εὐλογητικὴν καὶ ὑπάγῃ εἰς πόρνην· ἔπαρον κόπρον τῆς γυναικὸς οἶον τῆς πόρνης καὶ κάπνισον τὰ ῥοῦχα τοῦ ἀνδρὸς κρυφά· καὶ εὐθέως θέλει τὴν μισήσῃ· ὁμοίως καὶ εἰς τὸ ἐξ ἀναστρόφων³.

κε'. Εἰς δαιμονιάρην, τῆς βελανίδος τοῦ ὀψαρίου τὸ στόμα ἄς φορεῖ ὁ δαιμονιάρης⁴ καὶ ἄς τα καπνίζεται καὶ θέλουν φύγῃ ἀπ' αὐτὸν τὰ δαιμόνια.

κζ'...δακῇ⁵ τινὰς ἀπὸ [illegible] ὀφιδίων ἢ καὶ ἄλλων θηρίων καὶ νὰ μὴ δέν τον ἐγγίσουν· ἀκόμη καὶ οἱ σκύλοι⁶ νὰ φύγουν ἀπ' αὐτόν· κοπάνισον τὸ λάπαθον καὶ τὸ κιβλάμενον καὶ ἀποσφουγγίζειν το καλλὰ [sic]· καὶ ἄλεψον τὸν ζωμόν⁷ ὅλων καὶ θέλεις θαυμάσει.

κη'. Διὰ νὰ κυνηγήσῃ τινὰς⁸ ὀψάρια καὶ νὰ ἐπιτύχῃ, ἄς φορεῖ ὁ ψαρᾶς ἐπάνω του τοὺς ψύλλους τῆς θαλάσσης δεμένους εἰς δέρματι [sic] δελφίνου [sic], καὶ ἐπιτυχαίνει⁹ πάντοτε.

κθ'. Διὰ νὰ εἰρηνεύσῃ τινὰς τοὺς ἐχθρούς του· γράψον τὸν ψαλμόν· Γνωστὸς¹⁰ ἐν τῇ Ἰουδαίᾳ, λυώσέ το μὲ νερόν¹¹ καὶ δὸς τὸν ἐχθρόν σου νὰ πῇ καὶ θέλει εἰρηνεύσῃ.

λα'. Διὰ νὰ μὴν κουράζωνται αὐτίνοι [sic] ὁποῦ περιπατοῦν· νεῦρα ἀπὸ τὰ σκέλη τοῦ γερανοῦ ἄς φοροῦσι εἰς τὸ ζουνάριν τους.

λβ'. Εἰς ἐξεσκεπασμένον [sic] καὶ φοβισμένον· ἔπαρον γ ξηρὰ κάστανα καὶ τζόχον [= ζῶχον] καὶ γ ποτήρια κρασὶν παλαιὸν καὶ ἄς το πίνη ταχὺ καὶ ἀργά, καὶ γράφε καὶ τὸ Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος, μὲ τοῦ Ἰῦ τὴν βοήθειαν, καὶ ἄς το βαστάει.

λδ'. Εἰς ῥίγων [sic] κόψε κομμάτια ψωμίου γ καὶ γράψον¹² τὸ πον', ἀγάπη ὁ Πῆρ, εἰς τὸ β, ἡ ζωὴ ὁ Υἱός, εἰς τὸ γ' ἡ παράκλησις τὸ Πᾶ τὸ ἅγιον, ἀμήν. Καὶ ὅταν ἀρχίζῃ¹³ ὁ ῥίγος καὶ ὁ πυρετός, ἄς ποιῇ ὁ ἀσθενιμένος [sic] μετανοίας γ εἰς τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ ἁγίου Ἰω^{ον} τοῦ Προδρόμου, καὶ ἄς φάγῃ τὸ ἄ κομμάτι καὶ θέλει παύσῃ ὁ πυρετός· καὶ ἐὰν δὲν¹⁴ παύσῃ εἰς τὸ πρῶτον, κάμε το εἰς τὸ δεύτερον· ἡ ἀλήθεια¹⁵ πάντοτε.

¹ φονικόν.² σκωτίζει.³ ἀναστρόφον.⁴ δαιμονιάρης here.⁵ ...αδιακῇ.⁶ σκύλοι.⁷ ζουμῶν.⁸ κινήσει τινᾶς.⁹ ἐπιτίχενει.¹⁰ γνωστῶς.¹¹ εἰλῶσέ τω μενερόν.¹² γράψε.¹³ ἀρχίζειν.¹⁴ δέ.¹⁵ Ἐξαληθεῖ.

μ'. Περὶ μύτην¹ ὁποῦ τρέχει, λέγε² εἰς τὸ μέρος ἐκεῖνο³ ὁποῦ τρέχει, κρυφίως εἰς τὸ αὐτί· μόξ, πάξ, ρίπξ, καὶ θέλει παύσῃ.

μα'. Διὰ νὰ μὴ μεθῇ ὁ ἄνθρωπος· βάλε πεντόνικα [?] οὐγγίας β, δίδου του πᾶσα [sic] ταχὺ νὰ πίνῃ καὶ οὐ μεθεῖ.

μαβ'. Διὰ νὰ ποιήσῃ ἡ γυναῖκα γάλα· ἔπαρον ἀγελάδας⁴ ὀνύχιν⁵ καὶ καῦσόν το⁶ καλά, δὸς τῆς γυναικὸς νὰ το φάγῃ, ἢ νὰ το πίνῃ⁷.

μβ'. Διὰ νὰ μὴν φοβᾶσαι πλέπτῃν καὶ ρομπάρω [sic]· ἔπαρον τὸ χόρτον τὸ λεγόμενον ἀζηβότανον, εἰς τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ Πρῆ καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ ἁγίου Πνς, καὶ βάστα το ὁποῦ θέλεις νὰ περιπατῇς, καὶ μὲ τὴν βοήθειαν τοῦ θῦ δὲν φοβᾶσαι⁸.

μγ'. Διὰ νὰ στησίῃς ὄφιν ἐρχόμενον πρὸς σε· ὅταν τον ἰδῇς ὅτι ἔρχεται πρὸς σε λέγε ταῦτα·

Ἀνέθηκεν Μωϋσῆς⁹ ἐπὶ στηλῆς ἄκων [sic] φθοροποιῶν λυτήριον καὶ ξύλον τύπον σταυροῦ τὸν πρὸς γῆς συρόμενον ὄφιν προσέδεσε ἐγκάρσιον, ἐν τούτῳ θριαμβεύσας τὸ πῆμα, διὸ Χῶ ἄσωμεν τῷ θῷ ἡμῶν ὅτι δεδόξασται.

μζ'. Διὰ νὰ ἐγγαστρωθῇ ἡ γυναῖκα· τράγου χολὴν ἔπαρον καὶ ἄς ἀλεύψῃ ὁ ἄνθρωπος τὸ σῶμά του τὴν ὥραν ὁποῦ τυχαίνει νὰ πέσῃ μὲ τὴν γυναῖκά του.

μθ'. Εἰς φοβερισμόν· γράφε εἰς ἄγγικτον χαρτὶ ἀγύνητον [?]. Ἐλωὶ ὁ Θεός· καὶ τὴν [sic] χαρακτηρὰ ταύτην· καὶ βάστα σχ σχ.

ν'. Εἰς αἰμορροοῦσαν γράφε εἰς βέβρινον χαρτὶ καὶ δέσον εἰς τὴν κοιλίαν της μετὰ ἁ κλωστής καὶ λέγε καὶ τὸ Πέρ ἡμῶν καὶ τὴν εὐχὴν ταύτην·

Ὁ Θεός τοῦ Ἀβραάμ, ὁ Θεός τοῦ Ἰσαάκ, ὁ Θεός τοῦ Ἰακώβ, ὁ Θεός ὁ στήσας τὸν ποταμὸν Μορθάμ ἐν τῇ ζ' ἡμέρᾳ, στήσον καὶ τὴν ῥοήν¹⁰ τοῦ αἵματος τῆς δούλης δγ' [= δεῖνα], καὶ ἡ σφραγὶς τοῦ Κυ' ἡμῶν Ἰῦ Χῦ. Στῶμεν καλῶς, στῶμεν μετὰ φόβου θῦ, ἀμήν. Οἱ δὲ Εὐαγγελισταὶ Ματθαῖος, Μάρκος, Λουκᾶς καὶ Ἰωάννης ιαναυπνωσι [?] ἄρρωστον· γράφε εἰς φύλλον δάφνης ξ ι σ χ σ υ φ θ:

νε'. [Διὰ ν]ὰ λύσῃς ἄνδρα δεμένον· ἔπαρον καρύδια παμπακίου καὶ δέσον αὐτὰ κόμπους ιβ καὶ λέγε ἀπάνω στὴν κεφαλὴν του· εἰς τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ πρῆ καὶ τοῦ υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ ἁγίου πνς, καὶ λέγε ταῦτα τὰ λόγια· ἀπολυθῇ-τωσαν¹¹ τὰ μέλη τοῦ ὧ' [= δεῖνα] ὡς ἀπελύθη Λάζαρος ἀπὸ τὸν τάφον.

νζ'. Εἰς ρίγον καὶ πυρετὸν γράφε εἰς κοῦπαν ἀφορισμὸν [?] ταῦτα τὰ ὀνόματα: Χς ἑγεννήθη, Χς ἑσταυρώθη, Χς ἀνέστη, τοῦ Κυ' ἡμῶν Ἰῦ Χῦ

¹ μῆτην.

² λέγεν.

³ ἐκεῖνον.

⁴ ἀγελέας.

⁵ ὀνύχην.

⁶ καύσε τω.

⁷ πῇ.

⁸ βοβάσαι.

⁹ μωησεῖς.

¹⁰ ῥῖσιν.

¹¹ ἀπεληθητωσαν.

γεννηθέντος ἐν Βηθλεὲμ τῆς Ἰουδαίας, παῦσον, δαίμονα κέφαλε, ἀπὸ τὸν δοῦλον τοῦ Θῦ δγ [= δεῖνα], εἰς τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ Πρς¹ καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ αἰγίου Πῤς, νῦν καὶ ἀεὶ καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰ[ῶνας].

νθ'. Εἰς λύσιν ἀνω γράφε ταῦτα εἰς ψωμῖν καὶ δός του νά το φάγη· ακοήλ, εἰςβήλ, ἀμπελουράς, περιμαριάς, καμενάντων, ἔκτιλεν, ἔκπειλεν, βρισκαδεδέος, δεδέουσα, τὸ συφασάτοδιός ηῦρε¹ τὴν λύσιν ταύτην.

ξβ'. Εἰς πόνον στήθους² λέγε ταύτην τὴν εὐχὴν· ἄγιε Κοσμᾶ καὶ Δαμιανέ, Κῦρε καὶ Ἰῶ, Νικόλαε καὶ Ἀκίνδυne ὅπου τὰ δρέπανα³ βαστάτε καὶ τὸν πόνον κόπτετε, κόψατε καὶ τὸν πόνον τοῦ δούλου τοῦ θῦ δ [= δεῖνα].

ξγ'. Ὅταν ἔχη ὁ ἄνθρωπος δαίμονα, ἡ τὸ γλυ...[?] του, ἡ φάντασμα, γράφε εἰς ἀγύνητο [?] χαρτὶ ἡμέρα 5' ὀλίγωσιν τοῦ φεγγαρίου καὶ ἄς βαστά, λέγε καὶ εἰς τὸ δεξιόν του αὐτίν⁴. Ἐν ὀνόματι τοῦ Πρς καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ἀγίου Πῤς. Τοῦτο τὸ φυλακτήριον ἐδόθη τῷ Μωϋσῇ ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ ὑπὸ τοῦ Ἀρχαγγέλου Μιχαήλ, ὕστερον δὲ ἐδόθη τῷ βασιλεῖ⁵ Σολομῶντι ὅπως πατάξῃ πᾶν ἀκάθαρτον πνεῦμα, ἡ ἀσθενείας⁶, ἡ φοβισμοῦ, ἡ φρικιασμοῦ, ἡ ῥιγοπυρετοῦ⁷, ἡ τριταίου, ἡ ἀφημερινοῦ, ἡ τοῦ συναντήματος, ἡ ἐπιβουλήs, ἡ καταχθόνιον⁸, ἡ πλαγίου, ἡ μὲ μαγείας πεποιημένον, ἡ κωφόν, ἡ ἄπαξ, ἡ λαλοῦν, ἡ ἄλαλον, ἡ ἐπιληπτικόν, ἡ προσκείμε[εν]ον⁹, ἡ ἄφορμον, ἡ πρώτης καὶ δευτέρας συναντήσεως, ἡ τοῦ ἀπαντήματος, ἡ τοῦ ἀπαντήματος. Ὁ Θς¹⁰ ἐστὶν βοηθὸς τοῦ δούλου σου δγ [= δεῖνα] διὰ Δωναήλ, Ἐβαρράs, διαφύλαξον ἐν παντὶ καιρῷ, ἡμέρα καὶ νυκτὶ¹¹ καὶ ὥρα, διαφύλαξον αὐτὸν ὁ θς¹¹ ἀπὸ παντὸς κακοῦ καὶ παντὸς κινδύνου. Ἐβασίλευσε ὁ θς¹¹ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας, ἀμήν. Στῶμεν καλῶς, στῶμεν μετὰ φόβου θ-ῦ.

ρς'. Περὶ ἄνδρα [sic] ὅπου τον φεύγει ἡ γυναῖκα, γράψον τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ ἀνδρὸς καὶ τῆς γυναικὸς εἰς χαρτὴν ἀγέ—*desunt cetera*.

¹ ὕβρησε.² στιβίου.³ δέρπανα.⁴ ἀπτήν.⁵ βασιλεῖ.⁶ ασθενές.⁷ ριγοπύρετον.⁸ καταχθωνίων.⁹ πρόσκίμον.¹⁰ βοηθος.¹¹ νύκταν.

APPENDIX IV.

[From another ms. probably by the same hand.]

τοη'. Εἰς μισοκέφαλον καὶ κεφαλαλίαν:—

Γράφε εἰς ἀγέντον [?] χαρτί· ὁ θς τοῦ Ἀβραάμ¹, ὁ θς τοῦ Ἰσαάκ, ὁ θς τοῦ Ἰακώβ, λῦσον² τὸ δαιμόνιον τοῦ μισοκεφάλου ἀπὸ τὴν κεφαλὴν τοῦ δούλου σου, ὀρκίζω σε τὸ ἀκάθαρτον πᾶν τὸ καθεζόμενον πάντοτε εἰς τὴν κεφαλὴν τοῦ ἀνού, ἔπαρον τὸ σὸν πόνημα καὶ μίσεισε ἀπὸ τῆς κεφαλῆς· ἀπὸ μισοκεφαλοῦ [sic], μιλίγκους³ καὶ σφονδύλου⁴ ἀπὸ τὸν δούλον τοῦ θῦ δγ' στ μ κ λ στ μ μ τ φ β θῦ αμ:—[στῶμεν καλῶς, στῶμεν μετὰ φόβου θεοῦ Ἀμήν].

τοθ'. Εἰς παιδὶ ὁποῦ ἔχει κακὸν νοῦν εἰς μάθησιν τῶν ἱερῶν γραμμάτων:

Γράψον τὴν α'β εἰς δίσκον ὁποῦ κόπτουν τὸ ἀντίδωρον, καὶ δός το νὰ λειτουργηθῇ Σαββατωκυριάκα γ καὶ ὥσαν τελειωθῶσιν τὰ γ Σαββατωκυ[ριάκα] λυῶσέ το⁵ με κρασί παλαιὸν ἄδολον⁶ καὶ ποτίζει τὸ παιδὶ καὶ ἀπολ[ύσει] ὁ νοῦς του· καὶ ὅταν ποτίζει τὸ παιδὶ ας λέγει ὁ διδάσκαλος τὴν εὐχὴν ταύτην:—

Κε ὁ θς ἡμῶν ὁ νικήσας καὶ φωτίσας τὰς καρδίας τῶν [illegible], πρεσβύτεροι Μελχισεδέκ, Ναβωί, Ἰωχαμη [there follows a long list of Hebrew names], αὐτοὶ βοηθήσατε⁷ πάντες καὶ ἀνοίξατε τὸν νοῦν καὶ τὴν καρδίαν τοῦ δούλου τοῦ θῦ δγ' εἰς τὴν μάθησιν τῶν ἱερῶν γραμμάτων.

[Two more prayers in almost the same terms follow.]

*Ας λέγει καὶ τὸν ψαλμόν· Εὐλογήσω⁸ τὸν κν ἐν παντὶ καιρῷ, καὶ ας κρατῇ τὸ παιδὶ ἀπὸ τὸ κεφάλιν ὁ διδάσκαλος καὶ ας λέγει:

[Here follows another long prayer.]

τπ'. [illegible] νὰ κάψης τὴν σπλῆναν:—

Νὰ γράψης τρία χαρτία, νὰ τα κάψης ἀπάνου εἰς τὰ ῥοῦχα του μέσα

¹ αἰραάμ.

² λίσε.

³ q.e. μήνιγγος.

⁴ σφονδήλου.

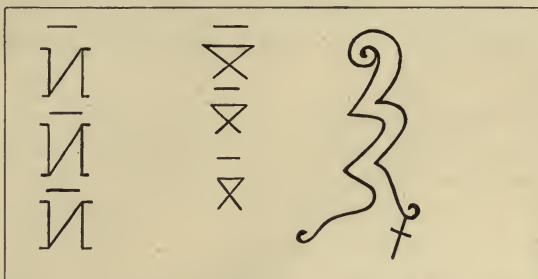
⁵ λειωσέ τω.

⁶ ἄδωλον.

⁷ βοηθήσεται.

⁸ εὐλογίσω.

εἰς ἓνα χουλιάριν ἐκεῖ ὅπου τον πονεῖ ἡ σπλήνα τῇ ὑστερινῇ τοῦ φεγγαρίου
 εἴ ἡμέρα· καὶ εἶναι αὐτὰ τὰ σημάδια ὅπου θέλεις νὰ γράψῃς εἰς τὰ τρία
 χαρτία ταῦτα:—



+ περὶ νὰ σταματήσῃς¹ χαλάζιν:—

Ὅταν ἰδῇς ὅπου ἀρχίζει νὰ πέφτῃ² χαλάζιν· τῆς ὥρ[ας] νὰ ἔχῃς
 μαυρομάνικον μαχαῖριν³ ἢ ξύλινα ἢ κοκαλένια τὰ μανήκια, νά το πάρῃς⁴
 εἰς τὸ χέριν σου τὸ δεξιόν, νὰ σταματήσῃς τὰ νέφη καθὼς εἶναι, ἤγουν νά
 τα στρώσῃς⁵ εἰς τὸν οὐρανόν, ὅπου ρίκτουν [sic] τὴν βροχὴν καὶ τὸ
 χαλάζιν, νὰ εἰπῇς ἔτζη: Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος, καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν θν̄,
 καὶ θς̄ ἦν ὁ λόγος, καὶ καθὼς το εἰπῇς παρευθὺς νὰ καρφώσῃς τὸ μαχαῖριν
 εἰς τάβλαν⁶ ἢ εἰς τὴν γῆν, καὶ τῆς ὥρας στέκεται⁷ τὸ χαλάζιν. Εἰ δέ⁸ ἂν
 εἶσαι εἰς καράβιν καὶ οὐχὶ εἰς ἄλλον τόπον:—

[The scribe here changes the subject abruptly.]

Translation.

For megrim and headache :

Write on a piece of paper: God of Abraham, God of Isaac,
 God of Jacob, loose the demon of the megrim⁹ from the head of

¹ σταματῖσεις.

² πέυτη.

³ μαχέριν.

⁴ πάρης.

⁵ στρῶσεις.

⁶ ταῦλα.

⁷ στέκετε.

⁸ ἰ δέ.

⁹ τὸ μισοκέφαλον (or ὁ μισοκέφαλος), half-head, is a literal rendering of the ancient ἡμικρανία, a neuralgic pain on one side of the head or face, whence our own word megrim (through the French migraine=hemicraïne). This pain is by the modern folk-physician, consistently enough, attributed to a special demon, with whom I personally am not acquainted; but Mr W. H. D. Rouse, more fortunate, in his interesting paper on 'Folk-lore from the Southern Sporades' (*Folk-Lore*, June 1899, pp. 171—172) was able to quote a charm from a ms. similar to mine, in which this 'half-head' demon is described as "a youth standing beyond Jordan and crying with a loud voice that he wants man's flesh to eat."

Thy servant. I charge thee, unclean spirit, which ever sittest in the head of man, take thy pain and depart from the head: from half-head, membrane, and vertebra, from the servant of God So-and-So. Stand we fairly, stand we with fear of God. Amen.

For a child which has a mind unable to learn the sacred letters:

Write the A.B.C. on a platter used for holy bread and give it to be blessed in the liturgy on three Saturdays and Sundays, and when the three Saturdays and Sundays are complete, dissolve it [?] in unadulterated old wine and give the child to drink, and his brain will be set free. And while the child is drinking let the school-master say the prayer:

Lord our God, who hast overcome and enlightened the hearts of [*illegible*], presbyters Melchisedeck, Naboi, Jochami, etc. help ye all, and open the mind and the heart of the servant of God So-and-So, that he may learn the sacred letters.

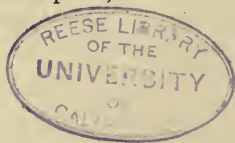
Let him also recite the psalm: "I will bless the Lord in all time," and let the schoolmaster hold the child by the head and say:

For affections of the spleen:

Write on three pieces of paper and burn them in a spoon over his clothes, in the part where the spleen ails, on the fifth day of the moon; and these are the signs which thou shalt write on these three pieces of paper:

To stay a hail-storm:

When thou seest that hail begins to fall, at that same time take a black-handled knife, the handle being either wood or bone, hold it in thy right hand, in order to stay the clouds as they are, namely to scatter them over the sky, which pour the rain and the hail, and say thus: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," and as soon as thou hast said this, forthwith plant the knife into a table or into the earth, and at once the hail-storm ceases. But if thou happenest to be on board ship, and not in any other place,.....



APPENDIX V.

Extracts from a Phylactery dated 1774, in the possession of M. Demetrius Lascaris of Melenik, Macedonia. Copied Sept. 17, 1900¹.

· · · · ·
· · · · ·
Πανευλογημένη Παναγία Δέσποινα Θεοτόκε, βοήθησον τὸν δ. τ. θ.
: Δ : [i.e. δούλον τοῦ θεοῦ Δούκαν]

· · · · ·
· · · · · ἐξουσίαι, Χερουβείμ, Σεραφείμ.
· · · · ·
ἐξωπύρετον ῥίγος, κραταιοῦς βροχῆς, κύρηκας λιμητικούς, νόσου βλαβεράς,
νόσου χαλεπῆς, νοσωδύνης, πεμπτικῆς καὶ πεμπτημένης, Δόξα τῷ Πατρὶ
καὶ τῷ Υἱῷ καὶ τῷ Ἀγίῳ Πνεύματι.

· · · · ·
καὶ τοὺς ῥήτορας τῶν δαιμόνων δεμένους καὶ χαλινωμένους, οὕτως ἔστωσαν
οἱ ἐχθροὶ τοῦ δούλου τοῦ θεοῦ : Δούκα : Αἱ γλώσσαι αὐτῶν, τὰ χεῖλη
αὐτῶν καὶ ἡ καρδία αὐτῶν, τὰ νεῦρα αὐτῶν καὶ οἱ ἄρμοι αὐτῶν καὶ τὰ
ὄμματα ἕως τέλος αὐτοῦ. καὶ ἂν τις ὑπάγῃ εἰς τὸν δ. τ. θ. : Δ : δέσσε τοὺς
πόδας τοὺς τοῦ μὴ τρέξειν, δέσον τὰς χεῖράς τοὺς τὸ μὴ δυνήσονται πιάσαι
τουφέκι ἢ σπαθί ἢ κοντάρι νὰ ῥίξουν ἀπάνω εἰς τὸν δ. τ. θ. : Δ : Τὸ
μολύβι ὅπου νὰ ῥίξουν ἐπάνω εἰς τὸν δ. τ. θ. Δ. μὲ βοτάνι νὰ γίνη
βαμβάκι καὶ ὁ Ἀρχάγγελος Μιχαὴλ νὰ τὸ παραμερίσῃ ἕως τρεῖς ὀργυίας
ἀπὸ κοντὰ τὸν δ. τ. θ. Δ. καὶ ὁ δ. τ. θ. Δ. νὰ γ[λ]υτώσῃ ὑγιεῖς καὶ οἱ
ἐχθροὶ τοῦ δ. τ. θ. Δ. { : δούκα : } νὰ εἶναι δεμένοι. ὥς δέθηκαν τὰ στόματα
τῶν λεόντων εἰς τοὺς μάρτυρας τοὺς ἁγίους οὕτως νὰ δεθοῦν καὶ τὰ στόματα
αὐτῶν κατὰ τοῦ δ. τ. θ. : Δ : ἡ φωτιὰ τοῦ τουφεκίου των νὰ γίνη αἰθέρας
καὶ τὸ σπαθί των βαμβάκι. Σῶσον, Κύριε, τὸν δ. τ. θ. : Δ : καὶ διώξον

¹ The text is given with all its eccentricities of spelling, style, and grammar faithfully preserved.

τοὺς Ἀνατολικοὺς καὶ Βορεινοὺς καὶ Δυτικοὺς καὶ Νοτικοὺς δαίμονας νὰ ἀπέχωσι ἀπὸ τὸν δ. τ. θ. : Δ : καὶ ἐν ὀνόματι τοῦ μεγάλου θεοῦ Σαβαὼθ ὀρκίζω τὰς ἐβδομήκοντα δύο ἀσθένειαις ἃς ἔχει ὁ ἄνθρωπος· Ἀναχωρήσατε ἀπὸ τὸν δοῦλο τ. θ. : δοῦκα : καὶ ἡ ἀπὸ οὐρανοῦς κατήλθεν ἀσθένεια καὶ ἡ ἀπὸ ἄστρον, ἡ ἀπὸ ἡλιοῦ ἡ ἀπὸ σελήνης ἡ ἀπὸ ζόφου ἡ ἀπὸ κρύου αἴρος ἡ ἀπὸ νεροῦ ἡ ἀπὸ ἀστραπῆς κατήλθεν ἡ ἀπὸ σεισμοῦ ἡ ἀπὸ κτύπου κατήλθεν, ἡ ἀπὸ φόνου ἡ ἀπὸ κάμπου ἡ πεδίου ἡ ἀπὸ ποταμοῦ ἡ ἀγροῦ ἡ περιβόλου ἡ ἐν κήπῳ ἡ ἐν παραδείσῳ ἡ ἐν διόδῳ ἡ τριόδῳ ἡ ἐν εἰσόδῳ ἡ ἐν ἐξόδῳ λουτροῦ, φούρνου, τροχάλου¹ ἡ ἐν θύρᾳ ἡ θυρίδα ἀνώγειον, κατώγειον, αἰώνιον.

ἡ ἀπὸ φάρμακος ἡ φθόνου ἡ ζήλου καὶ ἀπὸ βαρέων αἰσχυρῶν ὀφθαλμῶν ἡ ἀπὸ βασκοσύνης ἡ ἄλλης συμφορᾶς ἐπηρμένης ἡ ἀγερικοῦ ἡ νεραΐδου ἡ τῶν ἐν ζόφῳ ἀεροπετώμενων καὶ ἤλθατε ἀδικῆσαι τὸν δ. τ. θ. : Δ : Κύριε φύλαττε
νεφρόπονον, χειρόπονον, δικουρίας
ἐξορκίζω ὑμᾶς ὅτι ἐστι ἄδικον εἰς τὸν δ. τ. θ. : Δ :

¹ 'ground marked out for the erection of a church,' according to my informant.

APPENDIX VI.

Quaedam Anglice non reddenda.

1.

Σκύφτω, γονατίζω ἔμπρός σου,
Τὸ μακρὺ μου ἔς τὸ σκιστό σου. (κλειδαριά, a lock.)

2.

Ἀνάμεσα ἑνὶ δυνὸ βουνῷ
Βουρβούλακας κατακυλᾷ. (πορδὴ, *crepitus ventris*.)

3.

Κοιλιά μὲ κοιλιά,
Τὸ μακρὸν κἀν' δουλειά. (πιθάρι, a wine-jar.)

4.

Ἀνοίγ' ὁ μάλλιαρος
Μπαίν' ὁ γκόλιαρος. (τσουράπι, a sock.)

5.

Χίλιαι, μύλλαις κυρατσούδαις μιὰ ἑπ' τὴν ἄλλη κατουριοῦνταν.

Οἷον

Χίλιαι, μύλλαις κυρατσούδαις ἀνάσκελα κατ'ροῦν.
(στρεχιαίς, the eaves.)

6.

Κόκκινη καὶ μαλλιάρῃ
Γιὰ τὸν κῶλό σου καλή. (γιάμπολη, a woollen blanket.)

7.

Κόκκινος Γιανίτσαρος τσακνούδι ἔς τὸν κῶλό του.
(κράνο, the cornelian-cherry.)

8.

Μπαίνω, βγαίνω 'ς τὸν ὄντᾳ καὶ κοντογονατίζω,
Βγάζω τὸν καμπᾶ ζουρνᾶ καὶ σε καλαφατίζω.

(σεντοῦκι, a trunk.)

9.

Βάλ' τη καὶ στάζει,
Βγάλ' τη κὴ ἀχνίζει.

(πατσάβρα τοῦ φούρνου, the rag with which the oven is swept.)

10.

Σιάταρ, πάταρ, σέ τη βάζω,
Κὴ ἀποκουρδωμένη βγαίνει. (πήττα, a pie.)

11.

'Σ τὸ βουνὸ γεννήθκα, 'ς τὸ βουνὸ τράνεψα,
Τώρα ἀναστήθκα νὰ γλέπω τοῦ ἄντρα καὶ τῆ γυναικας.

(κατῶφλι, the door-sill.)

ADDENDA.

PAGE 13.

Col. Leake gives a pretty variant of the weather-lore on the Epiphany, from Acarnania:

Χαρὰ στὰ Χριστόγενα στεγνά,
Τὰ Φῶτα χιονισμένα,
Μὲ τὴν Λαμπρὴν βρεχοῦμενην,
Τὰ μπάρια γιομισμένα.

"Joy to a dry Christmas, a snowy Epiphany, and a rainy Easter, then the barns will be filled."

He also quotes the Sicilian saying: *Gennaro secco borghese ricco.*

Travels in Northern Greece, Vol. III. p. 515.

PAGE 123.

Concerning the plant popularly called 'The Holy Virgin's Hand,' Scarlatos D. Byzantios says: Χέρι τῆς Παναγίας ὀνομάζουν ἢ γυναῖκες εἶδος τι φυτοῦ, τὸ ὁποῖον ἐκθέτουσιν εἰς τὰς γέννας, σεβόμεναι, καὶ μὲ αὐτὸ ραντίζουν τὸ οἶκημα τῶν λεχώνων. He identifies it with the peony, *Λεξικὸν τῆς καθ' ἡμᾶς Ἑλληνικῆς Διαλέκτου*, s. v. *χέρι*.

INDEX.

- Agathangelus, prophecies of, 116-7
 Alexander the Great, in incantations, 251; in folk tradition, 279-81; legendary history of, 281-9
 ants, omen from, 19
 April, 43-6
 Armenos, 124
 arrack, omen from spilling, 102
 arrow-shooting, 27-8
 ass, the, in ancient and modern Macedonia, 299-300
 augury, 104-111
 Ayeriko, 224-5, 240-2
- Baboyeri, 88
 basil, its uses, 93; songs about the, 94
 bat, superstition about the, 110
 beardless men, superstitious dread of, 105
 beasts, benediction of, 223-4
 bells, on New Year's Day, 80
 betrothal, 150-4; songs, 152-3
 Bible, the, in folk-medicine, 227
 "binding" of married people, 171, 232, 234
 birds, legends about, 290-4
 birth, 123-146
 bite, cure for, 230, 233
 bleeding, cure for, 230, 233
 bones, divination by, 96-7
 bonfires, 27-8, 57, 60
 "Borrowing Days," the, 23-4
 boughs, New Year's, 81
 bread, superstitions about, 98; sacredness of, 103-4
 "Breeder," popular name for January, 13
 "Bright," popular name for Easter, 35
 brothers, adopted, 186
 bugs, 18, 36
- candles, Easter, 36
 Carnival, 26
 carols, New Year's, 82
 cat, omens from, 110-1; leaping over corpse, 219-20
- caterpillars, recipe for driving away, 231
 cattle, weather-lore about, 111; cure of ailing, 224
 caul, mysterious veneration of the, 139
 charms, 19, 23, 124, 228, 238-40, 258-366
 Charos, 102, 128; penny of, 193; popular conception of, 206-7
 Cheese-Sunday, 26-7, 29
 child-birth, superstitions connected with, 124-6, 137-9
 choking, omen from, 111-2
 christening, 134-7
 Christmas, 76-7
 Cleaning Week, 30
 cock, weather-lore about the, 107
 cock's spur, safeguard against the Evil Eye, 142
 coffee, divination by, 95
 cornel buds, divination by, 78-9
 cripples, superstition about, 105
 Cronia, 27
 Cross, Feast of the, 60; "Month of the," 64; Diving for the, 87-8
 cross-bows, 27-8
 crowns, child born with two, 105
 cuckoo, 16-7
 curse, dread of parent's, 135, 195, 211, 226; Bishop's, 211 foll.
- daisy, divination by plucking a, 46
 Days, unlucky, 189-91
 dead, feasts of the, 207-10
 December, 67-8
 dervishes, as vampire-killers, 221; as expellers or propitiators of evil spirits, 224-5
 dirges, 194-6, 201-2, 205-6
 divination, 95-117
 dog, omen from a howling, 107; as a guardian spirit, 222; as a wood-spirit, 252
 Drakos, wells haunted by the, 18, 260-1; legends about the, 261-3, 264; mythological interpretation of the, 265

- dreams, 79, 209; interpretation of, 226
 drinking rhymes, 342-3
 drought, ceremonies in time of, 118-20
 drunkenness, recipe against, 233
 Drymiaia, 21, 63-4
 Dudule-song, 119

 Eagle, "The Prince and the," 268-77, 351-7
 ears, premonitions derived from burning and ringing, 111
 Easter, weather-lore, 13; rhymes, 26; customs, 25-42; Sunday, 35; Tuesday, 38; song, 38
 Elijah, the Prophet, 240
 Epiphany, weather-love, 13, 368; Feast, 86-8
 Evil Eye, 123-4, 139-46
 exhumation, 210-214
 eyes, premonitions from twitching, 112

 Fates, 125-8; "The Youth and the," 128
 fatigue, recipe against, 233
 February, 14
 Fetch, 222
 fever, cause of, 224; cures for, 225, 228, 232-4
 fire, divination by, 98; ordeal, 298-9
 first-foot, 84-5
 first-fruit, 122
 fishing, recipe for success in, 233
 "Flayer," popular name for March, 21
 flea, 18, 27
 flowers, divination by, 46
 Fortune, 128-9
 forty days, 14-5; paces, 229
 Forty-day fast, 26
 Friday, 21, 63, 190-1
 fright, recipes against, 225, 233-4
 funeral rites, 192-222; procession, 197; service, 200; feast, 203-4; mourning, 204-6

 gad-fly, omen from, 110
 games, Easter, 38; St Thomas's, 40
 "Gaping," game of, 29-30
 garlic, as a safeguard against the Evil Eye, 124, 141
 geese, wild, weather-lore, 62
 Gipsy fortune-tellers, 225-6
 girdle, superstitions about the, 99-100
 Good Friday, 35
 "Good Word," 35
 "gooding," 18, 32, 89
 grasshopper, 59-60
 Great Bear, folk names for the, 70
 "Great Month," popular name for January, 13

 gyon, forerunner of spring, 17; legend of, 290-1

 hair, school superstition about, 301
 half-head, demon of the, 363 n.
 hand, premonitions from itching, 112
 hare, superstition about the, 106
 "Harvester," popular name for June, 50
 hemorrhage, cure for, 234
 hen, omen from a crowing, 106
 hexagram, symbolic significance of the, 142
 hide and seek, game of, 17 n.
 holy springs, 243-4; water, 75, 258
 Holy Week, 35
 house-spirits, 257-9

 January, 13-4
 "Judas," 37
 July, 59-60
 June, 50-58

 Karkantzari, 73-6, 219 n.
 kid, omen from the sight of a, 16
 kings, in M. Gr. folk-tales, 275
 Kledonas, rite of, 53-7
 knots, magic significance of, 100, 105, 170, 228, 234
 Koran, the, in folk-medicine, 224

 lamb, omen from the sight of a, 16; Easter, 38
 "Lame Month," popular name of February, 14
 Lamia, the, 265 foll.
 Lazarus, Feast of, 32-4
 lead, divination by molten, 51-2
 Lent, 26-8
 light, ceremony of receiving, 36
 lightning, recipe against, 229
 "Little Month," 14
 "Long Month," 13

 mad dog, cure for the bite of a, 230
 magpie, omen from a, 110
 Makarios, prophecies of, 117
 March, 16-24
 marriage, 147-91
 May, 43, 46-9
 Meat-Sunday, 26
 medical treatises, 230-6, 358-64
 medicine, folk-, 227-30
 Mid-Pentecost, 40
 Milky Way, popular names for the, and legend, 69
 mirror, divination by, 50-1
 Mohammed the Conqueror and excommunication, 212-3

- Mohammedan wizards, 225
 Moirais, 126-8
 "Month-days," 62
 moon, new, 71; eclipse of the, 72
 morra, game of, 297-8
 "mothering," 29
 mummers, 88

 Naidis, story of, 129-34, 247-50
 nail, a safeguard against evil, 64;
 nailing the Vampire, 221
 nail-cutting, superstition about, 189-
 90; nail-parings, preserved, 214-5
 name-day, 122
 Nasreddin Khodja, story of, 114
 Neraides, 125, 240 foll.
 New Year's Day, 77-83
 "Night of Power," 86
 nightbird, omen from a, 108
 nose, premonition from itching, 113;
 cure for a bleeding, 230, 233
 November, 66-7
 nuskas, use of, 224

 October, 65-6
 offerings, to the dead, 197, 208-9
 oil, omen from spilt, 102
 olive leaves, divination by, 78
 owl, omen from a hooting, 107, 108

 Palm Sunday, 34
 "pappas," popular name for the daisy,
 46
 Paschal eggs, 35
 Paschalia, 37
 pee-wit, legend of the, 290
 pentagram, symbolic significance of
 the, 142
 pepper, omen from spilt, 102
 Perperuna-song, 119
 Philip, in folk tradition, 279
 philtres, 226-7
 phylacteries, 238-40, 365-6
 plague, the, 237-8
 plants, magic, 123, 368
 Pleiades, the, 70
 "Plough," "Plough-feet," popular
 names for constellations, 70
 portraiture, superstitious dread of,
 300-1
 possession, by demons, 232, 235, 241
 "Precursor Men," 89
 premonitions, 111-3
 priests, superstition about, 104-5
 Prince and the Eagle, story of the,
 268-77, 351-7
 Princess and the two Dragons, story
 of the, 264
 prophecies, 116-7
 Protomaia, 46

 "Pruner," popular name for January,
 13
 Purification, feast of the, 14-5; after
 child-birth, 137; after a funeral,
 203-4; for the Evil Eye, 143; in
 folk-medicine, 223

 quince-tree, in folk-medicine, 228

 rabbit, omen from the encounter of a,
 106
 rainbow, superstitious belief about
 the, 71
 rats, omen from, 108
 red-haired people, 105
 red yarn, charm of the, 19, 23, 124, 228
 "Remembrance," game of, 98
 rheumatism, cure for, 229
 rhinoceros' horn, safeguard against
 the Evil Eye, 142-3
 riddles, 302 foll., 367 foll.
 right and left, 113, 187-8.
 ring-dove, legend of the, 293
 robbers, charm against, 233
 Rousa, feast of the, 40-2

 Sabbatarians, 221-2
 St Andrew, "Month of," 66
 ,, Anthony, 241
 ,, Barbara, 67
 ,, Basil, 77-83
 ,, Demetrius, "Month of," 65
 ,, Elias, 240
 ,, Elmo, fires of, 241
 ,, Friday, 243
 ,, George, Feast of, 11, 43-6; "Month
 of," 43
 ,, Gervais, 15
 ,, Hilary, 15
 ,, Ignatius, 68
 ,, John, Feast of, 11, 50, 61-88;
 curer of fevers, 65, 233
 ,, John's wort, 123
 ,, Kosmas and Damian, 235
 ,, Médard, 15
 ,, Modestos, 241
 ,, Nicholas, "Month of," 67; patron
 of mariners, 241
 ,, Panteleémon, 241
 ,, Paul, 15
 ,, Plato, 67
 ,, Protais, 15
 ,, Solomone, 243
 ,, Spyridion, 68
 ,, Thomas, Feast of, 39
 ,, Vincent, 15
 salt, symbolical use in wishing, 84;
 giving out of the house, 101; sacred-
 ness of, 102
 sand-bath, 229

- Saturnalia, 26
 Scarletina, 40
 Seasons, rhymes on the, 12
 September, 64-5
 serpent, superstition about, 106;
 charms against, 233-4
 shadow, as a nightmare, 257
 Shepherd and his flock, legend of the,
 229
 Shepherd and the Nymphs, story of
 the, 246
 sieve, saying about the, 96; giving
 out of the house, 101; as a safe-
 guard against evil, 219, n. 2
 sleepiness, cure for, 231
 slings, 27-8
 Small-pox, 236-7
 sneezing, 30, 113-6
 snow, children's rhymes about the, 121
 soul, ideas concerning the, 193
 Souls' Sabbaths, 208-9
 "Sower," popular name for November,
 66
 sparrows, omen from, 109, 111
 Spirits of the Air, 224-5
 storks, omen from, 109
 Strigla, 266
 Struma, 2, 224
 Sun, children's rhymes to the, 121
 swallow, 18-21; song, 18
 sweeping, after dark, 101
 symbolism, 118-22
 sympathetic magic, 19
 Testament, New, in folk-medicine, 227
 "Thresher," popular name for July, 59
 tooth superstition, 20
 toothache, cure for, 231
 tortoise, superstition about the, 109
 Triodi, game of, 295-7
 turning back, unlucky, 105
 "turtle-doves," 35; the bird, 109
 "Twelve-Days," 73
 "Twins," popular name for November
 and December, 67
 vinegar, giving out of the house, 101;
 omen from spilt, 102
 Vintage, "Month of the," 64
 Virgin, Feasts of the, 61, 66
 Vrykolakas, 217-22
 warts, cure for, 230
 water, "speechless," 52, 83; giving
 out of the house, 101; symbolical
 use of, 122; "holy," 124
 Water-Spirits, 246, 249-56; -serpent,
 256, 265
 wax, divination by molten, 52
 weasel, omen from the, 108; supersti-
 tion and legend about, 109
 wedding, preparations, 155-67; cere-
 mony, 167-79; banquets, 179-82;
 songs, 157-86; toasts, 179
 Wednesday, 21, 63, 190-1
 whirlwind, incantation, 250-1
 Wild Boar, superstition about the,
 215-6
 wine, rhymes on, 68; omen from
 spilt, 102
 women, popular opinion on, 122;
 rhymes on, 344-5
 wood-pigeons, omen from, 109
 Wood-Spirits, 250



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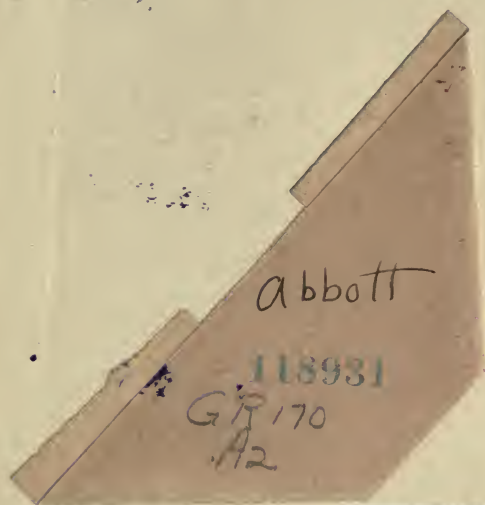
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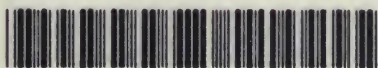
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